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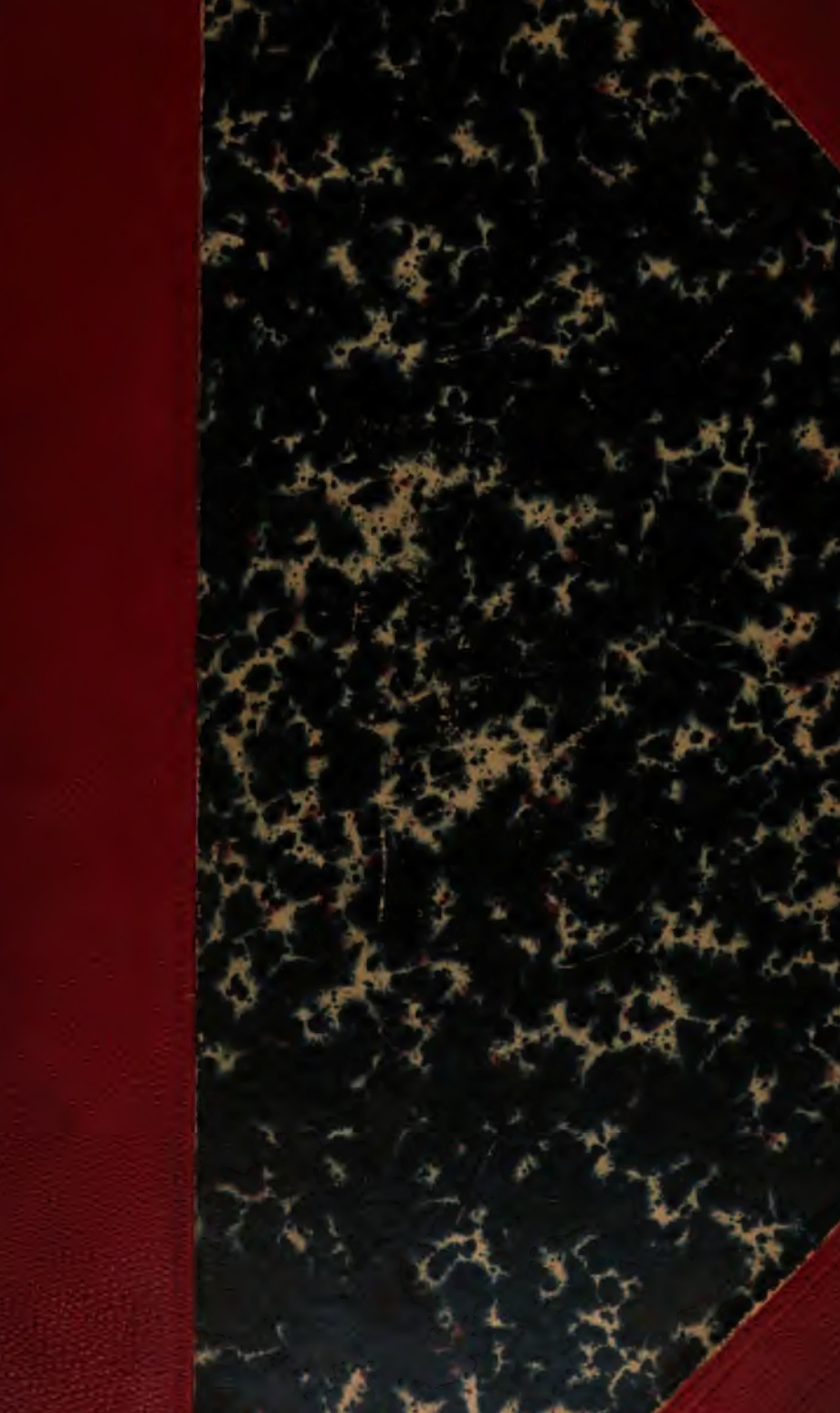
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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Histoire des Français*. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. Tom. I.—XII. 8vo. Paris. 1821, 1823, 1826, 1828.

THE name of Sismondi has long acquired a celebrity, far greater than when it belonged only to an ancient family at Pisa, by the numerous works of the distinguished author whose volumes lie before us, and above all by his great History of the Italian Republics. A style clear and lively, though rather too diffuse—a just intermixture of illustrative digressions, without any inquiry too critical for the ordinary reader—an unceasing display of zeal in the cause of liberty and justice—above all, perhaps, the choice of a subject, which, though wanting unity as much as the Orlando Furioso, furnished, like that poem, a compensation in its varied exhibitions of action and character—have rendered it, upon the whole, the most popular historical production of the present century, if not that which has gained the highest place in the estimation of critics. M. Sismondi's industry is among the most prominent of his qualities; scarcely were the last sheets of his sixteenth volume on Italy dry, when he undertook the immense task of a general history of France. In 1818 he mentioned to us his project, as one hardly yet mature; and we have now perused twelve large octavo volumes, which have already been the fruits of his labour. These have been published in four *livraisons*; the first set of three volumes in 1821, the second in 1823, the third in 1826, and the last in 1828. They bring down the history of France to the successive æras of the accession of Hugh Capet in 987, that of St. Louis in 1226, that of Philip of Valois in 1328, and that of the death of Charles VI. in 1422.

The scale upon which M. Sismondi's narrative has been moulded is larger, we think, than that of any former history of France; certainly than that by Velly and Villaret, especially in the earlier period. No one who is acquainted with his writings can have avoided observing that their characteristic, not to say their defect, is diffuseness, both in argument and in narration. His facts are not selected, nor are their results given in a few

touches, as by Tacitus and Grotius; even in the least important and least varied parts of history, he seems almost to translate his documents; and we might suspect that, through the copiousness of his language, they frequently occupy more space in his pages than in the original writers. We do not notice this so much as a matter of critical exception, because tastes differ; and though we take greater pleasure in the nervous and compressed manner of such great historians as we have named above, there are many who desire more expansion; and reasons may be given why knowledge should be communicated, especially to the younger student, in rather a prolix form. We notice it on the author's own account, inasmuch as we see some danger that, valuable as this work is, it may reach a degree of unwieldiness which will operate against its popularity, and therefore impair its utility, not much less than dullness itself. Twelve volumes have brought us only to 1422; according to the proportionate bulk of materials, which M. Sismondi is not apt greatly to abridge, and which become, in fact, through the growing importance of events, less capable of abridgment, it seems likely to demand not less than double that number in addition, before we arrive at the revolution of 1789. In these days of indolence, when the sacrifice of amusements for the sake of knowledge is by no means so frequent as the pretended desire to acquire it, we fear that thirty-six volumes may either not find their way to the shelves of libraries, or rest quietly upon them.

It is just to take notice, in abatement of this objection, such as it is, on the score of prolixity, that M. Sismondi has given, at the end of each volume, an excellent summary of the contents, serving as a synoptical compendium of the history, not only for reference, but for information. He had adopted the same plan in his *Italian Republics*, and there are, perhaps, few books, whether of a narrative or argumentative character, in which it might not be usefully employed. The increasing extent of literature will require every advantage of machinery to aid the limited capacities of intellectual labour. The index-maker will probably soon take a station in literary usefulness and respectability not much below the lexicographer; in many instances his duties exact a higher degree of acuteness and knowledge. But in the present state of things this task can in general be only executed with perfect advantage by the author himself.

It is difficult not to believe that M. Sismondi must have experienced less of the immediate gratification which ought to accompany and sustain a writer through a laborious undertaking in this *History of France* than in that of the *Italian states*. The citizen of a small republic, and attached beyond measure to those bulwarks of popular liberty which have seldom been established

except in similar communities, an ardent sympathy with the success and glory, the reverses and decline of the Lombard and Tuscan cities, carried him forward with a sort of enthusiasm, to which his glowing eloquence bears frequent testimony. But his turn of mind, still more than the circumstances wherein he is placed, have wholly precluded this warmth of imagination in the present work. Though near in every sense to France; though anchoring, as is evident, his hopes of a bright futurity for Europe on the triumph of her new-born liberties; though anxious for her prosperity almost with a patriot's tenderness, he has caught not the least of that nationality which generally distinguishes a real Frenchman, and records ten centuries of history with scarcely one word of exultation, and very few of praise. Far unlike the school of theorists, who profess to see in the charter of Louis XVIII. a revival of the long-forgotten rights of the Franks, and study to harmonize the ancient monarchy with the modern, his object is to represent the past in the most unfavourable colours, that no lurking prejudice may ever tempt the nation to look back for authority in framing her institutions, instead of grounding them on philosophical argument. The regenerated France of this day must put off entirely the old man, nor seek to amalgamate the creed of barbarism, tyranny, and superstition with that of valour and freedom. Such is the vital principle which gives an unity, but at the same time rather a monotonous character, to M. Sismondi's twelve volumes. We do not blame a spirit which is always sincere, intrepid, consistent, full of the love of mankind, and, except in a few transient passages, substantially right and reasonable; but we may still think that in the choice of his subject M. Sismondi has been less fortunate than on the former occasion.

No one, however, can hesitate to place this work far above any earlier history of the French nation. That of Velly, continued by Villaret and Garnier, which alone could for a moment be compared with it, is inferior, as we conceive, in general accuracy, (excepting the volumes by Garnier, with whom M. Sismondi has not yet come in competition, and who much excels his predecessors,) and certainly so in luminous reflection and eloquent language. Yet the great variety of information communicated by those three writers upon every subject which could in any manner be called national, a comprehensiveness which the present author has, perhaps justly, thought not incumbent upon the civil historian, will always render their numerous volumes in some measure valuable. We think too, that he has been sometimes rather severe on Velly for partiality to kings, without remembering that it would have been extraordinary to write in 1750 as he has done in 1820, and that the general effect of that historian's, and still

more of Villaret's writings, is much more favourable to liberal sentiments than that of the Jesuit Daniel, whom they superseded.

The roots of French, as well as of Italian history, are laid in that of the Roman empire. We ascend, if we trace the chain of events to their causes, or investigate the principle and origin of institutions, to that great system of policy which retained for so many centuries the whole civilized world under its yoke; we should descend, in what may be called the synthesis of philosophical history, from no lower or less copious source. It is by no means sufficient to treat the dissolution of the Roman empire as a mere æra from which that of modern ages is to commence; even those who look upon the Franks or Lombards as the only important portion of the population of Gaul or Italy, and the annals of their kings as the proper business of history, must yet, if they aim at any intelligible illustration of their subject, show clearly not only how those nations came to be settled in their new possessions, but how they were affected by the circumstances in which they found their acquisitions. This was done with great ingenuity and erudition by the Abbé Du Bos, in his once celebrated work on the Establishment of the French Monarchy, published in 1734, and reprinted with improvements in 1743; which, though it may contain several hypotheses pushed too far, rather than absolutely false, is still the best ground-work that has been laid for the history of France, and very undeserving of the acrimony which Montesquieu never fails to display in speaking of it, or of the disdain which Mably and other French writers affect to feel. In the present century less of party-spirit is manifested on the antiquities of the French monarchy; the friends of liberty have generally begun to discover that it is better to consult *la charte* for it, than to manufacture doubtful theories out of the vase of Soissons; and the study of the Roman jurisprudence in Germany, as a branch of philosophical history, has exhibited that connexion between classical antiquities and those of the middle ages, which several popular writers had almost entirely overlooked. M. Guizot, in his *Essais sur l'Histoire de France* (1823), and our countryman Mr. Spence, in his valuable Inquiry into the Origin of the Laws and Institutions of Modern Europe, have begun with delineating, from the Theodosian code, the state of Roman subjects, especially in cities, from the time of Constantine to the barbarian conquests; and M. Sismondi has very properly devoted the second chapter of the present history to the same subject.

The proximate cause of the destruction of the western empire was undoubtedly that great movement, propagated westward almost from the sea of China, which impelled the Goths from the banks of the Don and Dnieper upon the Danubian and Rhenish

provinces. Such migrations of fierce and numerous armies from the north had from time immemorial been the scourge of the south and west; and in the most high and palmy state of Rome she had trembled at the Cimbri, as in the infancy of her power she had almost been annihilated by the followers of Brennus. But if the institutions of the commonwealth had survived, she would never have wanted her Marius; even in servitude to an effeminate court she found her Stilicho. The Visigoths would as surely have been vanquished in Gaul, on their first and final invasion in 407, as they were in Italy, and as the Huns were afterwards by Ætius at Chalons, if the defensive energies of the empire had corresponded to its extent and renown. But the imperial government, acting with perseverance on a system perhaps in some measure inevitable, but certainly ruinous, had both enfeebled the military means of defence, and exhausted the resources which should have invigorated them.

The rapid deterioration of the Roman armies has been attributed, with great appearance of justice, to some innovations of Constantine. The proconsular power had always included civil as well as military supremacy; nor could the two authorities have been divided by the republic, while aggrandizement was the great object of her policy, without lessening the awe which ought to belong to her representative. Under the emperors this union of powers subsisted in the Prætorian prefects at Rome, and the different governors of the provinces. They were thus enabled to withhold from the troops their pay, as the punishment of insubordination; but if their extensive authority rendered them more feared by the soldier, it also ensured his obedience if they chose to turn his arms against their own sovereign instead of the enemy. The empire in fact had in the third century been disputed by more than twenty generals, claiming on no other title than the sword of their legions, besides at least double that number who had usurped independence in their provinces. Constantine detached entirely the administration of justice and care of the finances from the military command—a precedent conformable not only to the general practice of modern nations, but, in ordinary circumstances, to their interests. Yet it probably impaired the defensive strength of the empire, by lessening the importance of the commanders, and by exposing them to the jealousies of a conflicting authority. The same principle, but with more obviously mischievous consequences, led to the dispersion of the troops, which from the time of Augustus had been quartered in considerable bodies along the frontiers, and in the interior towns, far from the seductions of an ambitious general, or the contagion of mutiny, but equally removed from the sight of an enemy. In these regulations the emperor

may seem rather to have regarded the safety of his family than that of the empire. But the condition of that unwieldy mass was not one which admitted of a truly remedial policy. Whatever might be the motives of self-interest that weighed with Constantine, there was no hope of respite from the calamities that had pressed upon the Roman world, but by establishing a permanent dynasty, which, if it could come near in virtues and fortune to that which lasted through most of the second century, would realize more happiness than so large a portion of mankind could attain by any revolution.

It was partly, no doubt, through this jealousy of rebellion among the Roman legions, partly from a sense of their diminished efficiency in war, and of the difficulty of recruiting them, that the emperors had recourse to a dangerous and humiliating dependence upon the barbarians themselves, by taking them into pay as allies, and by transplanting Teutonic colonies into the provinces. Even the captives in war, scattered as slaves through Gaul, after the victories which still frequently graced the Roman arms, were somewhat alarming from their number; much more the free colonists, and most of all the collected mercenaries of the frontier. It is true, probably, that the fatal hour was thus delayed. The knowledge that a softer climate, and a life of comparative luxury, especially the enjoyment of wine, not then the growth of Germany, was only withheld from them by an unwarlike militia, or by regular troops whom they esteemed little better, would have precipitated the Franks and Burgundians on Gaul a century sooner, if they had not been kept in play by the artifices of Rome, engaged sometimes by her in hostilities against each other, and tempted indolently to content themselves with a little of that which they might have seized by a vigorous effort.

The internal decay of wealth and happiness in the Roman empire during the fourth and fifth centuries, though less prominent in general history, was not less fatal than that of its military reputation. Few parts of its policy had been more wisely conceived than the constitution of municipal cities, republican on a fair and free basis in their self government, yet totally incapable of resisting the sovereign authority which centered in Rome itself, and radiated with its single uncontrouled will to the Ocean and the Euphrates. The Italian *municipia* had indeed the full rights of Roman citizenship before this was extended to all the natives of that country in consequence of the Social war. But under the empire, that became a less important privilege; on the contrary, the burthens attending it seem to have been greater than those of what were called confederate cities; so that the abrogation of this distinction by Caracalla, who gave

the name of Roman citizens to the whole empire, was rather detrimental than advantageous to the provincials. The condition, however, of the cities till about the time of Dioclesian and Constantine, seems to have been in general rather flourishing. Their magistrates were chosen in their own college of *decurions*, or *curiales*, (two words certainly synonymous,) comprehending all the possessors of respectable property, bound to fulfil gratuitously all local duties, but entitled in return to regulate their internal affairs, and exempted from ignominious, or even, in general, from capital punishments. Taxation, however, had always been severe under the dominion of Rome. It became far more so, as the great expenditure for barbarian wars and barbarian alliances, and perhaps for a more luxurious and oriental court, conspired with the impoverishment of the subject, which, rendering the old impositions unproductive, called for an enhancement of taxes at the very moment when they should have been mitigated. It is the cardinal maxim of financiers, that the *fisc* never loses its rights. If some are incapable, the rest must supply the deficiency. Hence the oppressive system of common responsibility, and of considering a city or district bound *in solidum* for a fixed tribute; a system as convenient at the outset for the exchequer, as it is incompatible with justice and liberty, and destructive of accumulation. Thus the decurions were liable, each severally, as they best might arrange it, to make good the indiction, or assessment upon their city, pronounced every fifteen years for the ensuing cycle at Rome or Constantinople. Fresh exigencies often led to super-indictions, levied in the same manner. The revenue officers exacted them not only unsparingly, but unjustly and illegally, as the rescripts of the Theodosian code confess. According to a calculation of Gibbon, the average taxation of each head of a free family in Gaul amounted to about sixteen *aurei*, or nine pounds sterling; which rests, indeed, on precarious grounds, and seems beyond credibility. But it is plain that the powers of reproduction were destroyed, and the rich reduced to poverty, by enormous taxation. The code is full of complaints against the decurions, the class on whom the state was to depend, not for contributions only, but for cultivation and commerce; and whom it had called to honourable functions, and a sort of aristocratic pre-eminence. They are denounced for leaving their cities to live in the country, for evading the burthens of public offices, which they were bound to fill in long succession at their own expense, for entering into the church or into military service to free themselves from the cost and labour their condition imposed. They were treated as trustees of their own property for the state, a small pittance remaining to compensate the anxiety of collecting the tribute from the lower class, and of governing the city to the

satisfaction of the imperial ministers, to whom they were responsible. An edict of Majorian, in 458, paints in few words the abject state of Gaul. "Every one knows," he says, "that the curiales are the servants of the republic, and the vital part of her cities; so that they were anciently called a lesser senate. But unjust judges and venal collectors of the revenue have so reduced them, that, forgetting their country and honourable birth, many of this order seek to escape from their cities, and to conceal themselves in foreign jurisdictions; nay, scruple not to espouse the daughters of peasants and slaves, in order to obtain the protection of their lords." He proceeds to repeat and enhance the penalties of former times against the fugitives, and such as should harbour them.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of country villages were sinking into more complete wretchedness. In the slow decline of nations, their vital principle contracts itself to the walls of cities; commerce and art bear up longer than agriculture against misgovernment and calamity; the wealth drained from the extremities gives some energy to the centre; nor is it uncommon to find even a luxurious expenditure, and splendid works, while the cultivators of the land are wasting away; but the contrary, we believe, has never been recorded in history. M. Sismondi, reasoning from no decisive authorities, but from the analogy of what had happened in Italy, and from what he thinks internal probability, presumes a very general exchange of free cultivators for slaves, and a concentration of property in few hands. The former class, called *coloni*, or sometimes *coloni partiarii*, from the established practice of what the French call *metairie*, (which cannot require explanation to our readers,) were themselves exposed to the oppression of their masters, which, being *ascripti glebæ*, they could ill resist, though entitled to the protection of law, and frequently, perhaps, were reduced to a state little better than servitude. The slaves were barbarians taken in war, or purchased from dealers, who long continued to carry on that traffic with the Teutonic and Sarmatian tribes. It is to this decay of the old inhabitants and admixture of foreign races, that the author ascribes the loss of the Celtic language, except in Britany, the motley population having adopted a corrupt Latin as their common dialect.

In so deplorable a situation, it is not surprising that the provincials should have wanted either the ability, or the desire, to maintain their allegiance to Rome. Du Bos will not believe that the Visigoths could have rushed on from the Rhine to the Pyrenees without more resistance than contemporary writers have recorded, and appeals to the answer of a Frenchman to Charles V.'s inquiry, in how many days he could reach Paris, that he might do it in twelve, but they would be days of battle. The

French expression is more pithy: *en douze journées*. This was well in the reign of Francis I.; in that of Honorius, and with the imperial armies necessarily concentrated for the defence of Italy, no battle would be fought in Gaul, because none could have been won. But after the first terror of invasion was passed, and the barbarian guests, if not quite commodious inmates, were found less furious and sanguinary in peace than had been anticipated, the Gauls accommodated themselves to a yoke by which they were on the whole gainers. Salvias, writing about 450, after inveighing in the strongest terms against the tyranny of the imperial fisc, in those parts of Gaul which were still subject to it, observes, "that the Romans who live under the dominion of the Goths suffer no such exactions;—their unanimous prayer is, that they may never again fall under their old governors. Instead of their flying for refuge to us," he says, "our own subjects, and those not men of low condition, desert us for the protection the others enjoy; preferring to live free with the appearance of captivity, than slaves with the name of liberty; so that the title of Roman citizen, once so highly prized, is now rejected." There is distinct evidence that a large proportion of Gallic cities, called *Armorican*, and extending at first from the Seine to the Pyrenees, threw off their allegiance to Honorius; and though it appears that their confederation, if such it was, soon became less powerful, nor can it be traced at all with absolute certainty after a few years, yet the independence of that part of France, afterwards called *Neustria*, on the Roman empire, through the fifth century, seems to us, at least, a plausible hypothesis.

The Burgundians and Visigoths adjusted their reckoning with the nations of Gaul, by taking to themselves, under the name of lots or shares (*sortes*), two-thirds of the lands, with one-third of the slaves who cultivated them. The lion's share appears at first sight enormous, and was, doubtless, in many instances, a ruinous spoliation. But M. Sismondi suggests that they probably took, in general, pasture grounds, and such as had been deserted through long public calamities, and decline of population. The smaller proportion of slaves reserved for cultivation, which we do not observe the author to have mentioned, adds considerable force to this supposition. Of the Franks we know nothing by distinct evidence in this respect; lands they doubtless enjoyed by occupancy or allotment; but not, as far as can be judged, according to any regular partition of the territory. We are not only destitute of evidence that they spread over France in such an equable dispersion as the division of lands would require, but the contrary is rendered probable by the whole tenor of early French history, and affords the main clue to its explanation.

Those who have paid any attention to these antiquities are aware of the numerous controversies which have been agitated by Boulainvilliers, Du Bos, Montesquieu, Mably, and more lately by Montlosier and Guizot, and several others; to say nothing of German writers, and of some in our own country. M. Sismondi is not much inclined by temper to critical discussions, and slides, perhaps, sometimes rather too lightly over this debatable ground. His conclusions seem, however, in general, very just. Ardently devoted to popular liberty, he has too sound judgment to seek it amidst barbarous violence,—or to confound it with aristocratic privileges. A deep-rooted conviction that the times which, for the present, are his theme, afford but little on which the eye can rest with pleasure, that equality is the sole guarantee of justice, justice the sole animating principle of good laws, and good laws the sole conservative of social happiness, manifests itself in all his pages. He never deviates into those ingenious theories, that tend to equalize the advantages of barbarism and civilization, and fill up the picture, which authentic history leaves imperfect, with the seducing colours of romance. This manner of treating a subject which no partiality can render one of the beautiful portions of history, gives rather a sombrous monotony to these volumes, which even the perspicuous elegance of his style, and the variety of his narrative, do not wholly remove.

The Salian Franks, or rather that portion of them whom Clovis ruled, are computed by M. Sismondi, after Du Bos, at not more than 4000 or 5000 fighting men. The other tribes of his nation, whom by force or treachery he brought under his power, may have increased the number three or fourfold. These appear to have been all seated in the Low Countries or in Artois; for though M. Sismondi, following the common representation, has said, that a Frank chieftain, after the defeat of Syagrius, had founded a little kingdom in Maine, yet, as Mr. Hallam has pointed out, there is no reason to infer this from the few words in which Gregory of Tours mentions him: "*frater eorum, Regnomeris, apud Cenomannis civitatem jussu Chlodovechi interfectus est;*" nor is the existence of an insulated Frank principality in the heart of Neustria what we should expect to find from any records we possess. It is more probable that Regnomeris was a prisoner at Mans when he was put to death. This criticism may seem trifling. But in fact, as we shall proceed to show, the continuance of the Franks, as collective tribes, in the eastern parts of France, determined the character of the monarchy, and produced its most important and permanent revolutions.

The four sons of Clovis divided his kingdom equally, according to Gregory, fixing their residences at Metz, or perhaps

Rheims, Paris, Orleans, and Soissons. But a map of their respective dominions, could one be framed, would exhibit the most whimsical scheme of partition. The kingdom of Paris stretched in a long narrow strip to the Pyrenees. That of Soissons seems to have run round the sea-coast to Aquitaine. It is supposed that in some places they intersected each other, and that several other cities besides Paris were held in common. If such arrangements did not proceed from absolute geographical ignorance, which from their complexity can hardly be presumed, we must agree with Du Bos and M. Sismondi, in ascribing them to the unequal distribution of the Franks throughout Gaul. They appear clearly to have been chiefly settled to the east of the Seine, and upon its banks, but not much in Normandy and Anjou, and scarce at all to the south of the Loire. They were the trump cards of the pack, and a king of that nation, placed in Aquitaine, with a long suit of Romans and Visigoths, would have little chance of the odd trick against his brothers, or at least would have been sorry to make the experiment.

But while the superiority of the conquering nation, not only founded on the recency of its victories, and the consciousness of more warlike qualities, but kept up by the difference made in the barbaric codes as to the composition for homicide, (which was twice as great for a Frank or Burgundian, as for a Roman freeholder,) rendered the former more valuable in the scale of military strength, the descendants of Clovis soon perceived other recommendations in their new subjects, which their own turbulent compatriots did not possess. It is vain to expect that we can determine in what degree the words aristocracy or democracy were applicable to the primitive society of the northern people. It partook, no doubt, of both; but in a practical sense, far more of the former character. The German chieftains, mentioned by Tacitus, surrounded with their ambitious youth, distinguished for their lineage, which no barbarian tribe fails to honour; for their moveable wealth, since they retained their followers by presents; for their valour and energy, without which neither birth nor riches would have sustained them; are so intimately connected by philosophical as well as historical deduction with the fœdal aristocracy of the middle ages, that no step of the transition can seem unaccounted for or unexpected. Though the German institutions, especially the judicial proceedings, which we know best, and which were most important, are strictly democratical, and therefore may lead us up, perhaps, by conjecture to some more primæval and unrecorded state of mankind, there seems little reason to believe, that, at least after the final conquest of Gaul and the acquisition of large landed estates by the more

powerful Franks (the word *noble* is too ambiguous to be used, in reference to this period,) the body of the nation exercised their supposed rights in any other manner than as the partizans, if not the dependants, of great men. But to kings in a semi-barbarous age, the participation of power by an oligarchy is far more dangerous than the privileges of the people. The Franks, at least, never acknowledged a despotic authority. But the Romans had never known, nor aspired to know, any other. They had a system of law and policy ready manufactured, and proved by the experience of centuries, in which no will but that of the sovereign found a place. They had men ingenious, expert, and, in a certain sense, well-instructed, to carry that will into execution. Hence the history of the sixth century is remarkable for the efforts of the Merovingian kings to use the most unbounded tyranny; and for the employment of Romans (that is, of course, descendants of the provincials of Gaul, known as such by their names,) in the highest posts of the monarchy.

The enormous wickedness of these long-haired princes is notorious to the most superficial reader. Never did the conversion of a people to Christianity produce worse fruits, except indeed to the clergy. Chilperic, the Nero of France, as Gregory of Tours calls him, though, like the real Nero, he had a good many royal competitors who ran him hard in the race of crime, complained that the whole wealth of the crown had been diverted to the church. She made, however, what should have seemed more than a compensation; not less than seventy-one canonized saints have been added to the calendar, out of the clergy of France, under the reigns of Clovis and his sons; the greatest number, probably, that any part of the church can boast in an equal period. It is pity that these burning lights should have kindled so little emulation of their virtues in the breasts of their sovereigns. M. Sismondi's excellent table of contents furnishes some specimens of Merovingian history, which, though produced by accident, have the effect of satire. Thus of Clovis: "Clovis veut faire perir tous les rois des Francs ses parens. Il fait assassiner Sigebert et son fils Cloderic. Il fait massacrer Cararic et son fils. Puis Ragnacaire et ses deux freres. Il fait égorger tous les autres rois des Francs. L'Eglise hesite si elle ne le reconnoitra pas pour saint." Or this still more pithy—"Clotaire fait brûler son fils Chramne avec sa femme et ses enfans. Il meurt avec de grandes marques de devotion." Such is, in epitome, the Merovingian history; and such is, more or less, half that of the middle ages. The main spring of government was the facility of assassination, without which, in reality, there would have been no obedience to authority at all. "If any one," says the Bava-

rian code, and the same is nearly repeated in the capitularies of Charlemagne, "shall have killed a man by the orders of the king, or of the duke of the province, it shall not be imputed to him, nor shall he be liable to the revenge of the kindred, because it was his lord's command, which he could not disobey." It is necessary to keep always in mind, that this was the public law, if we may use such a word, of governments, and in a great measure, of nations, down, at least, to the sixteenth century inclusively; and there is reason to suspect that some cabinets of Europe (not in its western parts) had hardly rejected it, we will not say at how late a period.

But the Franks, with little moral scruple at assassination, or abhorrence of tyranny, could not desire to be themselves exposed to either. An aristocracy composed of the dukes and counts, appointed by the crown to provincial administration, and removable at pleasure, but still powerful so long as they remained in office, and of wealthy proprietors, struggled against the Roman despotism of their court. This began in Austrasia, after the death of Sigebert, in 582. His son Childebert II. being a minor, they elected a regent, under the name of mayor of the palace, instead of trusting the administration to the queen mother Brunehaut. The young king, however, trained under so expert a mistress in crime, managed, upon his coming to age, by the approved course of murder and treachery, to break the neck of all opposition. But it is remarkable, that either by violence, or through their debauchery, almost all the Merovingian dynasty were cut off at an early age; and the ruin of their power was greatly owing to constantly recurring minorities. Upon Childebert's death, Brunehaut became the real sovereign in the name of her grandchildren; twenty years of tyranny and civil war ensued before the Austrasian nobility called in the aid of another prince, and a short contest ended in the cruel execution of the aged queen, and the temporary reunion of the French monarchy under Clotaire II. in 615.

The partitions effected among the sons of Clovis had not been exactly renewed at the death of Clotaire I. in 561; and after some years, a more convenient and lasting division was made into the kingdoms of Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy; the provinces south of the Loire, as well as north, being shared among the three. The limits of the two former are not accurately determined; writers of the ninth century speak of the Meuse as the boundary, but it is certain that towards the end of the sixth century, Austrasia comprehended Champagne; since Lupus (possibly a Frank of the name of Wolf) is mentioned by Gregory as duke of that province, and a man of much eminence. The Ger-

man nations of Thuringia, Swabia, and Bavaria, were subject to the Austrasian kings, though with such privileges as left them almost independent. In Austrasia was spoken the Franco-Theotisc, a Teutonic dialect; in Neustria, the patois called *Lingua Romana Rustica*, destined to become the French language. The empire of Germany sprung from the first, the kingdom of France from the second. Neustria, as every thing shows, retained far more of the Roman character in government, language, comparative civilization and instruction, perhaps in the influence and wealth of the church. If we could trust a charter, quoted by Du Bos, of the convent of St. Germain des Prez, purporting to have been granted by Childebert, son of Clovis, "*una cum voluntate et assensu Francorum et Neustrasiorum*," the distinction of name was made thus early, and Neustrasian was nearly synonymous to Roman. It would be more curious, as proving that the government was carried on, at least theoretically, by public consent, and that the Roman natives were parties to it. But charters are suspicious things; and the spirit seems altogether rather like that of the eighth or ninth century.

A jealousy was soon manifested between these dissimilar parts of the Merovingian empire. The Austrasians had more blood of the conquerors, and they had more civil liberty. Hence they compelled Clotaire II., King of Neustria, while they acknowledged him as sovereign, to nominate their mayor of the palace, with an oath not to displace him. They soon made this great office elective and independent of the crown. The kings of the seventh century have had the reputation of extreme feebleness and almost of idiotcy; nothing else could be expected from their premature marriages and supine debauchery; but the Austrasian aristocracy had the sword in their hands, and were become watchful by experience. A new family arose before the middle of that age, to whom the sceptre was to pass, but as yet only the hereditary champions of the old French party against royal encroachments. Their office, that of mayor of the palace, existed also in Neustria; but there it seems to have been in the hands of the court, or of such as could get the royal puppets into their power. Ebroin, the most famous of these, was a vizir; Pepin Heristal, his Austrasian rival, the chief of a faction; but the former, in order to maintain the monarchy, armed the freemen, (if M. Sismondi's conjecture is right, which, in so miserable a dearth of real history, must only be called ingenious,) against an overweening nobility. He seems, indeed, to have become as unprincipled a tyrant as any whom he opposed could have been; but we know nothing of him, as is alleged by M. Sismondi, except from his enemies. However this might be, the victory of Pepin Heristal at Testry

in 687, secured the ascendancy of the Austrasian over the Neustrian kingdom, and of the aristocracy in each over the crown and the nation. From this time the Germanic influence resumed its sway, though the Neustrian kings of the race of Clovis lingered on for sixty years more under the shadow of their imperious viceroy.

But this prevalence of Germany over France was never so distinctly shown as under Charlemagne. He, or perhaps his father Pepin, removed the seat of government from Paris, the ancient capital of the first dynasty, to cities in the heart of a Teutonic population, Worms, Mentz, Aix-la-Chapelle, or to his favourite palace of Schelstradt in Alsace. For many years, M. Sismondi tells us (vol. ii. p. 343), he hardly set his foot in Neustria or Aquitaine. He recruited his armies almost exclusively from his Austrasian subjects, and scarcely any of whom we read during his reign in high civil or military posts, or even in the more considerable bishoprics, bear Roman or Gaulish names. His general parliaments, annually assembled, seem to have been invested with great legislative authority, though probably submissive to the ascendant of their energetic master; but the natives of what is now France would not readily travel to the Rhine, in order to concur in making laws, where they would find another nation of another language, which deemed itself superior, and had its free men upon the spot. They could not but feel the disparity of their condition. In the next reign, that of Louis the Debonair, his weakness, and the ambition of his family and nobles, involved the empire in what seemed civil, but soon took the appearance of national, war. The emperor, as his biographer, called the Astronomer, tells us, trusted the Germans rather than the French. The latter word now first became descriptive of those who spoke the Romance dialects formed out of Latin. After the death of Louis, the French adhered to the party of Charles the Bald against his elder brothers. We find the earliest monument of their language in the oath taken by Charles at Strasburg in 842, which is sufficiently well known. At the treaty of Verdun next year, a partition was made of the empire, which probably nearly corresponded with the limits of the two languages, and which, with no essential modifications, continued in force for many centuries. It is a curious fact, which M. Sismondi mentions in vol. iii. p. 76, on the authority of the contemporary Nithardus, that, on account of the difficulty found in arranging an equitable division among the brothers, Lothaire, Louis, and Charles, three hundred commissioners were appointed to survey the whole empire. They distributed by sections the entire surface of this vast dominion, comprizing all France, with most of Germany and Italy, under-

taking to complete their survey within the next year; a labour which at present would be performed, he says, in an instant, by the inspection of a map. This, however, is hardly a fair representation, as the survey was doubtless of a statistical nature, something like that of Domesday Book, though less minute; of which the author must be aware, when he proceeds truly to say, that had their report been preserved, (if in fact it was ever made at all,) it would have been the most curious of all records as to the state of Europe in the middle ages.

In portraying the character of Charlemagne, it may seem that M. Sismondi is scarcely enough struck by those pre-eminent qualities, which make that one man stand out in almost colossal proportions amidst the hundred kings who preceded and followed him. But this author's sympathies are invariably with the people; and no one is less willing to acknowledge any glory that is obtained at the price of the public good. Yet Charlemagne's admirable institutions for the maintenance of justice; the *missi dominici*, who, like our judges of assize, journeyed through every province to redress the oppression of the counts and feudal lords; his measure of replacing the ancient *mallus*, or county-court, sometimes tumultuous, or more often ill-attended, by *scabini* or assessors, recommended by the *missi*, but elected by all the freeholders; his liberal system of diets, where, though he might find no essential controul, he at least learned the grievances, and heard the advice of his subjects; his generous zeal for letters, and for all improvement, might endear him to the most patriotic writer. But all these in our author's eyes are more than compensated by the miseries which an exhausting military conscription, and the burthens incident to it, entailed on France. He seems to consider Charlemagne as having worked, like Napoleon, for his own and his family's aggrandizement, more than for the present happiness, or the permanent reformation of his people. Certain it is, that the age immediately after this great legislator and founder of an empire was even more deplorably lost in anarchy than those in which the insensate Merovingians had worn their unhonoured crown. But from this anarchy, which came on with rapid steps under Charles the Bald, sprung up in the tenth century a renovation of society on a different basis, a phoenix out of the ashes of the ancient Franco-Gaulish monarchy, the feudal system. The third volume of this work displays to us the ruin of France under the descendants of Charlemagne; the ravages, almost unresisted, of the Normans; the dissolution of all legislative and supreme authority; and the silent establishment of feudal principalities, as yet so nearly independent as scarcely to own the subordination which that word implies.

The origin and consequent antiquity of the feudal tenures have been notoriously the subject of much controversy. M. Sismondi places himself very decidedly with those who reduce it to the lowest era. "Pendant toute la durée de la première race, nous ne trouvons aucune trace de féodalité," (vol. i. p. 408.) We should extremely hesitate to concur in this position. What was the essential characteristic of a fief or estate held by a feudal tenure? It was the obligation to recognize a superior lord, by whom the fief had been, or was supposed to have been, granted, and to render him service, especially military service, in return. Now we know that the German chiefs had followers, whom they attached to themselves by presents, even before they had land to give; we know also that the kings and others granted lands in France very liberally under the name of benefices to those who were called their antrustions or leudes; that these benefices, originally held for life, or possibly on a more precarious footing, were by the treaty of Andely in 589, by the edict of Clotaire II. in 615, and through the operation of the gradual aggrandizement of the aristocracy, changed into hereditary possessions. Why were they so freely given, except with the view of some advantage to the donor? In an age of violence, where power, wealth, life and liberty themselves, stood in perpetual jeopardy, what resource could be more natural than the aid of friends, though dependants, of a superior stamp to peasants and slaves, accustomed to the use of arms, and willingly bound to employ them for their lord and themselves? If this necessity produced universally the feudal ties of the ninth and tenth centuries, as all agree, is it not reasonable that, at least in some instances, they should have been known in the sixth and seventh, a period only one degree less lawless than that of the Carlovingian kings? When, therefore, M. Sismondi says that we find no trace of feudal tenures under the first race, he can only mean that we do not find military service mentioned as incident to benefices, either in the historians, or in the forms of Marculfus, which are nothing else than precedents for the notaries to follow, in drawing up grants of estates. But the negative proof from the silence of historians, even if it be altogether such as he conceives, is by no means decisive, since they are often brief, and always defective in a high degree; and that from Marculfus is still less so, inasmuch as we believe no grant of a fief, in the very height of the military system, contains an allusion to it; the common usage and condition of the tenure speaking for itself.

It may be observed also, that the way had been prepared for feudal service in the Roman provinces by an institution of the empire itself; the grant of lands to legionary soldiers, (*militæ*

limitanei,) under the express condition of defending the frontier against the barbarians. Du Bos is of opinion, that when Constantine removed the Roman legions from the Rhine into dispersed quarters, he must have assigned lands to them which they could cultivate in these inland parts. Such allotments would both be in themselves the elements of a feudal system, and would suggest the facility and advantage of extending it. If indeed we could rely on a passage quoted by this writer from St. Augustin, it would be hard to resist the conclusion, that feudal tenures existed even in the Roman empire about the year 400, in as full perfection, though of course not so general, as they did six centuries afterwards. "Notum est," says that father of the church, "quod milites sæculi beneficia temporalia a temporalibus dominis accepturi, prius militaribus sacramentis obligantur, et dominis suis fidem se servaturos profitentur." This is quoted from his first sermon on the vigil of Pentecost. But whether this discourse be genuine we will not pretend to say; though we are not aware of any reason for doubting it, except the total incongruity of the above passage with any received theory.

It seems, therefore, probable, that beneficiary grants of land implied from the beginning a duty of assisting the donor in war, whether he might be the king or a subject lord. These became much more frequent from the time of Charles Martel; and it is very likely that the obligation was then more specifically and absolutely imposed. Sub-infeudation was the natural consequence; what was expedient for the sovereign, who might to a certain extent command the service of alodial proprietors, was much more so for those who had no such supremacy. Next ensued the great commutation of alodial into feudal tenures, by which, in the ninth and tenth centuries, most of what remained from the Teutonic democracy was extirpated in France; and the very names of *Rachinburgii* and *Arimanni*, *Centenarii* and *Decani* were made food for antiquaries. If the feudal tenures partially were ancient, as we think they were, the feudal system, or scheme of laws and customs which ruled and kept together the commonwealth, was undoubtedly not established till the tenth century.

Averse as M. Sismondi always shows himself to all aristocratical tyranny, he has too much good sense to lament the exchange of that nominal independence, which left the small alodialists open to oppression, for the real protection which vassalage afforded them. He leaves such theorists as Mably to fall in love with an Utopian liberty which in barbarous times has either not existed at all, or has not been worth the cost. In the feudal system, he justly sees the salvation of Europe. Under the reign of Charles

the Bald; the Norman pirates almost every summer, braving the sea in their light coracles, sailed up the Seine, the Somme, or the Loire, and devastated the best part of France almost without resistance. It is said by a contemporary, that in the space contained between the sea, and an imaginary line drawn through Paris, Orleans, Bourges, and Clermont, there was not a city or village that had not experienced their ravages. Yet their parties were generally composed of a few hundreds, before whom the children of the Franks gave way in dastardly trepidation. M. Sismondi thinks it almost necessary to apologize to his French readers for describing this want of courage in their ancestors. In fact, however, the Normans were a very formidable race; and their ravages in England, under the name of Danes, were almost equally terrible. It is needless to say, that mere superiority of numbers never avails a nation ignorant of the art of war. But the primary cause of this inability in the French to defend themselves was the state of their government, which still retained so much of the majesty of Charlemagne, that men looked up to it for protection, or rather knew not where else to look. It was this helpless misery which drove them to those processions of relics, to that faith in miracles, to all that swelled the pride and riches of the church in this worst and darkest hour of the middle ages. Abandoned of all earthly aid, they deserve no derision for drawing hope from the only star that seemed to shine out of the gloom; if the bones of a saint did not compel the Normans to retire, it could at least do no harm to try the experiment; a security which does not attend all human devices to avert mischief. But it was much better to try the effect of concert and courage; and this was done by means of feudal compacts. It is well known that the hereditary succession of governors of provinces, where there were lineal descendants, was fully sanctioned by a capitulary of Charles the Bald, in 877; and this, relatively to the monarchy, is considered as the great epoch of the feudal system. It was not, however, until some time afterwards, that these counties passed altogether as private inheritances, or that the alodial proprietors came generally, for they never did so universally, into the feudal bonds. The ninth century, M. Sismondi observes, destroyed the ancient France; the tenth created a new one.

The interval between Charlemagne's sovereign monarchy and the substitution of a feudal confederacy for it, is distinguished by the aggrandizement of the church. National and provincial councils held the place of diets. Pepin, indeed, and Charlemagne, had prepared the way for this; and their diets acting as councils, so that more than half the capitularies relate to matters of ecclesiastical discipline, the nation was prepared to see the form in-

verted without perceiving the difference. The first Carolingians ruled by the means of their bishops, their successors were ruled by them. France, under Charles the Bald, became, as Mr. S. truly says, a theocratic republic. The noble families were so generally extinct or decayed, that we scarcely find any historical names among them; and the church offering a more brilliant political career, with no imperative check on their licentious, and none at all on their rapacious passions, men of strong character were induced to enter it as the best field of ambition. The bishops now began to control the vices of kings; the unjust divorce, the scandalous polygamy, the unbounded libertinism, which had passed with little notice, or even been connived at in some who were almost held as saints, drew down remonstrances, menaces, and excommunications on the more timid sinners of the ninth century. The popes of this age were not slack in arrogating that *indirect* power, as their advocates term it, in temporals, which later times saw more mature, and the prelates at home vied with them in ambitious encroachments. The most striking instance of this kind is the erection of the kingdom of Arles, in favour of Boson, in 879, by the sole choice of the bishops, in a diet convoked by Pope John VIII. Some counts and lay lords appear to have been present, but so little respected, that they were not called upon to sign the act of election, to which were affixed the names of six archbishops and seventeen bishops; nor is the consent of any one else mentioned in it. They merely declare that, having assembled to discuss the best means of defending their churches, which are exposed to divers enemies, they have elected a worthy person to be king. It is, however, to be remembered, that government must be had by some means or other, and the total inefficiency of the laity, from the monarch downwards, in this period, is perhaps a sufficient, and certainly a plausible excuse, for much that would be insufferable as a precedent.

The three next volumes of this important work comprise the period between the accession of Hugh Capet, in 987, and that of St. Louis, in 1226, marked by the predominance of the feudal aristocracy. In the four reigns of Hugh himself, Robert, Henry I., and Philip I., there was, properly speaking, no French monarchy, nor any one current of national history. The materials are accordingly very scanty. A thick obscurity rests over the latter part of the tenth century and half that which followed. The circumstances which raised Hugh Capet to the throne are imperfectly known, and his character still more so; but it sufficiently appears that no extraordinary qualities earned this elevation. The author takes rather a malicious pleasure in quoting from a writer of the next age, *genus valde inante reperitur obscurum*, and even

in repeating the lines of Dante, which describe the founder of the third dynasty as the son of a butcher. But as he was undeniably son, grandson, and great nephew of three of the greatest men in France, the two latter of whom, Robert and Eudes, have always kept their place in the first list of kings, it is of little consequence even to those whose pride might take an interest in the question, to inquire whether those brothers were not also sons of Robert the Bold, who appears to have been invested by Charles the Bald with the dominions we find them to have afterwards possessed; and we believe few antiquaries at present would be positive in tracing the genealogy any higher. The house of Bourbon can on no supposition be deprived of the honour of being the most indisputably ancient, in masculine descent, throughout Europe.

It might be anticipated, that the poverty of historical records, and the uninteresting nature of the petty facts they preserve in this eleventh century, would hardly enable M. Sismondi to devote an entire volume, the fourth of his series, to so barren a period. But he has made it by no means the least valuable, where all have great value. The condition of society, according to his view, began to improve. Even the private wars, which were justified by the acknowledged right of each lord, and which the practice of fortifying castles, introduced chiefly in the preceding age, rendered frequent, had many good effects; they restored, of course, the martial character, they made the lords more anxious to protect their own tenantry, and apt to exact little more than personal service; they encouraged marriage, and replenished the population still faster than they exhausted it. The institutions of chivalry and tournaments, the formation of the French and Provençal languages, the first poetry of the Troubadours, the increased luxury and magnificence of the nobles, the establishment of some principles of justice and liberty in the towns, and the germ of their corporate privileges, belong to the same age, and furnish materials for those pleasing digressions from the course of narration, which the author generally prefixes to each chapter. The following extract is a fair average specimen of his comprehensive spirit of remark and his copious eloquence:—

“The institutions which stamped the character of the middle age were, during the eleventh century, gradually receiving fresh developement; France became daily more and more heroic and chivalrous in appearance; such remembrances in the present day flatter our imagination, and we regret that these poetical times are gone, even while we admit the full extent of the barbarism with which they are impressed. Our eyes, it is true, find it difficult to distinguish at that epoch the French nation, a nation humbled, suffering, and enslaved; the nobility, which at that period had itself become a second nation, alone attracts our attention. In fact,

as in that order, a numerous family was a means of acquiring power, all the marriages were fruitful, all the sons married early, and founded fresh families equally prolific with those of their fathers; consequently the race of nobles multiplied with all the rapidity which the principle of population can admit of, when there is no circumstance to check it. As the nobles were almost numerous enough to occupy the military profession exclusively, they have almost exclusively occupied the attention of the chroniclers, to whom battles afforded the only subjects of narration; nevertheless, the distance between them and the inferior classes was not then so great as it had been. While the rapid partition of ancient patrimonies compelled the *gentleman* to be satisfied with a much smaller portion of land than formerly, the burghers were daily adding to their wealth by commerce and manufactures; the different ranks were brought more into contact, and the nobles, jealous of the rise of these new men, endeavoured to keep themselves separate from them by the erection of artificial barriers.

"It is certain, that in the preceding centuries, nobility was nothing else but the actual exercise of a power necessarily attached to extensive territorial possessions. That man was either a noble or a notable, who attracted general observation by the number of his serfs or his attendants, and by the great extent of his domains. But when the nobles were sufficiently multiplied, and frequently poor enough to have no longer any thing notable, they were so much the more anxious to be distinguished from their other fellow citizens by something exclusively their own, something which even they themselves could not communicate, and which should distinguish them as a foreign race, amidst the rest of the people. A scrupulous attention to genealogies and to purity of blood began therefore about this period. Before this time, all who had the appearance of being powerful and wealthy were acknowledged as nobles; but from the middle of the eleventh century, birth alone constituted nobility, to the exclusion of riches and power.

"The distinction of races and the purity of blood are not ideas upon which one can lay any stress when no family recollections are preserved, and the study of genealogies is necessarily connected with certain literary and historical studies. With the eleventh century began the desire of becoming acquainted with the actions of the ancestors of each family, not certainly for the purpose of deriving instruction from their example, but to make them a subject of pride; an importance was attached to past events which they had never before possessed, because they became the cause of present grandeur, and it may be imagined that a *gentleman* would have some advantage in learning to read, seeing that it enabled him to become acquainted with the titles and the alliances of his house."—vol. iv. p. 366.

The royal authority, which had been totally disregarded in the far greater part of France for the first four reigns of the Capetian family, began to revive with Louis VI., called the Fat. As long as the name of king survives, there is always an indefinite notion of right to power; a notion which, even where a system of con-

stitutional law has been established, it is sometimes difficult to restrain within due bounds, and which, amidst the confused and incoherent usages of the eleventh century, was preserved in the hearts of the French as a theoretical principle. It seemed more natural, according to the prejudices that wait on names, to reckon the Dukes of Normandy and Guienne usurpers on the prerogatives of the monarch, than what was as fairly to be urged, to set down the self-elected Hugh Capet and his progeny as usurpers on their more ancient and well-earned privileges. The interests of the nation were of course little considered as the standard of right in government. Whether these interests gained or lost more by the restoration of the king's authority in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is perhaps not an easy problem. The exertions of Louis VI. to chastise the petty tyrants of the Isle of France, and to protect the newly-formed communes against vexation, were meritorious and salutary. But nothing was done towards the formation of a justly limited monarchy; no right was guaranteed, no exorbitance of royal power repressed; the privileges which, though inconvenient and in some respects mischievous, sprung out of a spirit of liberty, were lopped away without the substitution of any others; the monarchy became despotic, in principle and effect, within its continually increasing domains; so that our choice is in fact to be made between lawless violence and cold-blooded rapacious oppression.

The fifth and sixth volumes are chiefly occupied by the long wars of Louis VII. and Philip Augustus, against the house of Plantagenet, and by the crusades against the counts of Toulouse, as supposed protectors of the Albigenes. No modern writer, unless it be the Benedictines Vich and Vaissette, in their *History of Languedoc*, has displayed so amply those bloody triumphs of persecution; none certainly with such unrestrained indignation. The church of Rome and the kings of France seldom find much favour in M. Sismondi's eyes; and it cannot be supposed that he would spare them in their deepest guilt. The following passage is worth the consideration of those who may be tempted, on whatever side, or from whatever motive, to play with religious bigotry as they do with the common passions and petty interests of mankind:—

“The ruin of so fine a country; the contrast between its past opulence and its present desolation; the recollection of its festivals, its tournaments, its courts of love assembled in every castle; of the *troubadours*, the *jongleurs*, and the minstrels, visiting by turns the noble lords and noble ladies, feasted on their arrival, loaded with presents on their departure; and the sight of scaffolds, of deserted villages, and houses in flames, would have very soon made a feeling of deep compassion succeed to the

horrors of war, had any other cause than religious fanaticism put arms into the hands of the crusaders.

"Those who committed so many enormities were not generally wicked men; they came from that part of Burgundy and the north of France where crimes have ever been rare, where long-cherished rancour, hatred, and revenge, are passions almost unknown, where the unfortunate are always sure to find compassion and relief; the crusaders themselves were continually giving each other proofs of generosity, assistance, and compassion; but in their eyes heretics were regarded as out of the pale of the human race. Accustomed to confide their consciences to their priests, to listen to the orders from Rome as to a voice from heaven, never to submit to the judgment of reason any thing connected with the faith, they internally cherished, as a laudable feeling, the horror with which these sectarians inspired them; they fancied themselves better Christians, and actuated by greater zeal for the glory of God exactly in proportion as they laboured more ardently for their destruction; if they experienced emotions of pity or terror while assisting at their punishment, this was in their eyes a rebellion of the flesh, of which they hastened to relieve their consciences at the penitential tribunal, and for which they felt remorse until their priests had given them absolution. Woe be to men whose religion is completely perverted! their most virtuous sentiments lead them entirely astray; their zeal is transformed into ferocity; their humility betrays them to the perfidious directions of the forgers by whom they are guided; their charity itself becomes bloodthirsty; they sacrifice those by whom they dread to be infected; it is a baptism of blood which they require to save some of the Lord's elect.

"At no time, however, were more energetic means adopted to perplex the understanding and corrupt the human heart. That is a most superficial and erroneous judgment which condemns nations in the mass for the crimes committed among them. The more the truth of history is displayed, the more horrors does it reveal which are chargeable on every great society of men; but, even if they were all known, no one nation would have much to reproach another with; let no one, therefore, pride itself because every thing has not been told of it. As to the persecution of the Albigenses, it was not exclusively imputable to the French; the Italian Innocent III. set it on foot, and it was he who bestowed the reward of it; he was incessantly whetting the sword of the executioner by means of his legates and his missionaries; the two Spaniards, the Bishop of Ozma and St. Dominic, the founders of the Inquisition, first taught the art of spying out those whom the priests afterwards bound to the stake; the Germans, obedient to the call of their monks, proceeded to take part in this work of extermination, even from the extremities of Austria; finally, the English Matthew Paris bears testimony to the zeal of his countrymen for the same cause, and of their triumphant joy for the miracle (so he termed the massacre of Beziers), which avenged the cause of the Lord."—vol. vi. p. 367.

The third part of this work brings down the history from the accession of Louis IX. to that of Philip of Valois, in 1328. Notwithstanding the very decided want of predilection for kings

which our citizen of Geneva uniformly exhibits, and his little sympathy with any thing which borders on superstition, he is not deficient in justice to the virtues of St. Louis, which is the more to the credit of his candour, as those very virtues, and the whole course of the canonized monarch's domestic government, led more than any thing else to the perfect establishment of absolute power. But it may seem at first sight more extraordinary, to find an author so irreconcilably opposed to superstition and ecclesiastical influence, and in general so incapable of sympathy with the spirit of those times, become the advocate of St. Louis's crusade, and of all similar expeditions, in a rather long and elaborate dissertation. After admitting that there was no pretext for attacking the Mahometan monarchy merely on account of their differences in religion, he rests his vindication on a very questionable theorem in political ethics :—

“ A motive more universal, more warmly felt, and still more worthy of our sympathy, had made the Christian world take arms; this was the horrible treatment which the Christians experienced in the countries subject to the Mussulman sway. The massacre of the whole population of a great city had, on more than one occasion, made Christendom rise up *en masse* to avenge the atrocity. Whenever the Latins took arms against the Mussulmans, the relation of the outrages to which the Christian subjects of the latter were exposed, animated the zeal of all who assumed the cross. The internal government of the Mussulmans, even when at peace, in the countries which acknowledged their sovereignty, appeared to our ancestors sufficient motive for a renewal of hostilities. This motive, which had a constant influence on the crusades, is connected with a fundamental question of public law, not yet decided, and upon which we conceive ourselves called, by the events which we have related, as well as by those which we shall have still to relate, to attempt to throw some light. The question is that which is now called *the right of interference*.

“ Several publicists, among whom there are friends of humanity and philosophers, have told us, ‘ Every nation is master within itself; we must respect the sovereignty of other governments, if we wish that other governments should respect ours. Whatever may be the tyranny these exercise over their own subjects, we never have any right to call them to account for it.’ It seems to us, on the contrary, to be more just and more wise to lay it down that no man—that no association of men—has a right to commit crimes at home, with impunity; that every nation is called upon to assist in the maintenance of the established laws of humanity, when they are violated by acts of odious tyranny, or revolting ferocity; for these laws are long anterior to the rights of political societies, almost all of which are founded on conquest or violence. Nations may and must calculate the dangers to which they may expose themselves, by interfering in the affairs of their neighbours, in order to vindicate the laws of humanity; but if they offer no resistance to their vio-

latins, it must be attributed to a regard to their own convenience, and not to the rights of the offending nations."—vol. vii. p. 221.

M. Sismondi proceeds to dilate on this branch of the law of nations, in a manner which explains so clearly to the reader what is really in the author's mind, that he might have spared himself the following sentence:—*Les Turcs se sont mis en dehors de la société humaine aujourd'hui par les massacres de Scio et d'Ipsara. Ils ont donné à tous les peuples le droit de les arrêter et de les punir.*

It is impossible, in our opinion, to lay down a principle more likely to be abused, or even more sure, if habitually acted upon, to enhance the miseries of mankind to an incalculable extent, than this right of intervention to rescue the oppressed, and to chastise the oppressor. If mankind had a right to punish the Turks for the massacre of Scio, why not the Russians for that of Praga, why not the Duke of Savoy formerly, for that of the Vaudois? What is the amount of butchery which is to justify a crusade? If the murder of ten thousand Greeks is a good cause of war, why not that of one thousand, or one hundred? Nor is this reasoning, *ratione ruentis acervi*, so captious here as it may sometimes be. For we may be sure that states will seldom rush into these wars of moral vengeance without some less pure motives; and if the law of nations be intended, as surely it ought to be, to furnish the best guarantee it can furnish against cupidity and injustice, it is of some importance that its rules should not be so indefinite as to lend pretexts to those encroaching qualities it is meant to withstand. But, if humanity is to be our polar star in framing the code, what is the value of that humanity which seeks to multiply the occasions of warfare? Let any man cast up as well as he can the amount of suffering which a single campaign upon the gigantic scale of modern hostilities adds to the dark pages of ill;—the fruits, for example, that a war, hailed by M. Sismondi and his friends, has already produced,—and he will be very slow to let slip those dogs of hell, whose steps are almost always accompanied by more guilt and misery than all the other scourges of our race.

The compilation that bears the name of the Establishments of St. Louis, has been justly considered as tending to substitute an absolute authority of the crown for those feudal customs which it partly records and partly infringes. M. Sismondi observes, that the theory, which ascribes this to a deliberate policy, laying covertly the foundations of future power, bestows on the sainted king a sagacity to which he can make no claim, at the expense of the integrity which was his real boast, and thinks that in the restraint of private wars and trial by combat, he was only guided by a pious zeal to prevent sin and scandal. But, admitting this to a

considerable extent, it may still be true, that those lawyers and counsellors who must have chiefly been concerned in compiling the new code, had a natural desire to enhance the royal authority which they administered, at the expense of the aristocracy. It is at all events certain, that the former took a prodigious flight in fifty years after the death of St. Louis; and that as early as the reign of his grandson, Philip the Fair, the nation had abundant experience of despotism in its worst fruits,—exorbitant taxes, adulteration of the coin, unjust and tyrannous condemnations. Whether these new evils were greater or less than those of the feudal system in their effect on the general welfare, may be perhaps doubtful; they make certainly a more odious appearance in the pages of history.

It will readily be supposed, that Philip the Fair, nearly the worst of the many detestable sovereigns who have sprung from the loins of Hugh Capet, is portrayed in dark colours by this historian. Even in his famous dispute with Boniface VIII., where he has been generally celebrated as the champion of the Gallican liberties, M. Sismondi is found on the pope's side. In the great process against the Templars, he entertains no doubt that the latter were unjustly sacrificed; but without a very critical examination of the question, which indeed, whatever may have passed through his own mind, it is not much his habit to present to his readers. We very much incline to the same conclusions, though the whole difficulty of the case seems not to have been hitherto removed. A slight sketch of the reasoning to which the facts lead, may not be an irrelevant digression in this place.

The Knights of the Temple, instituted as a military order for the defence of the Holy Land, in 1124, had acquired vast estates in almost every part of Europe. By the possession of this wealth, and by a luxurious enjoyment of it, they had for a long time become unpopular, or at least obnoxious to reproach. After the loss of Acre, in 1292, the remnant of those knights who had defended Palestine, retired to Cyprus, whence the grand master, Jacques de Molay, had been summoned by the Pope, a year before the storm broke upon his order, on pretence of concerting means for a new crusade, and for a union of the Templars with the Knights of St. John. It is unnecessary to mention the strange and atrocious charges which were preferred, in the first instance certainly by persons of no credit, against the whole order. The probability or improbability of these, so far as we are competent to judge at present, will depend on the nature of the charges themselves, on the evidence by which they were supported, on the views and characters of those concerned in the trial and prosecution, and on the opinion generally held by contemporaries.

1. The crimes imputed to the Templars were of the most

odious and almost inconceivable turpitude, such as we are naturally reluctant, without the fullest proof, to admit. Yet it is hard to say how far human nature, especially in secret societies, may be depraved; and unfortunately there are too many instances, if not quite parallel to what is related of the Templars, yet approaching so near to it, as to prevent our absolute disbelief. Parts, however, of the accusation are perfectly absurd; such as the worship of a large gilded head, and the appearance of the devil in the guise of a cat. This idolatry, too, was charged upon them as connected with Mohammedism, and as having been enjoined by a sultan on one of the grand masters, who was his prisoner; a calumny, with respect to that religion gross enough, but by no means unusual in the middle ages, when the worship of false gods was currently imputed to its disciples.

2. The evidence upon which so many Templars suffered the most cruel deaths, and their order was abolished, came principally from their own lips. Nearly three hundred knights confessed, in the whole or in part, the crimes ascribed to their fraternity. These confessions were, however, extorted by the severest torments, under a commission appointed by Philip, and were made public only by its means, so that we have not the best assurance of their authenticity. In one instance, at least, the grand master, Jacques de Molay, charged his judges with falsifying his deposition, though he had undoubtedly made an avowal unfavourable to the order; since it is of this weakness that he testified his repentance on the memorable day of his death. Several of those examined did not swerve from the assertion of their innocence, even through these torments; a greater number retracted the confessions thus extorted; and fifty-four were burnt in one day at Paris, all protesting their innocence in the midst of the flames. The most perplexing part of the evidence, however, is the confession made by seventy-two Templars, to Clement V., at Avignon, without torture; after which the pope appeared to enter much more strictly into the persecution than at first.—(Rymer, iii. 101.)

There seems to be one very strong argument against the truth of the accusation. The crimes ascribed to the Templars were not supposed to be peculiar to those of France; it was an order dispersed through Christendom, with one system of government, and one set of initiatory ceremonies. If the Templars of France therefore were guilty, those of England, Spain, and Germany, could not have been less so. But though an inquisition was set on foot in each of those countries; and a strong disposition manifested to take possession of their wealth, no charges were substantiated against them. It was only in France, and in Provence,

a country influenced by the courts of Paris and Avignon; that they were condemned. If we look at the *Processus Templariorum* in Wilkins's *Concilia*, we shall see that nothing in the evidence, except a very little on hearsay, militates against an absolute acquittal of the English knights. It would be said, perhaps, by some of their enemies, that, as torture was not employed, the prisoners were sure not to confess what was true; to which it may be sufficient to answer, that, when torture was employed, they were very likely to confess what was false.

3. The greatest difficulty seems to be, how to account for the conduct of Clement V. in this persecution, whose interests would naturally render him averse to it. The Templars, like all other regular orders, were much connected with the holy see, and had received extensive privileges from it. Accordingly, the pope appears, at the commencement, to have shown much reluctance, and, indeed, to have opposed the king's measures very decidedly, till the investigation was transferred from lay to spiritual judges. But afterwards he fell into them with equal earnestness, and finally abolished the order at the council of Vienne, without, or rather against, the consent of that assembly. Nor is there any reason to surmise, that he was actuated by avaricious motives, though it is said that he gained something out of the forfeiture. The most plausible conjecture is, that he was intimidated by Philip, who exercised great influence over him, and, early in the business, had written him a very menacing letter. As to the king himself, the prime mover in the whole proceeding, his violence and rapacity, shown throughout his reign, may lead us to believe him guilty of so enormous a crime as this persecution, from motives of revenge or interest. The Templars had sided with Boniface VIII. in his great quarrel with Philip; their power was suspicious to an arbitrary monarch, their wealth tempting to a covetous one. But if he intended, as is probable, to convert the property of the Templars to his own use, he failed partly of his wishes. For the pope insisted upon its being transferred to the knights of St. John, to which the king was forced to consent, reserving to himself two-thirds of their moveable estate for the expenses of the prosecution. In the end, both he and his successor extorted large sums from that order before they released the Templars' estates, which had been sequestered on their first arrest.

We do not readily give credit to such prodigious crimes as this of Philip; yet it is not without a parallel in one of his own children. The lepers, from mere objects of charity, had become rich by estates granted to their hospitals. Upon a most ridiculous accusation of conspiring with the kings of Tunis and Grenada to

poison all the wells in France, these unhappy people were seized, numbers of them burned alive, and their lands confiscated to the crown. This was in 1321, under Philip the Long. The Jews were involved in the same charge, and indeed many of the persecutions against that people were equal in atrocity to that in which the Templars suffered. It may be remarked, that a famous event of the last century bears some analogy to the ruin of the Templars. The Jesuits in various Catholic countries, without any specific charges, or on such as were evidently false, such as the assassination of the king of Portugal, were hurried into prisons or on board ships, and their order annihilated. A few ages before, it would have been thought necessary to suborn calumniators, and extort confessions by the rack. But they fell, like the Templars, undermined by state jealousy and public dislike. In each instance, too, the court of Rome was made subservient to the interests of princes at the expense of her own, and forced to destroy with her own hands institutions which she had sedulously and prudently encouraged.

4. It only remains to inquire what was the judgment of the age wherein these occurrences took place. But, in fact, this is not very important, on account of the different prejudices which would influence contemporaries, and their imperfect means of discriminating the truth from studied or careless misrepresentations. So far, however, as their opinions are valuable, they tell rather favourably for the Templars than against them. The Italian historians, who are numerous about that time, unite in representing the destruction of the Templars as a horrible conspiracy of the king and pope. It must be owned that their rage against both, on account of the removal of the holy see to Avignon, renders them exceptionable witnesses. The French and English, however, though cautious, do not write as if they gave implicit credit to the accusations. Walsingham, a century later, seems plainly to manifest a contrary feeling. They agree that the firm protestations of the dying Templars at Paris so impressed the minds of the spectators, that their ashes were collected as relics.

We have little space left for the three last of these volumes, comprehending most part of the great contest between France and England. They begin with the question of female succession, and the claims of Edward III. to the throne of Philip of Valois. This great point of public law had indeed been already tried on the death of Louis Hutin, when Philip the Long having assumed the title of regent during the queen's pregnancy, on the birth of a son who died in four days, procured himself to be consecrated at Rheims, to the exclusion of the late king's daughter,

and with no regard to his previous agreement with her uncle, the duke of Burgundy; and having convened a partial assembly of the States at Paris, got from them a sanction to his possession, and, as some say, a declaration against the right of females to wear the crown. This was groundless, as is well known, on the supposed meaning of a clause in the code of the Salian Franks, whence the established rule has been denominated the Salic law. Before the revolution, almost every French writer thought his loyalty to the reigning family concerned in maintaining this as a fundamental point of legitimacy. But M. Sismondi has none of such feelings in his composition. He plainly thinks, and we have observed that others in the present age have thought also, that the exclusion of Louis Hutin's daughter was a mere act of violence against the received usages of France. The claim of Edward III. stood on less favourable ground; since it was necessary for him to maintain, as much as his competitor, that females could not themselves inherit, while he set up the pretension of deriving a right through them; and even in this he was met, at the time when he took up arms, though not at the moment of Philip's accession, by the superior right of Charles of Navarre, who had been born of the daughter of Louis Hutin during that interval. It is justly observed by the author, that while the nation had imbibed the strongest opinions in favour of legitimacy, or an infeasible hereditary right to the throne, it had neither any settled rules to determine it, nor any tribunal sufficiently respected or authorized to secure its acquiescence in a peaceable adjudication. The latter inconvenience belongs indeed generally to such weighty questions; even setting aside the force, intrigue, corruption, and prejudice which will commonly be imputed, either truly or by current rumour, to any body of men who should take on them to decide on the right of succession, there is in persons of a high-flying creed in politics, a reluctance to acknowledge the competence of any tribunal in the case, or that they could be absolved from paying allegiance where, according to their own views, it may be due, by any fallible authority. Though the power of an English parliament, with the king at its head, to alter the course of descent has been repeatedly enacted, and is, strictly speaking, as much part of our constitution as the course of descent itself, we have met with those who have unequivocally and deliberately denied it.

In the war of Edward III. England had evidently no interest, or rather had the strongest interest against it. France, on the other hand, whatever might have been the merits of the constitutional question, had both her honour and her tranquillity interested in repelling the pretensions of a stranger. It seemed to be

naturally the war of a single person against a nation. And so, in effect, it proved; but it was the war of the English nation against the king of France. For while our country embarked with a blind enthusiasm, and a willing prodigality of blood and treasure in her sovereign's private quarrel, the French were divided, uncertain, lukewarm, and, on the whole, ready enough to accept the sway of the conqueror. Thus, at least, M. Sismondi; though we think he puts the contrast rather too strongly, and forgets not only the gallant and numerous nobility, whom he is apt oddly to distinguish from the French nation, as if they formed no part of it, but the burghers of Calais and many other places, who showed no indifference. Great oppression, both fiscal and feudal, no doubt dispirited and checked the peasantry, and sometimes the citizens. The proofs of this tyranny are in no part of modern history more flagrant and undeniable than in that of France during the English wars. At every moment the admiration which chivalry with all its graceful virtues excites, is changed for indignation at some act of cruelty or injustice, not unfrequently proceeding from the same persons. Froissart directs our whole attention, as far as lies in his power, to the former, and throws the air of an old romance over the living picture of the fourteenth century. Not so the present historian, whose abhorrence of a system of society, designed for the good only of kings and nobles, renders him perhaps a little unjust to its merits; and certainly, as we have hinted already, deprives his narrative of the bright and glowing colours by which he might have enlivened it. The few who appear favourably in his pages are such as have borne bad characters from his predecessors in history, such as Stephen Marcel, the famous coryphæus of sedition at Paris, and his compeer, Robert le Coq, bishop of Laon. He does not even give John, king of France, the credit which has always been attributed to him, of having returned into England in order to redeem his word, after the princes of the blood, who had been left as hostages, had broken theirs by escaping; and denies altogether the pretensions of Charles V. to the surname of *Le Sage*, which was bestowed on him by contemporaries, and which, in the sense of civil prudence, by comparison at least with his ancestors, seems no inapplicable denomination. Unlike former French antiquaries, he rejects as frivolous the pretexts of this monarch for breaking the peace of Bretigny, by receiving the appeals of the nobility of Guienne from the court of Edward III., as if he had never renounced the feudal superiority of that province.

At the accession of Charles VI. in 1380, "*Europe*," says the author, "had arrived at one of these critical epochs which have several times recurred in the history of mankind; epochs when

nations awake, perceive the invalidity of the title by which their obedience has been claimed, and challenge their own rights; they examine all authorities, all superiorities; they remind their rulers that they were only established for the sake of the common weal, and call on them to show how far they fulfil this end, which is both their duty and their security for continuance." Though this is hardly applicable to the south of Europe, where nothing indicates the latter part of the fourteenth century as a remarkable crisis in the moral or political state of mankind, it is true that the insurrection of the Flemings, the disturbances of Paris, the rising of the villeins in England, and the more constitutional resistance of parliament to Richard II., justify in some measure the strong tone of M. Sismondi's language; especially when we consider also the simultaneous effect of Wicliffe's preaching, and of others who soon followed him upon the continent, in disturbing the great land-marks of prescriptive submission. Such themes are most congenial to the present author, whose narrative of the struggle sustained with courage, though not with success, by the Flemish cities against their count and the king of France, is instructive and interesting. The following account of the victory obtained by the latter over the citizens of Ghent, under Philip d'Arteveld, at Rosebecque, 27th November, 1382, will afford a specimen of M. Sismondi's manner. The French army had passed the Lys, and Charles VI. had received the submission of Menin, Ypres, and the whole of maritime Flanders.

"Notwithstanding these reverses, Philip d'Arteveld did not lose courage; he learned that the commissioners whom he had sent to England, instead of any effective aid, only brought him the heads of a treaty, which he was required to sign before he could obtain any assistance. He felt therefore that his sole reliance must be on himself and his country. As soon as he was informed of the passage of the French at Comines, he quitted the camp before Oudenard, and repaired to Ghent, to assemble the rest of the militia of that city, of his *chatellenie*, and of Bruges. Perhaps he would have done better had he confined this army within a fortified camp, and tired out the patience of the French, who would not have been able to support much longer the continual rains to which they were exposed, the Flanders mud, and the cold of the end of November; but on the other hand, he could not reckon upon the constancy of the city of Bruges, which he had himself dismantled, nor upon the patience of his militia, who were unwilling to quit their homes unless there was an immediate prospect of fighting, as well as deeply enraged at seeing the devastation of their country. Several defections he had already experienced, and he ran the risk of others, if he did not animate his party by some brilliant exploit. The French army, after leaving Ypres, had proceeded to take post between Rosebecque and Rouvelaer. On the evening of Wednesday the 26th of November,

Arteveld planted himself opposite to it, between the Mont d'Or and Rosebecque; he left a body of men before Oudenard, to continue the siege; but he had still under arms about 50,000 men, armed most of them with mallets and iron pikes, and wearing as defensive armour iron hats, hacquetons, and leather gloves stiffened with whalebone. The militia of each *chatellenie* wore a different uniform; namely, striped coats of two colours. On Thursday the 27th of November, about an hour before daybreak, Arteveld drew up his army in battle array, behind a wide ditch just thrown up, with the rear supported by a small wood of briars and broom.

"The French army was not less numerous than that of the Flemings, but much more formidable from its armour. Being almost entirely composed of the nobility and of gendarmerie who had dismounted in order to fight, its lances were longer, and the soldiers' coats of mail covered them more completely. The constable Clisson, after reconnoitring the enemy, made his vanguard the right wing, his rear-guard the left, and displayed the *oriflamme* in front of the centre, in which were the king's uncles, and a great number of the nobility.

"Meanwhile the Flemings, who had been under arms since an hour before daylight, were getting benumbed by the damp cold of a thick fog, which scarcely enabled them to see twenty yards before them. They demanded with loud cries to be led to the attack, instead of being left to perish with cold. The ground on which Arteveld had drawn up his men was extremely well chosen to receive the attack; but not having sufficient power over his countrymen to restrain their impatience, he consented to change the whole of his dispositions; trusting to the same order of battle which had succeeded so well with him at Bruges, he formed the whole of his army into a single square phalanx, rendered still more compact by engaging every soldier to attach himself to his neighbour, and recommending to them to march at an even pace, lowering their pikes, and turning neither to the right nor to the left. He himself took his station at one of the wings, in the midst of his brave men of Ghent, in whom he had the greatest confidence, and of whom there were nine thousand in his army; immediately afterwards this dense mass marched forward at an even and firm pace, without uttering a single word.

"At the moment when the Flemings came up to the French, the artillery which covered their whole front made a discharge and killed a great number of soldiers; and the Flemish phalanx, pouring immediately into the chasm which this occasioned, drove the French line several paces backward. They rushed forward with the impetuosity of boars, carrying their sharp pikes across the shoulder and chest. But their front being much narrower than that of the French, they consequently only fell upon the centre, which they completely broke through, while the two French wings, advancing from the right and left, proceeded to attack their flanks. It was then that Arteveld discovered, but too late, the inconvenience of his manœuvre, which, although it had succeeded against inexperienced militia, was wholly unavailable against an army, in which each corps had able commanders, prompt in availing themselves of the ad-

vantages offered to them. The whole Flemish army, now forming but one mass, without any space between the united corps, could not defend itself on the sides. The long lances of the knights being directed against the flank of the phalanx, which was entirely uncovered, the files of the right and left giving way at the sides, fell back one against the other, and the centre of this great body of combatants being thus pressed on each side, and crushed by the weight of the two French wings and of its own soldiers, was suffocated and rendered incapable of making the least movement. Thousands perished without receiving a wound, but merely from being trampled to death. At the moment when the fray commenced, the sun pierced through the fog which covered the ground during the morning; this the French regarded as a miracle effected by the display of the *oriflamme*. From that moment until the total defeat of the Flemings, scarcely an hour and a half elapsed; the column which had rushed upon the centre of the French army with so much impetuosity was now nothing better than a rabble rout, where scarcely a man was able to move a limb, and waited for the death which he could not inflict. The knights, who hated and despised the insolent *canaille* against whom they had just been fighting, gave no quarter to any one; the mercenary soldiers, greedy of the pillage of these rich Flemish burghers, whose garments they fancied were lined with gold, glided under the pikes to slay them with their knives, without encountering the least resistance; never had such a frightful massacre been seen in a battle. The heralds-at-arms reported that they found upon the field of Rosebecque twenty-six thousand bodies, exclusive of those killed in the pursuit. The nine thousand men of Ghent perished to a man, and in the midst of them was found the body of Philip d'Arteveld; the young monarch, who completed his fourteenth year six days afterwards, had offered a reward of ten francs to any one who should discover it. The nobility fancied they were giving this young man a heroic education, by accustoming him to these scenes of carnage. After contemplating for some time the body of this martyr of Flemish liberty, he ordered it to be suspended from a tree." —vol. xi. p. 391.

We take leave of M. Sismondi, as of a friend, with whom we have pleasantly and cordially travelled a long journey, but still whom nothing but the chances of life can prevent us from meeting again, and almost with an assurance that it will be at an appointed time. Another *livraison* may be expected in about two years and a half, which seems the average term of this author's recurrence, as one rather longer is of the last comet's.

ART. II.—1. *Précis de l'Histoire Littéraire des Pays Bas, traduit du Hollandais de M. Siegenbeek, par H. S. Lebrocqy, Avocat. Gand. 1827. 18mo.*

2. *Verhandeling van den Heer Willem de Clercq ter beantwoording der vraag, welken invloed heeft vreemde Letterkunde, inzonderheid de Italiaansche, Spaansche, Fransche en Duitsche, gehad op de Nederlandsche Taal en Letterkunde sinds het begin der vijftiende Eeuw tot op onze dagen? met den Gouden Eerepenning bekroond en uitgegeven door de Tweede Klasse van het Koninklijke Nederlandsche Instituut, &c. Tweede Druck. Amsterdam. 1825. 8vo. (Treatise of Mr. William de Clercq in reply to the Inquiry—what has been the Influence of Foreign Literature, and particularly the Italian, Spanish, French, and German, on the Language and Literature of the Netherlands, from the commencement of the fifteenth century to the present time? &c.)*

MR. SIEGENBEEK, the author of the work, with the title of the French translation of which, as likely to be more accessible to our readers, we have headed the present article, is one of the most extensively known of the literary men of Holland. The volume itself is a very useful compendium of Dutch literary history, with one drawback—a disposition rather too easily pleased, and more willing to set forth the beauties than to record the defects of his countrymen. Mr. Siegenbeek is an amiable, patriotic, exploring historiographer, who, without seeking to be eloquent, quietly points out the way to the inquirer, evidently acquainted, and in good humour with every body, and with every thing he meets. Happy the authors who fall into such gentle hands! It was he also who created that Orthography,* which was adopted by a decree of the government, and which has since become almost universal in the Netherlands.

* Though much has been done, the orthography of the Dutch language can hardly be considered as positively fixed. A witty writer, (Witsen Geysbeek,) and one who has biographised the Dutch poets with some severity, but much talent, says—

Spell—"Wereld"—so sets up Siegenbeek, and then
Comes Bilderdijk, and flings it down again.

He will have "Wareld"—'Tis a pretty quarrel—

Shall I determine who shall wear the laurel?

Not I!—I like them both—and so I'll say

"Waereld"—and each shall have his own dear way.

Spel "Wereld" eischt de wet door Siegenbeek gegeven;

En "Wareld" wordt door Bilderdijk.

Als de echte spelling voorgeschreven

Wie ongelijk hebbe of gelijk

Is me onverschillig. 'K wil met beiden vrienden blijven

'K neem beider letters aan, en zal dus "Waereld" schrijven.

Punsdichten, p. 7.

The second volume is the work of a man of industry and genius. Neither is he unknown to us; for we, Englishmen, heard with amazement, some years ago, of an improvisatore who poured forth streams of beautiful and forcible poetry in the Nether-Dutch. That improvisatore was William de Clercq, and this work of his, which won—and deservedly won—a popular prize, contains irrefragable evidence of extensive reading, great sagacity, and generally of sound criticism. Against some of its decisions we might fairly and successfully appeal; they are those, in which the ingenious writer has contented himself with a second-hand acquaintance with some of the books of which he speaks. But no one can doubt that he has read much and thought much, and an essay like this, the first effusion of a youthful mind, is indeed and in truth, no trifling literary triumph. Its title very sufficiently explains its contents, and it will be found a very agreeable companion in an inquiry as to the merits, defects, and peculiarities of Batavian literature.

The remnants of a remote antiquity in Holland are few and scattered.* It has been in all time a country—the dispositions and the habits of whose people have been quiet as its inland waters, yet easily affected by external circumstances—too weak to be the arbiter of its own fate—and too closely hemmed in by mightier nations, not to feel every shock which agitated them. The ebb and flow of its political vicissitudes have swept away most of its national traditions. Of all the Teutonic branches the Netherlands have preserved the smallest portion of the old popular literature. We have made many inquiries, and have not been recompensed by the discovery of a single fragment, composed in the spirit of those romantic compositions which for so many centuries were the heritage of the German and Scandinavian nations. If the Minnesingers of the North, or the Troubadours of the South, ever wandered over the plains of Holland and Flanders, they elicited nothing national there. The interest of inquiry into the early literature of the Low Countries is almost wholly philological. The works of imagination that have come down to us have little poetry; the ethical writings have little philosophy; the historical records have little authority. The light is only light because it is surrounded by darkness. It is idle, however, to be dreaming of what we might have had, instead of diligently using what we have.

A few explanatory words are necessary, in order to explain what we mean by the literature of *Holland*. Up to a certain

* Many curious facts respecting ancient Holland are collected in Van Wijn's *Historische en Letterkundige Avondstonden*, 8vo. Amsterdam. 1800. But the form of dialogue which the author has adopted is tiresome.

period, the languages of Holland and Flanders were one and the same. The closer connection, growing out of similarity of religion and geographical contact, with France, has gradually undermined the language of Belgium; and to such a degree has the French established itself, that through a great portion of the southern Netherlands, it is deemed a degradation to read the works of Vondel or Bilderdyk; while many Flemings have denied even the existence of a national tongue, employing French for all the purposes of social conversation and correspondence, and disdaining the use of the Flemish, except towards vassals and servants. A patriotic Fleming, Willems of Antwerp, has lately endeavoured, and with success,* to vindicate his country's ancient language and literature. In truth, the father of the Dutch poetical school, Van Maerlant; and many of its most distinguished writers, were Flemings; and down to the seventeenth century, the names of Batavians and Belgians are blended without distinction. Since then only one Flemish work of reputation has appeared—the *Gramschap (De Irlâ)* of the Jesuit De Meyer. But it is a curious fact that the Rhetoric Chambers, the schools of poetry of the Netherlands during many centuries, have still their existence in Flanders—though in Holland they are wholly extinguished; and among the lower classes, to this hour, Cats is the favourite and every-where-found author. It is not difficult to track the decline of the Low Dutch in the Flemish provinces: the Dukes of Burgundy and their dependants opened the flood-gates to Gallic corruptions. In the provinces of Holland, redeemers were found to purify and establish the old language of the land—in Flanders none. The nobles hated the idiom of freedom, of commerce, of a commonwealth;—the clergy yet more that of protestantism and free inquiry. A severe censorship rooted up every plant which patriotism had sown, and the ancient tongue of Belgium gradually sunk into degradation and disuse. Under Maria Theresa an attempt was made to fix the rules of the Flemish dialect, and a grammar edited for the use of schools. Instead of adapting that grammar to the then state of the language and literature of Holland, the author chose to invent a new orthography—to establish differences between the Dutch and Flemish tongues—to recognise the corruptions which the French had introduced; in a word, he set up his Antwerp dialect, his own times, and himself, against the authorities of the Netherlands, of many ages, and of thousands of illustrious men. By the word Dutch, or more properly Low Dutch (*Nederduitsch*,) we must

* *Verhandeling over de Nederduitsche Taal en Letterkunde, opzigtelyk in de zuydelyke Provinciën der Nederlanden.* 2 vols. 8vo.

be understood to embrace Belgium and Holland equally, so long as the literary language of the two countries continued to be the same.

There are few feelings stronger in Holland than that of contempt for the language of France. Its prevalence in Belgium is likely to be an insuperable bar,—if others were wanting, which assuredly they are not,—to any thing like a cordial co-operation between the northern and the southern states. Of the abhorrence with which the Dutch regard the French tongue, the following lines of Bilderdyk are an amusing example :

Begone, thou bastard-tongue ! so base—so broken—
By human jackals and hyenas spoken ;
Formed for a race of infidels, and fit
To laugh at truth—and scepticize in wit ;
What stammering, snivelling sounds, which scarcely dare,
Bravely through nasal channels meet the ear—
Yet helped by apes' grimaces—and the devil,
Have ruled the world, and ruled the world for evil !*

While the Latin prose writers of Holland had obtained a high reputation, and were exerting an extensive influence over the world, how happened it that their poets were unknown—and in truth, little worthy of notice ? A very obvious reason is, that the intellect of the country, seeking to exercise itself on the widest field of fame or profit, would use the fittest instruments for that purpose—would choose the subjects which excited most attention, and employ the language which could command the greatest number of listeners. Latin was the tongue of science, and as all mankind have a much deeper interest in the development of facts than in the exercise of the imaginative powers, minds of the highest order will rather aim to instruct than to amuse the world. But as respects poetry, the fancy does not easily clothe itself in the garb of a foreign language, however profoundly studied or thoroughly understood. Song is the natural breathing of the mind—it can hardly wear any other garment than that of the habitual thoughts. In some of its departments care and labour may produce a beautiful result, just as a painter finishes a faultless cloud. But the genuine poet rolls it forth in its grandeur—

* Maar weg met u, o' spraak van basterd klanken,
Waaren Hijeen en valsche Schakals janken ;
Verloochnares van afkomst en geslacht,
Gevormd voor spot die met de waarheid lacht :
Wier staamlarfj bij eenwig woordverbreken
In't neusgehuil sich-zelf niet uit durft spreken :
Verfocilijk Fransch ! alleen den duivel waard,
Die met uw aapgegrijns sich meester maakt van de aard.

he makes it not up of separate exquisite touches—it is first a conception—then, and suddenly, an existence. Again, the political influence of Holland led its great men to occupy themselves with subjects bearing an immediate relation to her position:—they became legislators for mankind—their study was the law of nations—their morals were meant to be universal—their voice was “to go forth to the ends of the earth.” Then came the necessary reaction upon their universities:—Latin was established as the sole instrument of instruction, and to this day so far maintains its ground, that lessons on the literature of modern Holland are delivered in the language of ancient Rome. When the influence of Holland declined—when it was easier to find readers in Holland than out of it—a new era arrived—books were written for the people:—but the Dutch people are few at the best, and the demand for literature is too small to give to men of letters the means of existence. The trade of authorship is unknown in Holland. There is, we believe, scarcely an instance of any man getting a livelihood by his literary productions. Meanwhile, it must be owned, the language of conversation has been grossly corrupted. It now overflows with French words and sounds—which are at open war with the Teutonic euphonies. The written *Taal*, or tongue, has to a great extent escaped the intrusion of these Gallic barbarisms; but as they are gradually polluting the sources of purity, it would seem at first sight to be feared that the Dutch language, which has been the most untainted of the Germanic idioms, would become unworthy to be considered as the language of an independent people, and be flung aside as a jargon of ill-assorted and incongruous sounds. A reformation is, however, taking place, and the language of conversation will probably henceforward assimilate itself more and more to the language of books.

The remnants of old Dutch poetry are more ancient than any thing which exists in French, though not of so remote a date as some of our fragments of Anglo-Saxon antiquity. But many of the Dutch writers seem disposed to claim some parentage in their language with that of Olfrid, the Benedictine Monk, of Weissenburg, who published his rhymed version of the four Evangelists, under Louis the Debonnair.* It is a fusion of the whole into

* A few lines will show the very slight resemblance between the Low Dutch of this period and the high Dutch of Olfrid, which he himself calls the “*Frenskiga Zungun*,” the Frankish tongue:—

Sie hintarquamum gahun,
Ioh sie alter imo sahun,
Sih ununtorohun harto
Sulichero jerto.

one history, a not uncommon practice, and one which was adopted by Maerlant, and in that very curious MS. in the British Museum, which bears the title of King Canute's Bible. But nothing is known to us which can be deemed a specimen of the language of the Netherlands till the time of Maerlant.

The *Rymbybel* of Jakob van Maerlant, (who was born in 1235, and died in 1300,) which he completed in 1270, is one of the earliest and most curious productions in the Dutch language; it is in fact a rhymed translation of Comestor's *Historia Scholastica*. He frequently refers to earlier poets—to William Utenhove—*Een priester van goeden love*—a priest of good fame, who translated the *Bestiars* of Guillaume. He speaks of the fables of Esop, rhymed by

“ Calfstaff and Noydekijn,
In verses fair and fine;—”*

of Claes van Brechten's translations from the “ *Walsche*,” and of Cato's

Bouc van zeden,
Dien vindt men, in vele steden,
In Dietsch gemaect—

“ the Book of Manners, found in many towns, translated into Dutch.” But of these no MS. remains. Their names are rescued from obscurity—their works are probably lost for ever.

The most extraordinary of Maerlant's works, as far as poetical

Let the Dutch student try to interpret this. The whole passage is a very sublime one. It will be found in Schilter's *Thesaurus*, l. 358-359.

Compare, as a curious specimen of the difference between the Frankish language of the 10th century, and the Dutch, an extract from the poem on Louis III. of West France.

Sang was gesungen,
Uig was begunnen,
Blaot schein in unangon

De zang was gezongen,
De stryd was begonnen,
Het bloed schein op de
wangen,

The song was sung,
The strife was begun,
Blood shone on the cheeks

Spilondender Vrankon,
Thar raht thegōno gelih,
Nich ein so, so Hluduig;
Snel indi Kooni—
Thans was imo gekunni,
Suman thuruch-sloog her,
Suman thuruch-stag her;
Her skancta ce hanton
Suman Fianton
Bitteres lides,
So anchin hio ther libes.

Der speelende Franken;
Vogt geen der Helden daar,
Gelyk als Lodewyk;
Snel ende koen—
Dat was hem aangebooren,
Sommigen doorsloeg hy,
Sommigen doorstak hy,
Hy schonk dans
Zynen vyanden
Bittere dranken,
Zo werken zy uit het leven.

Of the sporting Franks,
There fought no hero,
Not one like Lewis:
Swift and keen—
That was inborn,
Some he struck through,
Some he stuck through;
He filled then
To his foes
Bitter drinks,
So they steeped out their
life.

Schilter, ii. 90-112.

Van Wyn, 229.

life.

It will be remarked we have introduced into our translation none but Saxon words—except the word *Hero*—(one of the few for which we remember no Saxon synonyme in our language.)

* Die heuet Calfataf en Noydekyn,
Ghedicht in rime scone en fyn.

merit is concerned, is undoubtedly his "Dialogues between Jacob and Martin:" These verses flow very agreeably :—

—————Hi en es niet vroet,
 Diè ièmand tyet, dat hi mesdoet,
 Kent hi vrome of acade—
 Ic sie die zee, ic sie dia vloet,
 Ic set er, willens in die voet,
 By euen dommen rade.*

And then, in answer to an inquiry, not an uncommon one among the Troubadours,—how many sorts of love are there ?

Deerste is caritate dats waer,
 Si es sonder pine ende vaer,
 Ende dat woent God inne ;
 D'ander treect die warelt naer,
 Om ees om goet, es al haer gaer,
 Dats eepe bastaerdinne.
 Die derde minne eyshet de iaer,
 Als bi nature elc doet syn paer.†

Maerlant's diction is remarkably pure, and especially at a period when one dialect borrowed of another without any hesitation the words which were thought appropriate. Maerlant wrote the *Spiegel Historial* ‡ (Glass of History), a translation from Segebrecht and Beauvais, the *Naturen Bloeme* (Flowers of Nature), and other works in which are many references to books which had then circulation, some of which are well known, and particularly those romances that, like the Knights of the Round Table, circulated with such extraordinary rapidity over the whole of Europe. The *Spreekers* and the *Zangers* (speakers and singers), who accompanied the festivities of what has been called the age of chivalry are frequently referred to. What we have of their productions suffices to give us a pretty complete idea of what we have not. In the Netherlands, the "War of Grimberg,"§ "The Knight of

* "It is not wise

To unveil man's errors to his eyes,
 Whether for loss or profit—
 If when the sea—the stream are seen
 I put my heedless footstep in,
 I make bad counsel of it."

† "—— The first is Charity;
 She has no grief—no terror she—
 With her dwells God above;
 The world the other drags aside,
 For honour, riches, and for pride.
 That is a bastard love.

The third belongs to mutual state,
 'Tis Nature's law, to mate with mate."

‡ The continuation was brought by Van Velthem down to 1316.

§ Butk, i. 36, 37.

the Swan,"* "The Children of Count Hemann,"† and, above all, that extraordinary and well-known composition, *Reyntjen den Vos*,‡ are spoken of as the sources of instruction and amusement.

The *Rymchronyk* of Melis Stoke (whether this is a feigned or a real name is very doubtful,) follows the writings of Maerlant, whose language is purer than that of the Rhymed Chronicles, which end with the year 1305, after giving a history of the early Counts of Holland. Van Wynſ is of opinion, and with good reason, as we think, that it is not the work of a single hand. Melis Stoke had one at least of the qualities of a poet, namely, restlessness—

"I will not that my spirit quiet be."||

Of Melis Stoke an admirable edition was printed by Huydecoper in three volumes, with many notes and illustrations. The three oldest MSS. which he collated,—and he appears to have done so with much care,—are in the Royal Library at the Hague. We have had an opportunity of examining them, and believe that two of them, at least, are of the beginning of the fourteenth century. Almost contemporaneous with Stoke, is Jan Van Helen, who celebrated the daring deeds of Duke John the First, of Brabant, in a poem of ten thousand verses, some of which are vigorous, and all of them breathing admiration upon the feats of the hero, showing how he

"A true knight's name obtain'd,
And fame at jousts and tourneys gained;
And with his weapons in his hand,
Sought honour out from land to land."¶

There is another poem, called *Natuurkunde* (Natural Philosophy), belonging to the thirteenth century. The author is unknown. In it the stars are called "candles of the air," and are said to

* Om dat van Brabant die Hertoghen,
Voormsels dicke syn beloghen,
Alsoe dat sy guamen metten Swane,
Daer by hebbies my genomen ane,
Dat ic die warheit wit ontdecken,
Ende in Duitsche Rime vertrecken.—*Nicolaes de Clare*, p. 13.

† Van Heyman oll ende van sinen Kinden
En kan man nerghet vinden,
Dat hy leefde in Kerles tiden.—*Maerlant, De Clerc*, 9.

‡ The best printed Dutch edition is that of Gouda, 1479. An excellent edition of the Dutch translation has just appeared, (1828).

§ Hist. Avondst. p. 281.

|| Om dat ick niet en wille,
Dat myn Geest zal blyven stille.

¶ ——— Ridders name gewan,
Voer bi tornieren en de iosteren,
Ende die wapene hanteeren,
Eerlike van land te lande.—vv. 1412—16.

"sing wondrous songs," (music of the spheres, no doubt). He introduces

" Devils living in the air,
Doing mortals mischief there.
Knights of darkness."

He says that exhalations gathered many suns together; that rainbows are clouds which the sun shines on; he recommends all doctors to study astronomy, and let us into all the secrets of the locality of hell. Much resembling the *Natuurkunde* in manner is a short octosyllabic composition of Heynric (Henry) of Holland, the title of which is the "Power of the Moon," (*De Kragt der Maane*). Van Wyn speaks also of a poetical romance entitled *Karel en Elegant*, which is an account of the visit of an angel to Charlemagne, and of divers adventures in which he was concerned with Elegant and Eggerik, whose castle the king honours with his presence: Eggerik attempts his life, but he is saved by Elegant, who (after the mortal punishment of Eggerik) obtains his beautiful wife as his recompense:

"De coninc gaf hem Eggerik's wyf,
Si waren tsamen al haar lyf."*

This is not the proper occasion, however, to dwell on these compositions; they illustrate the progress and the state of a language, but they afford no subjects for criticism; nor, as we have remarked, is the period one which affords many interesting topics. It was a period in which the great mass of the community were the objects of such general contempt, that a poet of the time, speaking of the serfs, declares—"they have no share in Paradise, so say the scriptures (!!)—miserable on earth, driven out of heaven, rejected even by hell—whither shall the wretches repair?"†

But a period follows rich in historical events, though miserably

* The king gave him Eggerik's wife,
They were together all her life.

How slight the difference between the English and the Low Dutch of this period!

† L'Indigestion du Villain, in *Le Grand*, vol. ii. p. 13.

By the way, false quotations of scripture were much the practice. In the *Conincs Summe*, printed at Delft in 1476, being a translation of the *Somme le Roi*, is the following curious passage:—"Job says that man's life upon earth is like knighthood and burghership. And behold that the young burgher and the new knight, as they have different thoughts, so they have different desires. The burgher thinks of his commonalty (comanescap), and of his gains; and the end of his intentions (meninghe) is to become rich and honoured in his life. The new knight goes altogether a different way: he thinks of high deeds (hoecheit) to be done—liberally to give—nobly to live—to go to feats of arms (in de wapenen)—to suffer trouble—to show courage—and to climb to a high state. These two states we manifestly see in two manners of men."

Of the old domestic manners, dresses, food, &c. of the Dutch, many curious particulars have been collected by Van Wyn, in the second volume of his "Historical Evenings."

barren of literary interest.* The people were occupied and sacrificed by internal dissensions and civil wars, during which figured that romantic Jacqueline, who, equally renowned for her beauty and her lasciviousness, has been called, not inappropriately, the Helena of Holland. Out of the tyranny and the discord of the Seigneurs, rose the influence of the towns and the powers of commerce; and little aristocratic republics fought the battles of popular interest against the exactions of the nobles. Chambers of Rhetoric sprung from the habit of association, and by introducing a very exaggerated standard, and a passion for foreign literature, they injured the language, and deteriorated the taste of the people. The parade of erudition led to an overflow of French and Latin words and phrases, while allegories, forced and far-fetched, overwhelmed all natural feeling.

One work, however, ought to be specially pointed out. It belongs to the close of the fifteenth century. It is the Dutch translation of the Old Testament from the Vulgate—a monument of language—the first printed edition of which (1477,) is not less remarkable as a specimen of typography. A translation of Glanville, *De proprietatibus rerum*, appeared in 1485.

The grand movement of the Reformation was at hand. The clergy had encouraged a spirit, whose development was fatal to their influence. The priests had been accustomed to consider the *mysteries* and *moralities* of the stage as helping to establish their hold upon opinion; but men, like the *Rhetorikers*, whose imaginations were in a state of great activity, and who only sought occasion to ingratiate themselves with the many, soon found new topics of interest. The people were not blind—they could not be blind—to the abuses and immoralities of the clergy;—and when these became the objects of satire and of animadversion, the charm of “the Church” was broken. Growing knowledge was the spear of Ithuriel, whose touch made impiety and tyranny assume their natural forms; and the cataract being once removed, the eye turned to every object around it, and not to those alone, which it was permitted to dwell on. Such enfranchisement is however slow, and some of the best writers of the beginning of the sixteenth century—Anna Byns, for example—were as indignant as could be desired against Lutheran heresies. This lady was lauded as the Sappho of her day, but her produc-

* Some of the decrees of this period are very curious, as illustrating the struggle between the French and the Flemish languages. An ordonnance of Ghent, dated of 1409, says, “S’ilz sont en debatz le Flemeng aura l’option de playder en Flameng s’il lui plaist”—and there is, of John Count of Flanders, a determination of the year 1405, that “il tiendrait l’audience et cours accoutumées en Flandre flamengent dechea le lys et en langage Flameng.”—Willem, i. 195.

tions have really very little merit; nor is there any name worth dwelling on, till in the midst of the fierce war, which desolated the Low Countries, three men arose, whose influence, exerted in different ways, was mainly instrumental in regenerating the language of Holland. These were Spieghel, Visscher, and Coornherts. Spieghel's *Hertspiegel* (Heart-glass) is a didactic poem, whose morality is better than its versification. His death followed the violation of an order that he should not enter the apartment where his children were ill of the small-pox. "He came by night," caught the disease, and died. Spieghel had the Scaligers, Lipsius, and Douza for his friends, and exercised a great, and a beneficial influence on the taste of his age.

Roemer Visscher was an epigrammatist. Exaggeration has called him the Dutch Martial. His language is pure, much purer often than the ideas. This is one of his compositions—

"Jan sorrows—sorrows far too much—'tis true
A sad affliction hath distressed his life;—
Mourns he that death hath ta'en his children two?
O no! he mourns that death hath left his wife."

Visscher was one of the principal luminaries of the most renowned of the Chambers of Rhetoric; *In Liefde bloeiende* (Blooming in Love) of Amsterdam, he published a series of allegories entitled *Zinne Peppen*; but he did better than this by cultivating the taste of his two daughters, whose names are sung in every variety of flattering homage by almost every Dutch poet of their day and generation. They were highly accomplished—they rendered popular the study of other languages, and though their literary works are not numerous, they exercised an important and a purifying influence on the compositions of their countrymen.

Coornherts was the translator of Cicero, and (what does him far greater honour) the teacher of literature in an age of ignorance—the vindicator of toleration in the days of intolerance. He had been an engraver, became a notary, and at last was nominated secretary to the town of Haarlem. He was imprisoned on account of the part he took against the Spaniards. His writings are far above most of his contemporaries. He translated Homer and Boëtius. His prose works (three volumes) consist of moral and polemical essays.

The triumvirate here spoken of grew out of the academy of *Rhetorikers* of Amsterdam. Some other writers belong to this period. Dathenus translated the Psalms better than Sternhold and Hopkins or the Scotch paraphrasers. Marx became great more by his deeds than by his writings, though the latter entitle him to distinction. His *Byencorff der H. Roomsche Kerk*, (Hive of the Holy Roman Church) was a terrible blow to the

papal authority. To him is attributed the famous song of William of Nassau, which soon became the touchstone of political feeling.* Van Mander and Numan belong to this epoch. They were both Belgians, and both published much. We cannot say that they wrote well, though Mander's *Biography of Painters* is a collection of interesting facts. Kilian, whose valuable dictionary of the Low Dutch, is now republishing by Bilderdyk, died in 1607.

Brædero followed. He had genius to invent, and power to describe, but he had not the taste which sets the other qualities of the mind in order, and makes the result interesting and attractive. His was a mind wholly uncultivated. His comedies had much success, but they would not be tolerated now.

A name greater than any that Dutch literature had yet seen now appears on the stage. Peter Cornelis Hooft† was born at Amsterdam in 1581. At an early period of life he travelled in France and Italy, and on his return gave, by his perfect mastery over the language of Holland, the most striking examples of its literary capabilities. Hooft was appointed to the bailiwick of Muiden, and hence, as from an intellectual circle, rays of light were spread over the country. His writings give evidence of extensive reading, and of a fine, though sometimes, frivolous taste. Compared with any thing that preceded this period, the works of Hooft are master-pieces, and there are passages in his tragedies—for example, the chorus of girls in *Bato*, with which the most fastidious criticism may be satisfied. If, however, Hooft be measured by a very exalted standard, he will be found wanting. The great creative power of poetry he does not possess—his language is correct—his style agreeable—and he did much to introduce a better epoch. Some specimens of Hooft's compositions will be found in Bowring's *Batavian Anthology*, to which we refer our readers, as it supersedes the necessity of our giving quotations from any of the poets of Holland, at least till after the period at which the *Anthology* terminates, viz. the beginning of the last century.‡ Hooft's *van Velsen* and *Bato* will give a very correct picture of his literary character. The expressions are usually energetic, though often far-fetched and extravagant, and he fell into the verbal-trickeries and antithesis-hunting, which were so

* We are glad to find that the popular songs of the Dutch are at length rescued from oblivion in a volume just published, *Letterkundige Overzicht, en Proeven van de Nederlandsche Volkszangen sedert de xv. Eeuw door J. C. N. la Jeune, 's Gravenhage, 1828*. The collection is an exceedingly interesting one.

† Consult Siegenheek's *Redevvering* for an industrious criticism on the writings of Hooft.

‡ We understand it is the translator's intention to bring it down to the present time.

common to his day. But Hooft is one of the best prose writers of his country. His translation of Tacitus is condensed and happy. His History of the Netherlands is a fine specimen of writing, so far as language is concerned, but wants the philosophy which makes historical facts subservient to human improvement. The daughters of Roemer Visscher, Anna and Maria, whose virtue, beauty, and wit, filled the pages of their contemporaries, Barlaeus, the renowned Latinist, Huygens, and other distinguished men of letters, were accustomed to associate in Hooft's dwelling. Within the circle of his friends we also meet with Huig de Groot (for we must give him his genuine title.) Of Grotius's extraordinary literary merits, there is only one opinion. His Dutch productions would have been long ago forgotten, but for his distinguished reputation, though his Loevestein was, at the time of its appearance, translated from a Latin version into several European languages.

Of Huygens there is a piece of poetry addressed from London to the fair Visschers. His versification is sometimes harsh and hard. The perplexities of rhyme he could not always unravel, and his Alexandrines are not unfrequently eked out with expletives—the curse, be it permitted us to say, of the poetry of Holland. The Alexandrines offer a fatal attraction to the indifferent poet. One rhyme in four-and-twenty or six-and-twenty syllables is no great discovery, in a language possessing an immense number of rhyming sounds. Huygens wrote in several tongues with facility, and his *Ledige Uren* (Leisure Hours) have specimens in Latin, French and Italian. Notwithstanding some very obvious affectations, he is a writer whose vigour of expression is remarkable. His *Batava Tempe*,* especially, has many very striking passages—some in very bad taste—but very ingenious and emphatic. In De Clercq's estimate of Huygens we cordially agree. He has more originality than most of the Dutch poets, and more variety, although he is one of those who are least read. He is frequently obscure from over-strained effort—infelicitous in his selection of words and images—and scarcely less so in the choice of the foreign sources, from whom he has largely borrowed. Huygens was not merely a literary benefactor to his country. The beautiful road from the Hague to Schevening, on

* The *Constantia* Society of Leeuwarden has published a quarto edition of this work, with elaborate notes and annotations. He calls Queen Elizabeth in it "the jewel of the worthy British lands;" and visits London in the course of his poetical peregrinations, where he notices with ravishment "its proud bridges with four and fourteen arches;" which the annotators opine was the "Westminster Bridge"—the poet we suppose having had a vision of what was to be.

the left side of which resided old Father Cats, owes its existence to him.

Camphuizen, who was born in 1586, is a very amiable, and by no means an indifferent poet. Like most of the writers of his time, he was much given to moralize, and even to make morality the test of poetical merit—

“Take care your writings tally with your deeds,
Do as you say, he ought to do who reads :”

And again—

“What boots it that the pen its moral lessons hold,
If in the writer's life a different tale is told ?
What is it, though the tongue pours wisdom's best inventions,
If deeds break wisdom's laws in spite of her pretensions ?”

His “Wat is de meester wijs en goed”—“How wise and good the master is !” may be reckoned among the most admired specimens of Dutch poetry.*

Vondel was not a Netherlander. He was born at Cologne, but educated in Holland. Of the Dutch poets, his name is the only one that can be said to have forced its way into any thing like general notoriety. He revels in all the affluence of language—clothes all his thoughts in poetical expression—but those thoughts are not thoughts of the sublimest range, nor have they much in them of the music of philosophy. He—a Shakspeare of a lower order—overflows equally with beauties and defects. He had not sufficient power to break the fetters and the forms which had already too much imprisoned the awakening literature of his country. He had a vague notion of what *had been* pure and classical—though not by any study of the Greeks in their original dress—and to this notion he formed himself as far as he was able. Hardly great enough to create an epoch—and too great to be wholly subjected by the influence around him, Vondel appears to us like a fine vessel upon a wide sea, on a voyage of discovery—beating about—making no important port—and returning home without any remarkable treasure. Vondel just preceded him, of whom a kindred genius has beautifully and appropriately said, “his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.” Compare him with Milton,—for his Lucifer gives the fairest means of comparison,—how weak are his highest flights compared with those of the bard of Paradise ; and how much does Vondel sink beneath him in his failures ! Now and then the same thought may be found in both—but the points of resemblance are not in passages which do Milton's reputation the highest honour. His first remarka-

* It is translated in the Batavian Anthology, p. 119.

his production was *Palamedes*, which drew down upon him the hatred of many, but obtained for him the admiration of more. He lived to the age of 91, but his latter days were disturbed and distracted by domestic afflictions. He developed, with far greater success than any of his predecessors, the varied powers of the Dutch language, and perhaps his authority more than any other has recommended the Alexandrine verse to such general adoption in Holland.

Vondel has rather been judged of by extracts, which are in every body's mouth in Holland, than by any entire piece of composition, or by the whole of his writings; and undoubtedly he would sink very rapidly if the test of criticism were applied to the mass of his works. He has of late been rather sharply criticised by Witsen Geysbeek in his Biographical Dictionary of the Netherland Poets; but the critic has called down upon himself volumes of bitter animadversions. We think him, however, right in the main, and that his observations are likely to do much service to the taste of his country.

His religious dramas were suited to the taste of his times. Of these, the one on the *Destruction of Jerusalem*, and *Joseph*, are the most remarkable. But the piece which has left the deepest impression, and still keeps the strongest hold of his countrymen, is the *Gysbregt van Amstel*. The subject is well fitted to excite patriotic feelings, and it has many passages of pomp and power. It would be difficult to produce in a foreign land that state of the passions and affections on which such a tragedy works its wonders; but the poet who *can* touch all the strings of the popular mind possesses an influence awful and majestic.

Vondel mingled much with the public events of his day, and his correspondence serves to illustrate many facts of which he was cognizant. He translated Virgil in his old age; and after having been the passionate advocate of Arminianism, was at last gathered into the bosom of the Church of Rome, whose imposing ceremonies—whose superb alliance with the arts—whose loud and lofty pretensions had captivated his imagination. Its mysteries were to him gorgeous attractions, and he celebrated them in his *Altaargeheimenissen*. Poets are ordinarily indifferent polemicists—and certainly Vondel is no exception to the general rule.

His prose style is extremely pleasing. His Sketch of the National Poetry, which introduces the first volume of his works, is a very fair example of it.

Vondel had for his contemporary a man, of whose popularity we can hardly give an idea, unless we say that to speak Dutch and to have learnt Cats by heart, are almost the same thing. Old Father Jacob Cats—(we beg to apologize for his unhappy name—

and know not why, like the rest of his countrymen, he did not euphonize it into some well-sounding epithet, taken from Greece or Rome—Elouros, for example, or Felisius; Catsius was ventured upon by his contemporaries, but the honest grey-beard stuck to his paternities,) was a man of practical wisdom—great experience—much travel—considerable learning—and wonderful fluency. He had occupied high offices of state, and retired a patriarch amidst children and children's children, to that agreeable retreat which we mentioned as not far from the Hague, where we have often dreamed his sober and serious—but withal cheerful and happy spirit, might still preside. His moralities are sometimes prolix, and sometimes rather dull. He often sweeps the bloom away from the imaginative anticipations of youth—and in that does little service. He will have every thing substantial, useful, permanent. He has no other notion of love than that it is meant to make good husbands and wives, and to produce pains-taking and obedient children. His poetry is rhymed counsel—kind, wise, and good. He calculates all results, and has no mercy for thoughts, or feelings, or actions, which leave behind them weariness, regret, or misery. His volumes are a storehouse of prudence, and worldly wisdom. For every state of life he has fit lessons, so nicely dovetailed into rhyme, that the morality seems made expressly for the language, or the language for the morality. His thoughts—all running about among the duties of life—voluntarily move in harmonious numbers, as if to think and to rhyme were one solitary attribute. For the nurse who wants a song for her babe—the boy who is tormented by the dread of the birch—the youth whose beard begins to grow—the lover who desires a posey for his lady's ring—for the husband—father—grandsire—for all there is a store—to encourage—to console—and to be grateful for.*

Of Cats Bilderdyk asks—

“Goede, dierbre Vader Cats
Wat behelst ge niet al Schats?”†

It is all treasure, no doubt—though sometimes not very valuable.

* The Dutch poets are not always very close observers. They sometimes roll out their cumbrous phrases without much thought. Thus Cats represents the lightning as breaking a sword into a hundred pieces.

De blizen kan het sweert in honderd stucken breeken
Maar laet de schede gaef, daerin het heeft gesteken.

Into a hundred parts the lightning breaks the blade,
But leaves the sheath untouched in which the sword was laid.

† Good, beloved Father Cats!
What dost thou contain but treasure?

Cats' was a lawyer—a professor—an ambassador to England—a farmer—a philosopher—an historian—as well as a moralist and poet. The titles of his works are indices to their contents. Among them are *De Ouderdom*, Old Age; *Buyten Leven*, Out-of-Doors Life; *Hofgedachten*, Garden Thoughts; *Gedachten op slapelooze Nachten*, Thoughts of Sleepless Nights; *Trouwring*, Marriage Ring; *Zelfstrijt*, Self-struggle, &c. Never was a poet so essentially the poet of the people. He is always intelligible—always sensible—and, as was well said of him by Kruijff.

“Smiling he teaches truth, and sporting wins to virtue.”*

This was an epoch in which the great men of Holland exercised no little influence on Europe. It was the age of Schryver (Scriverius), Heins (Heinsius), Sevecote (Zevcotius), Van Baerle (Barlaeus), and others, whose works, like those of De Groot, obtained for them the applause of the learned of many nations. There are one or two tolerable poets at this time in Holland, besides those we have mentioned. Laurence Reaal was the friend and fellow-labourer of Vondel, and Coster, an Amsterdam doctor, was almost the founder of the stage in the place of his birth. John de Brune's *Emblemata* contain some ingenious translations, and at the end about three-and-fifty excellent moral aphorisms, in the style of Cato. Flanders had at this period two writers of some merit, Van der Ust, who published a volume of sacred poems (*Geestelycke Gedichten*), and Van de Nieuwlandt, the author of several dramas and an Essay on Man.

The *Wetsteen der Vernunsten* (Whetstone of Wits) of Jan de Brune the younger, is a collection of humorous stories and clever sayings, gathered up from all quarters, and recorded in a very piquant and agreeable style. One of the chapters is a very glowing dissertation on kisses, where an enamoured one may find all the phraseology that exaggeration ever brought to the altars of the fair. In one of the poems he expresses his wonder that the fire and flames from the eyes of his mistress do not melt the mirror on which she is looking; and then discovers that it is only her mild benevolence which checks her scorching power.

Dordrecht became at this period the seat of a new school of poetry, and Jonckty's was one of the most distinguished of its professors. *Roselyn's Oochies* (Rosalind's Eyes)—a collection of amatory poems, in which his are the most remarkable—was one of the productions of that diseased and exaggerated taste whose allegorical expressions are so overwhelming, that sense and nonsense, folly and wisdom are equally entangled, and one is puzzled to discover either the true “no-meaning” or the hidden wit.

* “Haar lagchend coysheid leert haar spelend vormt ter deugd.”

You poke your finger into a fire, and hardly know whether it is to rescue a gem or to draw out an iron nail. Decker, his contemporary, was undoubtedly a greater man than Joncktys. He was born at Dort, but left it in very early youth with his father, who became a broker at Amsterdam. The Praise of Avarice (*Lof der Geldzucht*), Good Friday (*Goeden Vrijdag*), and, more than all, his domestic elegies (of which some translations are given by Bowring, p. 171—183), are among the most touching poems in the Dutch language. They breathe very pathetic sentiments in a flowing and graceful style. Jan Krull, a labouring blacksmith, published a volume of erotic poetry, which is a happy imitation of the manner of Cats.

And here we may remark by the way, that the great men of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, who throw such a splendour over the literature of Holland, are seldom connected in our thoughts with the country to which they belong. They write the learned language of Europe, not that of their native land; and when we hear of Erasmus, Grotius, Boerhaave, Vossius, the Elzevirs, Spinosa, Barlaeus, and Arminius, the associations of the place of their birth, or of their abode seem scarcely in any way linked with their illustrious names. In fact, the old and absurd habit of Helenizing or Latinizing their surnames, frequently leads to great confusion in their patronymics. The name of *Aurelius*, the preceptor of Erasmus, was no better than Hermanszoon—*Camistius* was Mynheer De Hondt—*Fullonius* is Willem Gaeffe—and the magnificent *Johannes Palaeondorus*, without his mask, is simply Jan Oudewater. One great name of Holland shines in all its pristine glory: it is that of Cornelis Bynkershoek. But what shall we say to the vanity of Erasmus—Desiderius Erasmus, with his Latin and Greek names, each meaning the same thing? His mother knew him only as Gherardt Gherardts. Then was there Jan Van Gorp, who wrote a book to prove that Adam and Eve spoke Dutch alone, but was ashamed to employ the language of Paradise to introduce himself to the learned world, and took thereupon the title of *Toropius Becanus*.*

It is true, that in the sentimentality of the old versifiers there is little poetry, but there is sometimes much wisdom; and they frequently bring the sanctions and the requirements of religion to bear upon the everyday pursuits of life in emphatic rhymes, which leave a deep impression on the mind. No language has so vast a collection of such moral aphorisms as the Dutch. Books of emblems, once so popular in the religious world, exist in innumerable varieties; and volumes, like that of which Isaak Walton's

* J. F. Willem's *Verhandeling*, i. 27.

Complete Angler may be called a piscatorial specimen, garnished and adorned with moralizations and amatory verses, occupy the whole field of literature. We have a specimen before us which ran through many editions in its day, and obtained unbounded praises for its author. It is the *Batavische Arcadia* of John Van Heemskerk, who starts his travellers "the hopeless Reynhert," tormented with his "deceitful dreams, and harassed by fruitless anxieties—one who extracted restlessness even out of repose," and "the never-enough-to-be-vaunted Rosamond," that they, in the garb of Arcadians, accompanied by other shepherds and shepherdesses, may visit and talk over the beauties of Holland. Exquisite moralists these, and sweet companions—he all knowledge, she all kindness. Heemskerk is far more erudite than Walton. He sports with many languages, talks of high affairs of state, and, in the midst of the smiles and kisses which he lavishes upon his beautiful maiden, he can smoke his pipe, discuss the rise and fall of empires, decide on questions of international law, criticise critics, and recount the battles of De Ruyter with Egyptian crocodiles. When the white-handed Rosamond says neither "yes," nor "no," to Reynhert's petition that he may sit by her side, he quotes a hundred authorities from the laws of Goths and Greeks, and Romans, to prove that silence gives consent—" *Qui tacet consentire videtur*." He is a poet too, with minnesongs ever flowing from his impassioned tongue, and makes all the objects around him minister to his passions. So when they look upon the rapid Rhine together, he reminds his fair one—

Thou hast been cruel—and how long
While prayers and plaints were pour'd in vain ;
May not the lover's moral song—
The sweet, sad song—thy smiles obtain ?

Look at that passing stream—its waves
Flow on, flow on—and ne'er return ;
So mortals hasten to their graves ;
So even thy beauty seeks its urn.

Yes ! so thy years depart, sweet maid,
Ere thou hast dreamt they fly so fast :
They cannot be redeemed, nor paid
With bags of gold—if such thou hast.

Come then, enjoy them—for regret
Will come too late when joy is fled ;
The hour for bliss is dawning yet—
But there is darkness o'er the dead.

The good man is rather credulous in his way, and relates with terror-struck simplicity divers witch and wizard stories, "awful to tell," with the evidence arrayed in irresistible majesty at the

foot of the page. But this was the creed of his day, which every body was ready to swear to; and he ventures to introduce a few doubts and inquiries well befitting the occasion, though with becoming reverence and timidity. When he discourses of his country, it is in all the pride and glory of a patriot: her deeds he loves to dwell on—her great names he is delighted to honour,—the laudatory testimony of strangers he industriously gathers together—and celebrates her foreign conquests as if he had been appointed the laureate of his day. The dissertation on “sugar-sweet kisses” is worthy of an historian and a philosopher; he piles up mountains of proofs of their antiquity and utility, and the sacrifices made to obtain them,—shows how they were honoured by all nations, and celebrated by all orators: he classifies them as if they were specimens of natural history (and so they are), and makes out so strong a case to the “coral-lipped shepherdess,” that she could not but reward the petitioner with the prize he had so exalted. But as we proceed deeper and deeper into the volume, the learning smothers the love, and the beautiful descriptions of dewy delights and green woods, and fields and pastures, are overwhelmed by a prodigious display of historical research, vituperations of the Duke of Alva, and refined discussions about the Roman law—all which the author tells us was listened to with great delight by “the Arcadians,” but which we confess we have not been able to digest. We expected the narrative would end in the espousals of *Pureheart* and *Rosymouth*, but they are no farther advanced at the end of the volume than that the gentleman is allowed free liberty to toast the lady; and midnight being past, every one retires to his bed of rest. This volume is only one of many with similar titles; that of *Haarlem*, by *Loosjes*, is of our day; but even the dismal sands and stagnant pools of Holland have had their “Arcadian” celebrations. *Heemskerk’s Art of Love (Minnekunst)*, has been lately introduced into notice by an eminent archæologist (*J. Scheltema*). It is an agreeable and harmonious composition. *Heemskerk* had a friend, *Van der Burg*, whom *Scheltema* has brought forth from obscurity. He had also *der Westerbaen* for his contemporary, whose *Ockenburg* and *Reply to Vondel’s Altar-mysteries* have often been highly spoken of. But though he wrote with readiness, there is nothing easy or emphatic in his works. An amusing prose satire appeared in 1612, entitled *Comediâ Vetus*, or *Seaman’s Talk (Bootmans Praatje)*. It attacked the Protestant Clergy as little better than their Romish predecessors. Mathematical works began at this period to appear in the popular tongue. *Beverwyk* first wrote on the medical art, *Paffenrode* on strategics, and *Witsen* on naval architecture.

There is no dearth of literary names at this period, but there are few raised above mediocrity. Peter de Groot, the son of the great Hugo, owes distinction to the circumstance of his being the "son of his father." The *Mask of the World* (*Masker van de Werldt*), of Poirtiers, a Brabant poet, went through six-and-thirty editions; it suited the religious temper of the times, and, like Wolschaten's *Death Unmasked with the World's Vanity* (*De Dood oenmaskert met des Werelts Ydelheyt*), had its origin in Hans Holbein's *Dance of Death*, a composition which exercised for ages an almost unbounded influence. Jan Vos's *Aran* and Titus filled his country with expectations which were never realized; he fell into an absurd bombastic style, which was fostered by the foolish praises of his contemporaries. Anslo sins against simplicity too, but his poem on the *Plague of Naples* will well repay the trouble of reading. Oudaen and Dullaert, two Rotterdam poets, are honoured by Professor Siegenbeek with a portion of praise which we cannot echo back.

The seventeenth century closes to introduce a melancholy successor. The last name of interest in it is that of Gerard Brandt, who did his best "to cover the heroes" of Holland "with glory;" and whose epigrams are still quoted with admiration. We do not think them by any means entitled to the good opinion which has so long honoured them. But his mind was strong and cultivated, and his historical works are undoubtedly among the best that Holland has produced. We need not mention his well-known *History of the Reformation*; but his *Life of Ruiter* and his account of the *Trial of Olden Barneveldt* are admirable specimens of prose.

The persecuted Protestants, whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes led to settle in Holland, while they brought with them virtue, knowledge, and industry, brought with them, too, their affection for the language of their father-land; and its influence was much increased by the eminent abilities which distinguished many of those illustrious refugees. Bayle and Saurin especially, excited the attention of the European world; and the very prohibition of their writings by the vainglorious Louis XIV. gave them additional recommendation. They fell, too, as we have remarked, on an era when few eminent Hollanders were on the public stage. Their hatred towards Louis and the profligate women of his court, was a feeling very congenial to the Dutch, who easily fell into the footsteps of those who gave eloquence to their antipathies, and illustrated their prejudices with erudition, and the French school established its domination over the whole of the Netherlands.

Antonides van der Goes had the enthusiasm, but not the high talents necessary to redeem his country's literature from the af-

fectionation and servility into which it was rapidly falling. He thus expresses his indignation at the corrupting influence of the French in the following words, in a letter to his friend Oudaan:—

What turbulent spirit rules the land, and stains
With its pollution Holland's patriot plains,
Poisons our pens, infects the very air,
Long ere we know the hideous monster's there?
For unperceived it rears a monarch's head,
Insults our language, and confers instead,
The bastard speech—the wantonness of Gaul.*

Antonides followed Vondel as far as he was able. His principal work is his poem on the River Y. There is an episode, where the spirit of the Peruvians, Ataliba, appeals to the Hollanders in the waters of the tropics, imploring them to avenge the tyranny of the Spaniards, which has been much praised. The idea is obviously borrowed from Camoens' *Adamastor*, but Antonides' creation is at an infinite distance from that huge and sublime creation, that mass of intellectual granite rolling about amidst the storms of the Cape, tormented by mortal passions, and shipwrecked in more than mortal disappointment. Antonides' *Bel-lona* was received with great enthusiasm; it sang the triumphs of Holland over England. Sad subjects these for song; the triumphs pass away, but not the hatred; and the malignant passions, awakened for the purposes of an hour, remain behind to torment many generations. A very acute author (*Witsen Geysbeek*,) who has lately published an edition of the *Ystroom*, places Antonides at the head of all the poets of the seventeenth century. He was the favourite child of Vondel's affection; the effect of his works is much diminished by his mythological machinery, but there are very few compositions which can be read with such a sustained pleasure as his *River Y*. *Hoogstraten* wrote the life of Antonides, which is placed at the head of his works.

There is little but weariness now and for some time forward. *Rotgans* is hardly entitled to be mentioned, nor *Langendyk*, who seems to have been a joyous creature, but not a very wise one. There is an absolute deluge of rhymsters. Some few eminent men appeared in the field of philology, particularly *Ten Kate*, whose knowledge of the principal sources of the Dutch tongue enabled him to treat the subject with originality and with success.

* Wat tuimel geest beheerscht het land? Wat bastaerdij
Valt in ons eigendom, en smet als een hurpy
Tot ons schandael geteelt, met haer vergifte pennen,
De gansche luft, zelf eer wy 't gruwzaam monster kennen?
Dat reukeloos het hoofd verhoofende als vorstin,
De taal van Neerland schopt en dringt er Vrankrijk in
Met syns bastertspræck en dartele manietjen.

Perhaps the only poetical name that ought to be rescued from amidst these obscurities, is Poot, the poet of the plough, whom we mention more because he was a ploughman, than because we deem him a poet. Of himself he says:—

I am a peasant's son, no wealth have I,
For wanton Fortune turns her back on me,
Even to this hour my hands my food supply,
* * * *

Though young, I hail'd the light of poetry,
With Hooft and Vondel ever in mine eye,
Lost in her wastes, and sought, at distance long,
To follow her proud swans, and imitate their song.*

His best pieces are his *De Maan by Endymion* (The Moon by Endymion), *Wachten* (Watching), and *Het Landleven* (Country Life). De Clercq has fancied a resemblance between him and Burns: it goes no further than that they both followed the wain, and both made verses—Burns, full of nature, beauty, truth, and power—Poots, usually bombastic, mythological, false, and feeble.

One Matthew Gorgon, of Flushing, wrote the *Walcheren Arcadia*, in which he makes out that island to be another Paradise. We imagine the planners of a certain famous Expedition had studied him. Assuredly the "Gorgon" was to them a "chimera dire."

Abraham Hoogvliet sinned against the reigning taste of his time, by disregarding the unities; he put, however, little better in their stead. His narrative poem of *Abraham de Aardsvader*, is little more than a rhymed and elaborated history of the Patriarch. We are bound to confess on our critical integrity that we have not read it, though for years the quarto volume has lain on the duty-to-be-done shelf, and we have made divers heroic attempts, which, without having much fault to find with the garrulous narrator, have always ended in a sudden though not a peevish divorce. M. Siegenbeek speaks of his immortality! We fear that a very little gust would blow it away.

Holland was next deluged with a flood of translations, imitations, and adaptations of the master-pieces of the French drama; the effect was to introduce a false and foreign taste, and a determination to sacrifice all nationality on the altar of the unities.

* Ik ben Poots—een landsmans zoon, misdeeld van rijke schatten,
De dartele Fortuin keert mij den rugge toe—
Ik leef tot heden van de arbeid mijner handen
* * * *

Ik ben noch jong; maar heb de dichtkunst lang geprezen,
Waar in ik wild en woest, bij wijlen iet begon
Tot Hooft en Vondel mij het beste dichtspoor wesen
Och, of mijn trage vliet die swanen volgen kon!

A handful of pedants took possession of the whole field of literature, with their *oversettings* (*overzettingen*), *mis-speechifyings* (*vertaalingen*), and *dislocations* (*verplaatsingen*), of the dramatists of France. Individually weak, they tried to become strong by association, and they banded together to bring the histrionic genius of the Seine to preside over the *Gragts* of the Amstel. We feel the peculiar beauties of the French theatre, but they are stately and cold, of artificial growth, and uncongenial to the general mind. Every attempt to plant them elsewhere, however favourable the occasion, has failed. Their roots do not descend deep enough into our everyday feelings; to enjoy them a man must move out of his own breast, and accustom himself to an atmosphere foreign to his habitual existence. They are fine, and so was Catherine's palace of ice, and so is the Pantheon; but there are things far finer, temples more sublime. We do not object to the particular order of French dramatic architecture, but it must not be the only one. Let it be a standard among those who follow it, but never let it become the law and the testimony for the whole intellectual world. The next step in Holland was to make French prose the text of Dutch poetry; the versified translation of Fenelon's admirable romance occupied no less than twenty years of the life of a man who was the great authority of his day and generation, but who is now forgotten—Feitama. His translation was ushered into the world with a "flourish of trumpets" sufficient to shake the walls of Jericho. The art of puffing was then but imperfectly understood, yet year after year the progress of the mountain's labour was announced, a thousand minute guns told mankind the hour of parturition was come: *et nascitur*—amidst the roar of the artillery, a trumpety brat that died in childhood, whose story is already in oblivion, and whose name was Feitama's *Telemachus*. Feitama was a pernicious literary fop, who settled all matters of taste in his day, and got round him a circle of worshippers. The delusion was soon dissipated, and we need not linger about it. Schim is tasteless, De Marre diffuse, Zweerts altogether worthless, and Didier Smits, whose "brilliant qualities" the too laudatory professor too precipitately praises, was a very virtuous citizen, but nothing more. Steenwyk, who was Feitama's favourite follower, published two bombastic epics, in which divers grand allegorical personages tread on the heels of one another in fine confusion.

The brothers Van Haren, two Frisian noblemen, rank among the restorers of a better taste. William's *Leonidas*, though scarcely equal to that of our Glover, is notwithstanding very superior to most of the contemporary works, and is full of patriotic sentiment; the *Friso* aspires to the honours of the epic. It is the tale

of the fabulous founders of the Frisian people, and has some poetical pictures. It is very obviously an imitation of Telemachus, though not in the extremely servile spirit of most of the writers of this epoch. His *Menschelijk Leven* (Human Life), is found in almost every collection of Dutch poetry. The measure of it, though original, is not very agreeable. It is thus :

Alas ! Alas ! how swift our days are leaving !
How every fleeting hour a faded lustre bears !
What transient bliss—what constant grieving.
How few delights—how many tears !

But it is too long to be given at length.

The *Geuzen* (Beggars) of Onno Zwier van Haren, is one of the most popular poems, or collection of poems, in the Dutch language. It is a congregation of odes, not united by any common thread, of which, in fact, any one may be detached from the rest. Onno Zwier published a specimen of biography of the illustrious men of the Netherlands, which though apparently written with haste, is highly esteemed, and seems to have given the idea to the anonymous author, (believed to be Simon Styl,) of a work in ten volumes, in 8vo, printed 1777-83, containing Notices of eminent men and women, mostly Netherlanders. Onno Zwier's episode of Rosamond is known, by heart, to every child in Holland.

Trip's *Tydwinst in ledige Uren*, (Time-saving of leisure hours,) is one of those gloomy works, which like Young's Night Thoughts, seem made rather to destroy, than to excite, enjoyment. We think nothing is more opposed to the true character of religion, than those lugubrious views of it, which mischievously interfere with happiness. But besides this, Trip is frequently obscure, and sometimes affected. Voet, his contemporary, has the same faults, with fewer excellencies, though his version of the Psalms continues to enjoy some applause. Bakker (Huisinga) has among his *Gedichten*, of which there are three volumes, some short pieces, which, as Siegenbeek truly says, are energetic and forcible. We would mention, for example, his Birth-greeting to Hylas, *Geboortegroet aan Hylas*.

The *Hollandsche Spectator* of Van Effen, brought to the Netherlands the spirit of the British Essayists, modelling it to the temper and the manners of his day, admirably representing the then character of the Dutch. It was published in numbers, like the English Spectator, and contains three hundred and sixty Essays on a great variety of topics.

For their travels and voyages the Dutch have in all times been distinguished, more so than for their descriptions of them. Witsen's Account of Tartary is, however, well known.

We set but little value, to own the honest truth, on the Dutch historians. The great twenty-volume work of Wagenaar is a very elaborate assemblage of facts, doggedly and industriously dug out of such stores as the author had access to. It is an unadorned and cumbrous chronicle, in which by no chance is any new light elicited, or any philosophical deduction stumbled upon. It is the *proces-verbal* of history written by a notary's clerk. Simon Styl, the author of the *Opkomst en Bloei der vereenigde Nederlanden*, (Rise and Prosperity of the United Netherlands,) is a writer of a far more lively, though not of a very sagacious stamp. He flings his thoughts about him, and if they do not always fix upon truth, they frequently give valuable materials for the more correct thoughts of others. Van Loon's *Nederlandsche Historie Penningen*, (History of Netherland Coins,) is a work in five folio volumes, which records with considerable interest all the political events from 1555 to 1713, that are in any way connected with numismatics.

To this period belongs a woman of considerable learning, and not without poetical talent, Juliana Cornelia de Lannoy, of whose poem on the Saviours of Leyden some strophes are admirable. Two of her tragedies—*Het Beleg van Haarlem*—(the Siege of Haarlem) and *Leo de Groote*, (Leo the Great)—are good. Bilderdyk published her posthumous works. This was a period of female literature. Elizabeth Wolff and Agatha Deken wrote a series of novels or romances, which though somewhat diffuse, are happy pictures of manners. The most remarkable are *Sarah Burgerhart*, in two volumes, *William Levend*, in eight volumes, and the *Letters of Abraham Blankaert and Cornelia Wildschut*. The best national novels are those of Loosjes. They are very numerous, and some of them, particularly *Mauritz Leijnslager* and *Hildegonde Buisman*, contain very accurate pictures of Dutch society; he introduces, as does Sir Walter Scott, (we do not mean to draw a comparison, lest it should make too zwful a contrast between them) many real characters, and though his invention is neither very creative, nor his groupings very sagacious, there are events and varieties enough to make his volumes attractive.

Mrs. Van Merken was very instrumental in forming a new era. She was herself a writer of no mean standing. She produced several tragedies, the subjects of most of them taken from the history of Holland; and her didactic poem on the uses of adversity—*Het Nut der Tegenspoeden*—is of a very motherly and moral character. Her *Germanicus* is an attempted flight, upon leaden wings—with some tolerable passages, particularly the beginning

of the second book, but on the whole dull, laboured and prosaic. Her *David* is no better—though twelve chapters are given to his history—and some other matters are worse. But she was superior to most of those of her time—the trumpery Hayley-period of Holland—and compared to the dictator Feitama, to whom she succeeded, we are willing to give her almost any title but that of “glorious,” with which the learned, but too gallant professor, honours her. She was the wife of Van Winter, the translator of Thomson’s *Seasons*—a fair return for Thomson’s having sung him. The lady was the deepest *blue* of her time, and used to gather round her all the young geniuses that they might hear her spout her own poetry—it was of the best that was then manufactured. We have heard the society described over which she swayed her queenlike and imperial sceptre—when however despotic her authority, she had the sagacity to separate the sheep from the goats. Bilderdyk was one of them, and though he used to laugh at her vanity, he found much instruction from her talents, Maria van der Wilp was also a lady verse-maker of this period, in whose writings the good professor sees great delicacy of expression and a flowing versification. We can discover nothing in them but feeble generalities—vague and prosaic.

Huydecoper made a new dramatic experiment, that of replacing the chorus of the ancients by monologues. That of Achilles, in the first act, beginning—

Ik heb u wederom doen keeren,

is frequently spoken of with approbation. In our ears it dances like a song without music, and every verse ends with the assurance of the hero himself, that

Hero-Achilles lives not without honour—

which is very well for the world to know, on the best authority, that is from his own mouth, which repeats the self-eulogium five times over. Huydecoper’s commentaries, both on the ancient poets of Holland, in his edition of Melis Stoke, and on Vondel’s translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, are acute and valuable.

Jaqueline of Bavaria is a fine subject for the drama of De Marre: of his treatment of it the most that can be said is, to use a French phraseology, that it “leaves much to desire.”

We consider Bellamy to have introduced a new epoch.

The Hollanders compare him to the German Hölty. He died in his early days, (æt. 29) after winning much honourable laud. A ballad of his (*Roosje*) is perhaps the most touchingly told story which the Dutch possess. It is of a maid—a beloved maid

—born at her mother's death—bred up 'midst the tears and kisses of her father—prattling thoughtlessly about her mother—every one's admiration for beauty, cleverness and virtue—gentle as the moon shining on the downs. Her name was to be seen written again and again on the sands by the Zeeland youths—and scarcely a beautiful flower bloomed but was gathered for her. Now in Zeeland, when the south-winds of summer come, there comes too a delicate fish, which hides itself in the sand, and which is dug out as a luxury by the young people. It is the time of sport and gaiety—and they venture far—far over the flat coast into the sea. The boys drag the girls among the waves—and Roosje was so dragged, notwithstanding many appeals. "A kiss, a kiss, or you go further," cried her conductor—she fled—he followed, both laughing:—"Into the sea—into the sea," said all their companions—he pushes her on—it is deeper, and deeper—she shrieks—she sinks—they sink together—the sands were faithless—there was no succour—the waves rolled over them—there was stillness and death.—The terrified playmates looked—

"All silently,—they look'd again—

And silently sped home—

And every heart was bursting then,

But every tongue was dumb.

And still and stately o'er the wave,

The mournful moon arose,

Flinging pale beams upon the grave,

Where they in peace repose.

The wind glanced o'er the voiceless sea,

The billows kissed the strand—

And one sad dirge of misery

Filled all the mourning land."

His *Verrader des Vaderlands*, (betrayer of his country) is a fine specimen of vituperative indignation, and his *Ode aan God* makes an appropriate counterpart to Nieuwland's *Orion*. Many yet live who knew him, (he died in 1786) and who still speak of him with strong affection. Some of his writings were translated into German, and published at Vienna, in 1790. Van der Palin wrote an eloquent eulogium on Bellamy, who was his friend and companion. There were many interesting young men attached to Bellamy, whose compositions met with great applause, particularly Hincopen's address to Bilderdyk, on his return from exile in 1806. Rau, another of his friends, has been distinguished as an orator, and Kleyn, as a poet, whose lyrics are worthy of praise.

Nieuwland rose from the retirement of a little village to excite the attention and admiration of all the literary men of Holland. He was one of those through whom his country received back again

the light she had given to Germany two centuries before.* Nieuwland's most remarkable productions are his *Orion*, of which a translation has been published in English, and his ode *Op den Dood mijner Echtgenoot* (On the Death of my Wife). He obtained great distinction for his philosophical knowledge, but died at the age of thirty, disappointing many hopes.

Van Alphen's poems for children are among the best that were ever written. They are a precious inheritance for the youth of the Netherlands. They teach virtue in simple eloquence, and are better known in Holland (which is saying much), than are the Hymns of Dr. Watts or Mrs. Barbauld here. His *Starry Heaven* (*Starren-Himmel*), is an ode of great sublimity, and perhaps the most popular piece in the whole extent of Dutch literature. He appears to us decidedly one of the most harmonious of the modern writers of the Netherlands: though the influence of Germany is strong upon him, nothing can be more natural than the sentiments of many of his compositions. There is one beginning "*Nederland is opgerezen*," which is a fine patriotic outpouring on the peace of Munster and the independence of Holland.

There is no want of historical materials in the Netherlands: there is no want of erudite chroniclers and very industrious collectors of facts. What is wanting, is that sound philosophy which can apply judicious and appropriate tests to the narratives of the past, and enlighten the researches of the industrious by the novel conceptions or combinations of sagacity. *Te Water's Historie van het Verbond en de Smeekschriften der Nederlandischen Edelen* (History of the Alliance and Petitions of the Netherlands Nobles), is an admirable detail of perseverance, nor less so *De Aloude Staat der Vereenigde Nederlanden* (Ancient State of the United Netherlands), by Engelberts. Meerman the bibliopolist's History of William the Second is a monument of learning; so is Kluits' History of the States' Government of Holland. Kluits, however, is rather more adventurous in his theories than is usual among the Dutch historiographers.

Feith is entitled to rank among the most influential restorers of the literature of Holland. He is spoken of with respect by all, with highest admiration by many. The *Ouderdom* (Old Age), is the best representation of his peculiar merits. *Het Graf* (the Grave), and his *Ode to God* are not wanting in some of the

* Ihr Heinsius, ihr Phoenix unserer Zeiten,
Ihr, Sohn der Ewigkeit, begunstet ausbreiten
Die Flügel der Vernunft—
Ich auch, weil ihr nur seyd in schreiben vorgegangen
Was ich für Ehr und Ruhm durch Hochdeutsch werd erlangen,
Will meinen Vaterland eröffnen rund und frei
Dass eure Poesie, der meiner Mutter sei.—Opus.

higher attributes of poetry; neither is his Ode to Providence. The latter part of his literary career was an improvement on the earlier, for he began in a mean imitative spirit, was often betrayed into an unhealthy sentimentality, which he had vigour and wisdom to subdue, so that he went on improving even to the end of his career. We do not think, however, that Feith had power to redeem the Alexandrine versification from its besetting sin—monotony. This is Bilderdyk's great merit, with whom it has been but too much the fashion to set up Feith in contrast. There are scarcely any points of resemblance between them. Bilderdyk is always original, though often irregular—always learned, though often precipitate—always agitated by some passion of love or hate, though professing to look down upon mankind with scornful pity. Feith is an imitator of the German school, though he may be often tracked to Dr. Young's Night Thoughts. He is a pure and pleasing, but not an erudite writer—a man of quiet and household virtue, whose domestic and social excellences served undoubtedly as a passport to his very agreeable, but not very elevated, compositions. He is at the topmost point of mediocrity. On one occasion he got into a controversy with Kinker, but Kinker overwhelmed him with irony; it was a vessel of brass against one of clay. Feith, like most of the poets of Holland, seems always under the influence of a grave and sober morality. If now and then the muse wander into the field of imagination, she always returns, and returns speedily, to discuss the great interests of virtue.

The reputation of Helmers—a considerable reputation too—was owing rather to the circumstances that surrounded him than to any very distinguishing merit of his own. He lived at a period when, though a strong national spirit existed in Holland, it was deep, it was buried, it was silent—no one had appealed to it—no one had effectually touched the chord which was strong in every bosom. It was not that his voice was strong, but that it was strongest when the rest were few and feeble; and if his expressions want originality and power, his feelings are always pure, and his writings fitted to elevate others to a higher station than his own. His *Hollandsche Natie* was printed during the French domination. It is a strong appeal in favour of a people whose national existence the mad policy of Napoleon had doomed to annihilation. When his poetry is forgotten, his patriotism will be remembered, though there are a few of his smaller works, *De Roos*, for example, which will not soon die. His *Antoninus Pius* and *Antonius Hambroek*, too, are probably destined to live. Helmers died in 1813.

Of Borger, another poet of this epoch, who died a few years ago, we cannot resist the desire of making our readers acquainted with a beautiful ode "To the Rhine."

In the Borean regions stormy
 There's silence—battling hail and rain
 Are hush'd. The calm Rhine rolls before me,
 Unfettered from its winter chain.
 Its streams their ancient channels water,
 And thousand joyous peasants bring
 The flowery offerings of the spring
 To thee, Mount Gothard's princely daughter !
 Monarch of streams, from Alpine brow,
 Who rushing, whelm'st with inundations,
 Or, sovereign-like, divid'st the nations ;
 Lawgiver all-imperial, thou !

I have had days, like thine, unclouded—
 Days passed upon thy pleasant shore ;
 My heart sprung up in joy unshrouded,
 Alas ! it springs to joy no more.
 My fields of green, my humble dwelling,
 Which love made beautiful and bright,
 To me—to her—my soul's delight,
 Seem'd monarch's palaces excelling,
 When in our little happy bower
 Or 'neath the starry vault at even,
 We walked in love, and talked of Heaven,
 And pour'd forth praises for our dower.

But now—I could my hairs well number,
 But not the tears my eyes which wet :
 The Rhine will to their cradle-slumber
 Roll back its waves, ere I forget—
 Forget the blow that twice hath riven
 The crown of glory from my head.
 God ! I have trusted—duty-led,
 'Gainst all rebellious thoughts have striven,
 And strive—and call thee Father,—still
 Say all thy will is wisest, kindest—
 Yet—twice—the burthen that thou bindest
 Is heavy—I obey thy will !

At Katwyk, where the silenced billow
 Thee welcomes, Rhine, to her own breast,
 There, with the damp sand for her pillow,
 I laid my treasure in its rest.
 My tears shall with thy waters blend them,
 Receive those briny tears from me,
 And when exhaled from the vast sea,
 To her own grave in dew-drops send them—

A heavenly fall of love for her.
Old Rhine ! thy waves 'gainst sorrow steel them.
O no ! man's miseries—thou can'st feel them,—
Then be my grief's interpreter.
And greet the babe, which earth's green bosom
Had but received, when she who bore
That lovely undeveloped blossom
Was struck by death—the bud—the flower.
I forced my daughter's tomb—her mother
Bade me—and laid the slumbering child
Upon that bosom undefiled.
Where—where could I have found another
So dear—so pure ? 'Twas wrong to mourn,
When those so loving slept delighted.
Should I divide what God united ?
I laid them in a common urn.
There are who call this earth a palace
Of Eden, who on roses go—
I would not drink again life's chalice,
Nor tread again its paths of woe.
I joy at day's decline—the morrow
Is welcome. In its fearful flight
I count and count with calm delight
My five-and-thirty years of sorrow
Accomplished. Like this river, years
Roll. Press, ye tombstones, my departed
Lightly, and o'er the broken-hearted
Fling your cold shield, and veil his tears.

Bilderdyk has undoubtedly the rare and enviable power of seizing at a glance the characteristics of genius. He cannot be called critically profound : there is scarcely a quotation from his pen in any language which is not full of errors, yet he has so accurate a perception of the distinguishing points of an author, that his translations bring the original home with wonderful vividness and truth. He is precisely the man to lead the way into new fields of literature, to generalise—to draw results—the details he cannot stoop to. Among these he fails, as Mr. Brougham did, when writing about hydraulics. Men's minds are not like the proboscis of elephants, made to wrench trees from the ground, and to pick up pins.

But Bilderdyk is the commander in chief of a new and triumphant legion. He may be vituperated, and may deserve it, but he is an illustrious man : he may have to bear with merited reproaches, but he is a great poet notwithstanding. His is a character not to be estimated by wittings and triflers, neither to be judged of by the exaggerated praises of blind disciples, nor the less justifiable abuse of political or polemical antagonists. His

works have no popularity; he will have no truce with what he deems vice or folly; so he flings about his firebrands in the sportiveness of his power, to show that fire and light are in him. We neither approve of his opinions, nor justify his manner of advocating them; but when we see such a man made the scorn of uninstructed, unimagined minds, we would throw a shield over his vulnerableness, and insist on his being respected. His views are of the darker ages: we do not understand, and cannot sympathize with them; but the halo of genius is around him, and we feel every insult done to him—as we have felt, and as all Europe has felt, the miserable vengeance taken upon the memory of Byron—vengeance taken in the name of religion (but why should we give wings to the disgraceful story?) by denying to his monument a place among the poets of England.

Bilderdyk is perhaps more than any man the representative of the old Dutch feeling, though in his case it has certainly taken an unattractive, nay, a repulsive shape. Engaged in bitter controversies, and under the influence of a sense of power which enabled him frequently to crush his adversaries, and when he could not crush them, to overwhelm them with the bitterest vituperation—he presents no amiable picture of the character of the Hollanders. His mastery over his language is very remarkable, though he is sometimes led astray by the use of a too emphatic or too imposing phraseology. We should have great difficulty in selecting from him any long passage which will give a just idea of his beauties and defects; they are both indeed very prominent, but present themselves in a shape not to be easily transplanted into our language, though ours is perhaps the language of all others best adapted for their transfusion. Bilderdyk writes nothing that bespeaks not strength—intellectual strength, and it is generally accompanied with evidence of knowledge, extensive reading, and sometimes of rare sagacity. But the passions, and too frequently those of antipathy and hatred, are mighty within him, and they are constantly betraying him into expressions which invite hostility, and destroy moral influence. It is a fact in our minds most undoubted, that Bilderdyk—a man of genius, the first of the poets of Holland, a man who has, if any living Dutch writer have, an European name, is almost wholly without power in his native land. His multifarious works follow one another with incredible speed, but, we understand, they meet with little encouragement. On the minds of a few he has strongly operated, and those few are among the most remarkable men in Holland; but as the influence of sober thought is stronger than that of sarcasm and bitterness—and it is well there is a stronger influence to set wits and stoics and “good-haters” right with the future time—

the quiet sense of the many corrects the impetuosity of the few, and makes it in the end subservient to knowledge and to virtue. For let the truth be uttered, the *moral* influence of Bilderdyk has been clearly pernicious. His great powers have been arrayed against every party, every man in turn. Napoleon was once the deity of his prostrate idolatry. He is a sort of classical Cobbett—more prone to hate than to love, to condemn than to acquit, to attack than to defend.

But he has also written most memorable and most eloquent things. The Address to the Netherlands' Literary Society, delivered during the worst period of Napoleon's oppressions, is a noble, a heart-stirring appeal, for which he deserves to be crowned with garlands. Bilderdyk has not, we think, been treated kindly or fairly by the authorities in Holland. He is a fierce and intemperate man we know, and one who keeps no rein upon the expression of the bitterness, the contempt, the scorn, the hatred he feels. He has indulged in vituperations foreign to the habits of his nation. We would have forgiven him all this—and more. He is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men of modern times. He has a small pension, we believe of 1000 florins, about 150*l.* per annum. It is too much to allow him to die—too little to enable him to live. He is old, and has been for years ailing.

The first work of Bilderdyk that was really remarkable, was one entitled *De Ziekte der Geleerden* (Disease of the Learned), next in reputation to which is the unfinished *Ondergang der eerste Wereld* (Overthrow of the First World). A hundred volumes would scarcely comprise his productions. We heard of an imperfect copy, consisting of between eighty and ninety, which was sold the other day at Amsterdam for 20*l.* His dramatic efforts are all failures. There is a stiffness, a bitterness, a repulsiveness about them which are so unamiable that no quality of mere poetical merit can excuse or qualify them. And the old man's pen is as busy and as fervid as was that of the boy. Year after year he pours out torrents of poetry. We recommend to the especial attention of our readers his *Het Geweten* (Conscience), *Ode aan Napoleon*, *De Drie Zusterkunsten* (The Three Sister Arts), *Holland*, and his last work, *Vermaking*, in which the "Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem" is a splendid piece of poetry. As a specimen of his dexterity in the use of language, his translation of the well-known Moorish Romance of the "Earrings," beginning—

"Ach, mijn oorring, ach mijn oorring is gevallen in der vliet."*
is well worth examining.

The most agreeable, the most popular living poet of Holland,

* Navonkeling, i. 184.

is Tollens. That among three millions of people an edition of ten thousand copies of three volumes of poetry, should have been promptly sold, is a very remarkable fact. This in itself is no small merit, and implies no small sagacity to have so happily touched the feelings of an entire nation. His power is descriptive, his characteristic is *originality*, at least in Holland. It would not be difficult to trace in his writings the influence of England and Germany; but it is veiled from the common eye, and the thoughts and the expression he has found elsewhere are so chastened, so delicately wrought, that plagiarism cannot put her stigma upon him. It would be easy to select passages, and many such, which have no recommendation but their harmony, where the hand of the artist had given smoothness and polish to a threadbare fancy. In the circle of the social and domestic affections, Tollens is admirable. There a cordial fervent household tone animates all his verses. His masterpieces, in our opinion, are *Het gevallen Meisje* (The Fallen Maid), *De Moeder* (The Mother), *Aan een pasgeboren Wees* (To a newly-born Orphan), *Nova Zembla*, and, among his romances, which are many, *Kenan Hasselaar*. He has translated admirably Pope's letter of Heloise to Abelard. A complete change took place in his religious opinions not long ago, which was brought about by a very interesting and eloquent remonstrant preacher, Amoré van der Hoeven. Tollens had been a Catholic, sincere and devout; he is now a Protestant, with not less sincerity and devotion, yet one of those happy spirits in whom religion plants many seeds of joy and roots out none. The following is one of his latest compositions:—

WINTER EVENING'S SONG.

Het oosten blaast, het wintert fel.

The storm-winds blow, but sharp and sore,
The cold is bitter rude;
Thank heaven, with blazing coals and wood
We sit in comfort here!
The trees as whitest down are white,
The river hard as lead.
Sweet mistress! why this blank to night?
There's punch so warm and wine so bright,
... And sheltering roof and bread.

And if a friend should pass this way
We give him flesh and fish;
And sometimes game adorns the dish,
It chances as it may;
And every birth-day festival
Some extra tarts appear,
An extra glass of wine for all—
While to the child, or great or small,
We drink the happy year.

Poor beggars! all the city thro'
That wander,—pity knows
That if it rains, or hails or snows,
No difference 'tis to you.
Your children's birthdays come, no throng
Of friends approach your door,
'Tis a long suffering, sad as long;
No fire to warm—to cheer, no song—
No presents for the poor.

And should not we far better be,
We far more blest than they,
Our winter hearth is bright and gay,
Our wine cups full and free;
And we were wrought in finer mould
And made of purer clay.
God's holy eyes, that all behold,
Chose for our garments gems and gold,
And made them rags display.

Is better I? O would 't were so,
I am perplexed in sooth;
I wish, I wish you'd speak the truth.
You do not speak it—no;
Who knows, I know not, but that vest
That's pieced and patched all thro',
May wrap a very honest breast,
Of evil purged—by good peasant,
Generous and just, and true!

And can it be? Indeed it can,
That I so favoured stand;
And he, the offspring of God's hand,
A poor deserted man,
And then I sit to muse; I sit
The riddle to unravel;
I strain my thoughts, I tax my wit,
The less my thoughts can compass it,
The more they toil and travel.

And thus, and thus alone I see,
When poring o'er and o'er,
That I can give unto the poor,
But not the poor to me;
That having more than I require,
That more I'm bound to spread,
Give from my hearth a spark of fire,
Drops from my cup, and feed desire
With morsels of my bread.

And thus I found, that scattering round
Blessings in mortal track,
The riddle ceased my brains to rack,
And my torn heart grew sound.
The storm winds blow both sharp and sore,
The cold is bitter rude;
Come beggar, come, our garments bear,
A portion of our dwelling share,
A morsel of our love.

List! boys and girls, the hour is late,
There's some one at the door;
Ran, little ones, the man is poor—
Who first unlocks the gate?
What do I hear, run fast, run fast;
What do I hear so sad,
'Tis a poor mother in the blast,
Trembling, I heard her as she past,
And weeping o'er her lad.

I thank thee, Source of every bliss,
For every bliss I know;
I thank thee, thou didst train me so
To learn thy way in this;
That wishing good, and doing good,
Is labouring, Lord, with thee;
That charity is gratitude,
And piety, best understood,
A sweet humanity.

The character of Da Costa has been formed by the reverential study of the Bible. When the evidences of Christianity first engaged his attention, his understanding and his will lay equally prostrate before the overwhelming influences of the Gospel. The passionate feelings of the proselyte are still upon him, and he cannot understand that, perhaps less happy, but not uncommon state of the judgment which doubts and ponders, which demands proofs and hesitates about their reception. Into Da Costa's mind the great truths of religion threw a burning and a blazing light, but he has little charity for that less enviable state of intellect where misgivings mingle with conviction. He has formed his creed, we are sure, in sincerity and honesty, and it appears to him so wise, so beautiful, so perfect, that he has little patience with those who see things with other eyes than his. He supposes, and conscientiously, that his truth is God's truth, and that to deny it, or to slight it, is to act offensively to the Supreme Being. A Jew dwelling on his high and holy origin, and resting on the sublime but awful thought, that his progenitors were the chosen favourites of the God of Israel—looking upon himself as one of the representatives and descendants of those through whom it pleased the Almighty to reveal his sacred will—feeling the odorous ointment descending on his garments which was poured on the head of his forefathers, and, while under the influence of these impressions, receiving the Gospel of Christ, in the humility and abasement of

mind, who can wonder at the peculiar tone and character of his writings? His poetry is that which he himself has described—

music

Vibrating 'twixt earth and heaven.*

But a passionate fanaticism has led him far astray. His poetry has assumed a fierce and ungentle character, his mysticism has shaken his humanity, and his torch, once beautiful and glorious, has been quenched in the dark and troubled waters of religious controversy. Alive to the *word*, he seems dead to the *spirit* of the New Testament. We give a late specimen, not being able to find room for any of the compositions of his earlier and better days:—

Op den Zevenden der Dagen heeft de Almachtige gerust.

On the seventh day reposing, lo! the great Creator stood,
Saw the glorious work accomplished,—saw and felt that it was good;
Heaven, earth, man and beast have being, day and night their courses run,
First creation—infant manhood—earliest Sabbath—it is done.

On the seventh day reposing, Jesus filled his sainted tomb,
From his spirit's toil retreating, while he broke man's fatal doom;
'Twas a new creation bursting, brighter than the primal one,—
'Tis fulfilment—reconcilement—'tis redemption—it is done.

The brothers (Barend and H. H.) Klijn, have published several volumes. Barend's prose and poetry are the very personification of a respectable Dutchman. He is strong-minded, unpretending, sensible, and serious. While the ink is yet wet on our paper, we receive the news of his death.

Loots is a living poet. He somewhat resembles Helmers, but, we think he is more correct,—and often far more energetic. His *Taal* (Language), and *Schilderkunst* (Painting), have some very fine passages; and his *Beurs van Amsterdam*, too, must not be passed over. He has frequently an original air, though wild and strange, and wants that cultivation which classical studies give. His portrait of *De Ruiter* is prettily drawn.

Van Lennep, a young poet, on whom the classical spirit of his father has descended, has already done enough to awaken hope and to give promise for the future. His best productions are translations from French, Latin, and English; and among the latter, the *Bride of Abydos* is admirably and correctly versified. We thought the following couplet pretty;

The rose flings down its diadem,
Scattering each cheerful crimson leaf—
The thorn clings ever to its stem,
The image and the badge of grief.

* Wat is Dichtkunst? Harmonij
Tuschen Himelen en Aarde.—*Verses to W. de Clercq*, v. ii. p. 165.

Nierstrasz must be considered a follower of Tollens, though inferior to him in every particular. He is lately dead, and those who think that words may be "daggers to slay," have attributed his death to a dose of hellebore, which in the shape of a pamphlet called "*Nieskruid voor Nierstrasz*," was administered to him. It was a bitter attack upon an amiable man, because the satirist deemed him an indifferent poet. We much doubt, however, the mortal potency of such literary poisons. Nierstrasz was not the individual who should have been fixed on as the representative of the school of mediocrity; he has been overrated, no doubt, and on one or two occasions, shown too much self-esteem. But it is difficult to disassociate the man from his writings, and Nierstrasz's good deeds have saved his indifferent poetry.

Kinker is one of the most remarkable men in Holland; his writings are tainted with the mysticisms of the Kant school,—but he is evidently a man of genius and erudition, whose power and influence would be much greater if he could see his way, which nobody can, through the mists and clouds of a philosophy which is darkness, with a few sparks of light;—a philosophy perplexing alike by its encumbrance of phrase and its vagueness of conception—a sort of moral opium, exciting for awhile and then leaving the mind distressed and perplexed. This confusion of ideas, conveyed in a very energetic phraseology, is found even in the poetry of Kinker. In truth, his verses are frequently unintelligible, though they leave the impression, that if we could but understand them, they would be very fine. The same tone of mind gives a too common harshness even to his versification, though no man can discourse more fitly than he on the prosody and harmony of language. Yet it would seem as if his art produced his hard verses, for most of his off-hand and humorous pieces are smooth and flowing. His verses to Haydn are striking, and his Adieu to the Y and the Amstel, on his removal to Liege, is among the best of modern compositions.

Staring van der Wildenbosch, though sometimes rough and rude, has in him the true spirit of song, and is not, we think, placed in the position by his countrymen to which he really is entitled. Much power breaks through his seemingly unpolished effusions. His *Iamben* (Iambics), *Joodsche Loofhut* (Jewish Tabernacle), and especially his *Zephir en Chloris*, will better enable his readers to weigh his merits.

Spandaw is a domestic and social poet, whose verses are never wanting in smoothness and harmony. Had we space we would quote his *Taal der Oogen* (Language of the eyes), and *Zaligst Levensuur* (Happiest Hour of Life.)

their sameness—so varied their inflexions, and their cadences, that they become not inappropriate instruments of poetry in their master hands. So against our English heroics, and to our blank verses, when employed by mediocrity, the same objection may fairly be brought. Time would fail us to show the wonderful sagacity with which Milton varies the position of his emphatic words, and the care with which he avoids appearing to string together tones of equal height and depth, in an unvaried order. In fact, this is part of the mysterious secret of the masters of song; and though the unpractised will find the everlasting Alexandrine wearisome, by whomsoever employed, it soon when wielded by a true poet, becomes easy and agreeable. But it is a stanza that gives far too much facility to inferior verse-makers; and we do not think it will endure many generations.

Vander Palm (as far as style is concerned) is the purest prose writer that Holland ever produced, and this merit is, we believe, accorded to him by men of every party. He has assuredly done far more service to Holland by his admirable prose than a hundred writers have by their indifferent verses. There is in the Netherlands no literary want so urgent as a band of historians, romancers, essayists, or moralists, who shall rescue the unrhymed language of the country from the impurities with which conversation taints it. The fact would hardly be believed, that were a man, in the common intercourse of society—aye, even of literary intercourse, to refrain from the employment of those infinite Gallicisms which have been allowed to deluge the land, he would be deemed and treated as an insufferable pedant. The language of Holland is sadly wanting in good prosaists. Whether the versifying spirit has crushed the competition of prose, we know not, but such a nation of rhymesters as the Dutch never before were allowed to twist and torment an idiom into sing-song. Rhymes are everlasting recreations for the poor and the rich—they are hung upon every cradle, and flung upon every grave—they are painted upon the houses, and carved upon the trees—they go with the treckschuits by water, and they “cover the land.” Melancholy trash most of it is—and tormenting—like a thumb-screw applied to language till the vein bursts; at least, so criticism would say, from her throne of dogmatism; yet may not the rhymes which afford delight and give instruction to thousands be allowed to hope for mercy from the severely-judging few? Vander Palm is the founder of pulpit eloquence in Holland, though he would fain have given that honour to Hulshoff.

Holland is suffering under the visitation of an overflowing mediocrity. Many excellent and amiable men, whose poetry would sound sweetly by the firesides of their little social circle,

have received but too much encouragement to break through it, in order to fascinate the world. And in numerous cases an affection for these persons has interposed between them and their works. Sound and severe criticism is wanting—the criticism which while it smites hard, smites well. And of this healthy and needful discipline there are some symptoms. Witsen Geysbeek, for instance, has done something, as we before noticed, by an article in his poetical dictionary, to destroy the *blind* idolatry with which Vondel has been worshipped in the Netherlands. Even if Vondel deserved the incense of all time, it should not be wasted upon him *blindly*. Like Lope de Vega he is as prolific in defects as in beauties. He is represented in the minds of the Dutch by a few passages which are Vondel's truly, but which do not constitute Vondel. Literature has no consecrated recess—no hallowed, unapproachable ground. Wherever it is, criticism should follow, canvassing with cautious care its beauties and deformities, and distinguishing its dross while treasuring up its precious ore.

In fine the Dutch, like all other nations, sometimes fall into the error of exaggerating the number and the merits of their great men. In the criticisms which now and then appear in Holland, it is amusing to see a string of these comparatively obscure writers classed with the great intellectual names of the world. All this is very natural. Many a man, whose name has hardly passed the Netherlands' borders, exerts a great influence within them—and the man who exerts a great influence on society, whether for good or evil, is entitled to the attention of the statesman, the critic, and the philosopher.

The susceptibility of the Dutch, who are, according to the decisions of common parlance, naturally cold and phlegmatic, to the opinions of others, and their disposition to avail themselves of every testimony, which they imagine will serve to set their literary character right with the world, have led them to cling, with wonderful tenacity, to the sometimes indiscriminating praises of a few writers who have, as they think, honoured them with particular notice. The fact is simply this—that the Dutch have paid their fair and full contributions to the great intellectual treasury. They have paid them in their own way, and with their own coin. It is not that this merit has been denied them—but the inquiry respecting it has seldom been made. A few impertinent scribblers, as superficial as presumptuous, have, we know, poured out their contemptuousness upon the language and literature of Holland; but the general mind is a blank sheet upon the matter, in which we wish to transcribe the impressions we have received—impressions full of kindness towards the Dutch people, who only require to be better known in order to be more highly thought of.

And if among the writers of Holland, an Englishman should

sometimes smile at the exaggerations of patriotic feeling, he will not be angry, if he have wisdom, and if he have benevolence he will speedily forgive aberrations which breathe unfriendliness to his country. The Dutch have frequently been taught to consider England as a noxious rival and malignant enemy—and the lesson was urged upon them with most offensive repetition under the Bonapartean dynasty. A portion of the feeling may be attributed to the preponderance which England has obtained by her position, among many other causes, over a country which *has* had its triumphs even on the Thames. But we are sure we speak the sentiments of Englishmen, when we assure our Netherland neighbours that no unfriendly feeling towards them exists. In the great commercial contest they have undoubtedly come badly off, but if they will look a little more closely into the matter, they will perhaps discover how much they have departed from that system of free trade which of old made their greatness, their wealth and their glory—and they will, at every step of that departure, find they have sown seeds of decay, and of adversity.

- ART. III.—1. *Floresta de Rimas Antiguas Castellanas, ordenada por Don Juan Nicolas Böhl de Faber, de la Real Academia Española.* (Forest of Ancient Spanish Poems, arranged by Don J. N. Böhl de Faber, &c.) 3 tom. 8vo. Hamburgo. 1821—1825.
2. *Sammlung der besten alten Spanischen Historischen, Ritter- und Maurischen Romanzen.* Geordnet und mit Anmerkungen, und einer Einleitung versehen, von Ch. B. Depping, &c. (Collection of the best old Spanish Historical, Chivalric and Moorish Romances, arranged, with Introduction and Remarks, by C. B. Depping.) 12mo. Altenburg und Leipzig, 1817.
3. *Romancero de Romances Moriscos, compuesto de todos los de esta clase que contiene el Romancero General, impreso en 1614.* Por Don Agustín Durán. (Collection of Moorish Romances, consisting of all those of that class contained in the *Romancero General*, printed in 1614.) Small 8vo. Madrid. 1828.

To every attentive observer Spain must appear a great moral phenomenon, from the impress which in her genius and character she exhibits of other times. The influence of events, which are but dimly seen through the mist of ages, is too conspicuous to be mistaken: it is as perceptible as the traces of the volcanic lava on the natural plain; it is deeply and indelibly stamped on her moral constitution. The proud and unbending Roman, the gloomy and destroying Goth, the fiery and enthusiastic Moor,

have not swept over her: fertile fields in vain: they have left behind them memorials of their existence and domination, which have survived the wreck of time, and which, amidst the rise and fall of kingdoms and dynasties, appear like so many monuments overlooking the universal waste, and exulting in the consciousness of being little less than imperishable. Thus it is, that while the artificial forms of society are soon scattered over the immensity of human existence, and lost in the distance, the substance to which they adhere can perish only when a repetition of mighty shocks has separated and dispersed its tenacious particles.

Among the objects which bear the national moral impress, Spain can present none so deeply marked as her ancient poetic literature. By the term *ancient* we do not allude to the period of the Roman, nor even to that of the Gothic domination, prior to the fall of Roderic. The former is as well known as it ever can be to all who have any acquaintance with classical antiquity: of the latter, time has spared but few poetic monuments, and those few are not national: they were chiefly raised by obscure ecclesiastics—not on the everlasting foundations of nature and truth, but on the praise of scholastic dogmas or of ascetic observances. Hence, as they contained little either of imagery or of feeling, they were quietly consigned to the dust of monastic libraries, to slumber in eternal oblivion. But the period to which we do allude, is that of the Moorish rule, from the commencement of the eighth to the close of the fifteenth century.

It must not, however, be supposed that Spain, under the first Gothic dynasty, was without her popular songs: such a supposition would be contrary to all human experience. The state of society then existing was in a high degree favourable to the composition of such as recorded the praises of the brave. The powerful vassals of the crown—too powerful to be controlled by an elective monarch, whose prerogatives were neither numerous nor great—were always at war with one another, if not summoned to repel some foreign aggressor. They acknowledged no law beyond that of brute force: they were bound by no tie beyond that of interest or passion. Not only was the royal authority too weak to restrain them from disturbing the public peace, but the church, potent as it was afterwards to become, had but a feeble hold on their consciences and fears. Though the fierce Goth might sometimes bend to her entreaties (and to her honour be it said, that such entreaties were frequent) he would have scorned threats which she had no power to execute. Hence the collision of rival views and the daring enterprises which called forth into vehement action those mental energies that slumber in scenes of tranquillity: hence those spirit-stirring events which cast the brilliant

tints of romance over the surface of life; and hence that highly-wrought enthusiasm, engendered by a mind concentrating its faculties in the pursuit of a given object, which smiles at difficulties the most formidable, and shrinks not even from impossibilities. Such a state of society *must* have been adorned by popular songs: deeply excited feeling would not have been expressed by ordinary language: it would assume a new elevation: it would wrap itself in a diction at once vigorous and striking: it would become poetry—not that poetry perhaps which delighted in fertility of fancy, or in splendour of imagery; but that which exhibited a faithful, animated picture of such events as were known to every one who listened to its strains. If those strains have not been wafted to our ears on the wings of time, it is because they have been drowned by the more recent, more lofty, and doubtless more thrilling notes of the heroic muse, during the chivalrous contests between the followers of the crescent and the cross.

It was, indeed, after the invasion of the Moors, that the national poetry assumed a new, a higher, and, we may add, a holier character. This improvement was generated by a new state of society. Other passions and interests were brought into action; and the arena of contention began to exhibit greater variety and animation. To courage panting for distinction; to ambition grasping at honours and dignities; to love yearning for the possession of its object, and to revenge thirsting for the blood of its victim, were added the nobler feelings of kindred, of country, and of religion. Then patriotism learned to groan at the bondage of relatives, friends, countrymen; and zeal to burn for the destruction of God's impeachable enemies. The addition of two such powerful motives—the most powerful that can actuate the mind of man—could not fail to produce effects at once great and wonderful. They nerved the hero's grasp, and gave vigour to each mortal thrust; they armed youth and age in the sacred contest; they inspired confidence here and hope hereafter; they swelled the song of triumph, and consoled the heart under defeat; and they invested him who fell in so holy a cause with all the glory of martyrdom. Hence fatigues, dangers and death became objects of desire rather than of aversion, as so many resistless claims to the esteem of the bold, to the love of the fair, and to the especial favour of heaven. The union of passions thus fearfully enhanced—the persuasion, that cruelty the most revolting was no more than righteous justice—at first produced deeds of blood at which the heart sickens. But the dark stain was soon washed out by the pure touch of humanity: the deeply breathed curse of revenge, and the loud yell of bigotry, were silenced by the admiration which the nobler qualities of our nature never fail to inspire even

in minds the most implacable. The Christian could not behold, without esteem, the dauntless valour, the romantic generosity, and the chivalrous honour of the Moor; nor could the Moor witness unmoved the heroic, nay superhuman efforts of the Christian, in defence of his country and her altars; his devotion to a cause which in human eyes appeared desperate and hopeless; the bold defiance which a handful of men threw in the faces of a host; nor the scorn with which they refused to surrender, or to flee when their destruction seemed inevitable. During the continuance of a truce or a peace, the two enemies at length laid aside their mutual antipathies, and associated freely with each other. Their aim was now—not which should exhibit the greatest valour, but which should vanquish the other in courtesy and magnanimity. They fought at the same tourney; they met at the same table; they shared the same tent. Mahometans and Christians often followed the same chief in pursuit of the common enemy; the same hero, whether Moor or Castilian, was often the pride of both nations; few indeed were the more illustrious warriors of the latter who had not acquired much of their fame under the ensigns of the prophet; in contests especially, where the interests of religion were not vitally concerned, (and many such took place among the numerous independent, or at least nominally independent, sovereigns of the peninsula,) the heroes of both volunteered their services as honour or inclination led: often was Moor banded against Moor, and Spaniard against Spaniard. Individuals of the opposite creeds were frequently joined by the closest bonds of friendship; nay, the Moorish maiden had often a Christian lover, and the high-born Castilian dame did not always turn a deaf ear to the sighs of the gallant and chivalrous infidel. When the trumpet again called into mortal strife the warriors of the rival nations, that strife no longer possessed its reckless character; the battle-field became an arena on which both parties met, not only to prove their courage, but to display their generosity, and to win the esteem of each other.

This is not an imaginary picture of the state of the two hostile nations during the greater portion of the seven hundred and seventy-seven years, which elapsed from the first efforts of Taric to the flight of the Baby King from Grenada. The courtesy of the old Spaniards to the enemies of the cross has greatly scandalized the orthodox historians of that nation, who seldom dwell on it, and never even allude to it without evident pain; most readily would they consign it to everlasting oblivion, if it were not too closely interwoven with historic events to remain wholly unnoticed.

We may safely affirm, that no other country ever exhibited a

period so fruitful in all that can inspire the heroic muse, as the one we have mentioned. Then blazed out the mighty passions, the flames of which were constantly fed by a deeply excited enthusiasm; then arose the strife of elements, the collision of which produced one universal tempest;—the lover's ardour; the warrior's quenchless glow; the imperious claims of honour and of friendship; the deadly workings of jealousy and revenge; the thirst for plunder, especially for the possession of beautiful captives; the fierceness and intolerant zeal which, in spite of the courtesies of chivalry, would often break out; the shouts of triumph; the lamentations of despair. All these would form subjects for the heroic muse, and would constitute the chief entertainment of nobles and people. That verses recording the romantic adventures and gallant achievements of the great and the valiant were sung by wandering minstrels at a very early period, is indisputable, not only from the uninterrupted voice of tradition, but from the evidence they internally bear of other and remote times. The exploits of Bernardo del Carpio, of Fernan Gonzalez, of the Cid Rodrigo, and of many other characters distinguished in Spanish history, were the theme of innumerable ballads, which were probably composed soon after the death of those heroes.

But historic personages were not the only ones that figured in the ancient ballads of Spain; there were also the fabulous heroes of chivalry, whose fame has spread over most European countries. The twelve peers of France, the renowned Knights of Arthur's Court, Amadis de Gaul, the mad Orlando, the faithful Durandarte, the famed Gayferos, the Moorish Bravonel, and all who have obtained any noted celebrity in chivalric lore, have from time immemorial been made the subjects of romantic songs among the imaginative inhabitants of the Peninsula. These compositions, which are termed *Romances Caballarescos*, to distinguish them from the *Romances Historicos*, are doubtless of equal antiquity with the latter, the subjects of which are the personages of authentic history. They are indebted for their versification only to the Spaniards. The personages to whom they relate, and the events with which they are filled, were known at the same time in other countries; and from other countries they were unquestionably derived. From what common original source the scattered remains of this fabulous lore sprung, it would now be vain to inquire: it is a problem, the solution of which has baffled the ingenuity of the acute, and the researches of the learned. Nor is it easy to account for the facility with which they were transported from kingdom to kingdom. Neither the pilgrims who journeyed to distant shrines, and repaid the hospitality of their hosts by legendary tales, nor the wander-

ing minstrels who lived by their trade, can be supposed to have possessed much knowledge of languages; they could scarcely have introduced those tales into other kingdoms, though they may have greatly assisted in dispersing them through their own. The difficulty may be partially solved by the assumption—not wholly gratuitous—that the intercourse between foreign courts, and especially between the bards who accompanied their patrons to those courts, may have served greatly to disseminate the same lore over so wide an extent. But perhaps to all these causes united, and certainly to other means of communication, which formerly existed among nations, must be attributed this almost universal diffusion of chivalric romance.

Though martial deeds and romantic adventures were the favourite, they were not the only subjects of Spanish song. That nation had its troubadours, whose occupation or enjoyment it was—not to encourage the brave to the battle field, but to entertain lordly knights and gentle dames, in court, in hall; and in bower. They flourished—not amidst the clangor of arms, but in the tranquil bosom of peace. This at least is true, as applicable to the hireling professors of the art; but it had others, who were above the ordinary rewards bestowed on the former—others who were among the noblest in birth, and the bravest in arms. It often happened, indeed, that the same voice which loudly cheered the bold to the deadly fight, “forgot its thunders” at the festive board, and chaunted the sweetest strains to the soft lute or harp. So numerous in the fourteenth century were the professors of the *Gaya Ciencia*—in Spain at least—that scarcely a courtier or knight could be found who did not “make verses to his mistress’ eye-brow.” But this was no more than a fashionable mania, confined to the great, and which the people in general neither understood nor regarded. It led to abuse; it produced effeminacy; and in time became disreputable: it was considered too degrading to be longer cherished by any one who would be thought valiant; and was in consequence abandoned to the lowest jugglers. But though the profession itself could never become national, nor exist long in a country so martial, which continually reflected the splendours elicited from the collision of the Christian sword and the Moorish scymitar, it was not without its share of influence on the popular taste: it was unquestionably one of the causes that gave birth to a species of poetic composition, in some respects distinct from the *new octosyllabic romance*.

This new species combined the *narrative* of the ancient historical and romantic ballads with the more *plaintive* and *amatory* tone of the troubadours. But it did not imitate the animated transitions and noble simplicity, which constitute the great charm

of the former, and which bear the unerring stamp of antiquity. It assumed a diction equally splendid and harmonious: it first created and then invested that creation in a rich and brilliant garb. It presents us with the adventures of the gallant and the fair, whose actions and conversation it envelopes in the mantle of a bright, and frequently luxurious imagination. It contains, indeed, less of nature than of art—less of real life than of that which fancy creates for her own amusement: its personages are not human beings, such as we see in the world, but such as those with whom the same power peoples the boundless waste of possible existence.

These romances—the same in measure as the old ballads—have ever been considered by Spanish critics as the best portion of their literature. “They contain,” says Quintana, (*Poesias Selectas Castellanas*, tom. i. p. 81) “expressions of greater beauty and energy, touches of greater delicacy and ingenuity, than all the rest of our poetry. The Moorish romances, especially, are written with a vigour and sweetness of style that absolutely enchant us. Those customs, in which valour and love were so agreeably united, those Moors at once so singular and devoted, that country at once so beautiful and delightful, those names at once so sonorous and melodious—all contribute to give both novelty and poetic splendour to the compositions in which they are found. In process of time, however, poets became tired of investing gallantry in a Moorish habit, and they adopted the pastoral. Then to defiances, cavalcades, and devices, succeeded the fields, streams, flowers, and characters cut in the bark of trees; and what by this change was lost in force was gained in sweetness and simplicity.”

However much we may feel disposed to agree with the critic in his observations on the Moorish romances, we must protest against the praise which he bestows on the pastoral. Of all the compositions in the language, excepting perhaps such as are professedly religious or didactic, none appear to us so wretchedly inanimate—so lamentably deficient in all that can interest the reader. The world has had enough of sighing gales, of murmuring brooks, and of beautiful landscapes; nor is it willing to hear more of loving turtles, even though the despairing shepherd, envious of their felicity, should pelt them with stones. On such subjects nothing new has been said or written for the last eighteen hundred years; nor can human ingenuity discover an image which has not been repeatedly used to illustrate rural life. In fact, pastoral poetry in Spain, as in most other countries, is an exotic, which no labour or talent could render national. The taste for it, which prevailed so generally from the age of Lope de Vega, was derived from Italy; and the minds over which it

exercised any considerable influence; were, with a very few exceptions, cold, languid, lifeless, and destitute of both invention and feeling. The same censure might justly be applied to the larger portion of the Spanish lyric poetry.

The new romances soon banished the yet lingering lays of the troubadours, and became so popular, that they constituted the favourite amusement, not only of the more exalted classes, but of the humbler citizens, although the peasantry never lost their attachment to the more ancient and simple effusions of the early national muse—the historical and romantic ballads. The former were sung in the streets by night as well as by day, accompanied by the sound of the harp or the guitar. The taste for them became not merely a passion, but a rage, far beyond what we of the north could ever have dreamed. Of this fact sufficient evidence may be collected both from the early dramatists of Spain, and from that enthusiastic love of song which, though recent political events have considerably cooled it, is still cherished by the majority of the people.

Of the Spanish poetry then, the species we should regard as more peculiarly national is that of the *ancient* historic and romantic ballads,* as we think there is a great distinction between them and those that began to be composed in the latter portion of the sixteenth century, which, however good in themselves, and even popular, bear not the same characteristic features. The ballads that relate to the early heroes of Spain differ greatly in manner from those of which more modern personages are the subject. If the former have all the varied animation and touching simplicity we have assigned to them, it must be admitted that they have likewise the characteristic rudeness of times when gross superstition and barbaric fierceness held their iron sceptre over the human mind; as bearing the impress of those times, they strike us, with all their roughness, and destitute, as they indisputably are, of imagery and harmony, to be peculiarly interesting. The latter have every mark of an age considerably improved: they exhibit a taste more refined, a language more polished, a versification more studied, an imagination more expanded and luxuriant: they may boast of a fable more artfully combined, and an elegance of which the rude but strong-minded minstrels of the middle ages could form no conception. Both descriptions of song have thus their peculiar advantages; if the one has all the simplicity of nature, the other has all the gracefulness of art.

* The only exception is the *Poema del Cid*, which is indeed as national, though probably not so ancient as the ballads here alluded to. We forbear, however, to notice it further, both because it is too long for our present purpose, and because it is comparatively well known to the reader.

Much, however, as we have alluded to the comparative antiquity of the Spanish ballads and romances, we have no means of ascertaining the era when these anonymous effusions appeared. We have supposed that many of them may be referred to a date immediately subsequent to the death of the heroes whose actions they relate. But all have been so modernized, probably from age to age, that no internal evidence is afforded by the language as to the point in question: yet from their style, their manner, their general tone, and from a careful comparison of them with those of a date confessedly much more modern in the *Romancero General*, there is sufficient ground for the supposition we have hazarded.

Some Spanish writers, considering the prodigious number and intrinsic merit of these popular songs, have not hesitated to claim for their countrymen a decided superiority of *innate* poetic fancy over all other modern nations. They would almost have us believe that the children of the Peninsula, like those of a city in Khorassan, mentioned by Arabshah, can neither cry nor lisp in ordinary measures or tones. We may smile at their harmless vanity; for had they but taken the pains to examine a little more deeply, they would assuredly have paused before they would have suffered it thus to commit them. They would have seen, that as man himself is but the creature of circumstances, so his thoughts, his disposition, his character, depend for their formation on contingent influences; that any peculiarity in these must be owing to causes equally peculiar; and that the same relation exists in nations as in individuals. They would have seen that if Spanish intellect has been more fertile in such productions than that of other countries, it is because the propensity for them has been generated, nurtured and matured by events which no other country has witnessed. To that stirring spirit of independence which raged first amidst the depths of the Asturias, and afterwards on the plains of Leon and Arragon; to that burning zeal for religion, which dangers, defeats, toils, and death could not extinguish; to that martial intrepidity which never shrunk from the contest with foes not less brave, and beyond measure superior in numbers; to that extraordinary excitement which a life so diversified with defeat and victory, with action and repose, with disappointment and hope, with sorrow and joy, must necessarily have produced; to that intercourse, whether of peace or war, which then subsisted between the contending nations; to the ardent friendships and still more ardent antipathies of both; to that life of wild and restless adventure which was the common lot of the warriors; to that chivalrous spirit which animated both Christian and Moor on the battle-field and domestic hearth: and more than all, to that spirit of gallantry which prompted every one in

every possible way to win the favour of his lady-love;—to all these, and not to any *innate* superiority of fancy, is Spain indebted for her inimitable ancient songs. She is not a whit more imaginative by nature than some other countries; nay, we doubt if her propensity to such songs be so strong as that of the old Scandinavian and Teutonic nations. And we would observe, that to the same sources is she in like manner indebted for that fondness for romantic adventures, for that tone of chivalrous feeling, for that Gothic mode of thinking, for those habits everywhere else exploded, for that attachment, in short, to whatever is antiquated—which have long stamped her as a nation at once highly interesting, and strangely peculiar to the rest of Europe.

An author who is entitled to the highest respect, and from whom no one will dissent but with diffidence in all matters of this kind, (Dr. Southey, in his Introduction to the Chronicle of the *Cid*), has passed a censure on the Spanish heroic ballads, which has surprised us, in common with every admirer of that branch of the national literature. When he characterises them as comparatively worthless, and as beyond measure inferior to those which our own country has produced, he can scarcely stand clear of the charge of being actuated by very strong prejudice. That their merits have been overrated, is possible enough; but that they are at all inferior to our own, is an assertion, to say the least of it, startling. It should be remembered that any comparison instituted between them *here* is likely to be to the advantage of one side. As Englishmen, we must naturally feel a much higher degree of interest in whatever relates to the personages and events of our own history than to those of other nations. Putting this feeling aside, we have little hesitation in saying that the compositions in question are even superior to ours.

Of the estimation in which the ballads of Spain have never ceased to be held, not in that country only, but throughout the greater part of civilized Europe, no better proof can be produced than the number of compilations of them, from the first publication of the *Cancionero General*, in 1511, to the appearance of the three works at the head of our present article.

Of these, the first contains but a small proportion of the ancient ballads and romances. It embraces a much wider range: it exhibits by appropriate extracts a comprehensive view of Spanish poetry generally, from Berceo to what Spaniards call the Augustan era of their literature—that is, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, though, by the way, we do not see how pieces of so recent a date can come under the description of *Antiguas Rimas*. The compiler has classed the subjects in each of the three volumes under the heads of *Rimas Sacras*, *Doctrinales*, *Amorosas*, *Festivas*, &c. In our opinion, he shows a lamentable

want of taste both in his arrangement and selections. The *religious* and *didactic* departments (which constitute the greater portion of each volume) we have already characterised as wretchedly inanimate. Peculiar dogmas of faith, inculcated in a style sometimes, it must be owned, exquisite, but in a manner at once drowsy and childish; trite maxims, heavily and pedantically enforced,—are verily the worst pieces he could have chosen. Had he restricted himself to the national poetry, and to some of the better lyrics, his collection would have been invaluable. But on the whole, it is not without its attractions; nor are its contents wholly unknown to the English reader, since it is the source from which Mr. Bowring has drawn the materials for some of his interesting and spirited translations.

In thus expressing our honest opinion as to the injudicious arrangement Mr. Böhl de Faber has adopted, and the comparative worthlessness of his religious and didactic selections, we would not have it supposed that our censure is applicable to every individual piece. On the contrary, a few of them are distinguished by great sweetness and simplicity. Others, again, are highly interesting, not as poetical effusions, but as monuments of a dark and credulous age. Such are the extracts from Berceo, to which we shall hereafter advert.

The collection of Mr. Depping (No. 2.) is restricted to the Historic, Chivalric, and Moorish romances of Spain. And as the selection has been made with great judgment, we need scarcely add that it will be found in a high degree interesting. The only fault we are disposed to find with it (except, indeed, the extreme incorrectness of the text,*) is one not very common in this book-making age—namely, its scantiness. This circumstance is the more surprising, when regard is had to the prodigious quantity of materials from which such compilations may be formed. Neither is this volume unknown to the English reader, since it is the one to which Mr. Lockhart is indebted for the subjects of his beautifully executed volume of Spanish ballads.

Señor Duran's publication (No. 3), which has just reached this country, contains all the Moorish romances which are to be found in the original *Romancero* of 1614. They amount to 208, and include 45 of the 54 which are given by Depping, besides nine or ten more which the latter had classed under other heads. The typographical execution of the work is respectable, and that

* In 1825, one of the Spanish Refugees republished in London, in two small volumes, the Historical and Chivalrous portions of Depping's collection, under the title of "*Coleccion de los mas célebres Romances Antiguos Españoles, Historicos y Caballerescos, publicada por C. B. Depping, y ahora considerablemente enmendada por un Espanol Refugiado.*" This edition has the merit of being much more correctly printed than its prototype, and the Editor has, besides translating Depping's notes into Spanish, added several new ones of his own.

is all that can be said for it, for the arrangement is exceedingly absurd, and the notes of the Editor amount only to three or four of the most insignificant character. He proposes to reprint the other classes of the *Romancero* in a uniform size, should the present meet with encouragement.

To illustrate the view which we have taken of the ancient national poetry of Spain, we purpose, in our remaining space, to direct the reader's attention to a few of the more striking pieces. Our notice will be confined to such as are either wholly or but very imperfectly known by previous translations to persons unacquainted with the originals. We commence with the *historical*.

I. As, according to popular tradition, no man ever exercised over the destinies of his country an influence so peculiar as Don Roderic, who is often, but incorrectly, designated *the last of the Goths*, it might have been expected that he should be made the subject of numerous popular songs, and it is matter of surprise that so few are extant concerning him. Either the subject itself was too painful for patriotic contemplation, or time has shown less partiality to them than to others which we might naturally suppose much inferior in point of interest. And of the five or six which have come down to us, all, *with one exception*, are evidently of so improved a stamp, that we are more inclined to regard them as comparatively *new* compositions, than as modernized versions of more ancient ballads. We think they cannot be referred to a period earlier than the fifteenth century.

The one which, from internal evidence, we have thus excepted, will be considered the more interesting from its having furnished Sir Walter Scott with the idea of the fearful yet magnificent scene in his "*Vision of Don Roderic*." Of this ballad we give as literal and close a version as possible. And we would here remark, once for all, that in the following translations we have been studious to avoid every thing like elegance, every thing that might remind us of later and more improved times. We have endeavoured to preserve, not merely the quaintness, but even the *rudeness* of the originals, from a conviction that no version could be faithful, which did not bear the impress of both these qualities.*

Don Roderic opens the House of Hercules.†

"The Spanish monarch, Don Rodrigo,
His chivalry to tourney calls; [mon
To grace his reign each knight doth sum-
Within Toledo's regal walls.

Within those walls is soon assembled
A host of sixty thousand spears;
And for the martial pastime anxious
Each gallant horseman then appears.

* We had the intention of accompanying these versions with the originals, but on reflection have abandoned it, as they would occupy too much space, and therefore content ourselves with referring to the sources where they may be found.

† *Depping*, No. 2, p. 4.—*Idem*, *London edit.*, vol. i. p. 4.

But first his vassals pray that monarch,
Like all his ancestors of yore,
To add another bolt of iron
To old Alcides' dreaded door.

No bolt would fasten Don Rodrigo,
But by his senseless avarice led,
Each massive lock he broke asunder
To see what treasures there were hid.

And now behind that ancient door
These awful words a tablet bore :

*' A king art thou for thy destruction,
' That enterest this dreary gloom,
' The monarch that this house doth open,
' His native Spain shall soon consume!'*

A chest of workmanship full costly
Behind a lofty pillar stood ;
Within were flags and banners many,
With figures strange to chill the blood.

Of Araby stood horsemen fearful,
Which halting seemed in their course,
And eke a sword from each suspended,
And rams were there of mighty force.

Now sore dismayed Don Roderic grew,
Nor dared he more those terrors view.
An eagle soon from heaven descended,
And soon by flames that scene was ended.

To conquer Afric's burning regions,
A numerous band that monarch sent ;
Of horsemen five and twenty thousand—
The whole a gallant armament.

That numerous band, so will'd Rodrigo,
Had brave Count Julian at their head,
Who in the raging deep embarked them
To follow whither glory led.

Of fair ships soon he lost two hundred,
Of galleys eke one hundred more ;
And of his troops four thousand only
Ever lived to reach the shore."

Among the early Spanish heroes, no one, save the ever-unrivalled Cid, is so famous in the history, real or fabulous, of the country, as Bernardo del Carpio. Accordingly we find that the ballads concerning him are as numerous as his adventures are singular and interesting.

Bernardo's origin is thus related. Alphonso the Chaste, say the chroniclers and romancers, had a sister, Donna Ximena, who, not having received from heaven the same precious gift as himself, secretly married Don Sancho Dias, the Count of Saldanha. But her pregnancy soon revealed the secret to the king. Whether moved by dislike of his brother-in-law, or incensed at the clandestine marriage, he compelled the infanta to take refuge in a cloister, imprisoned the daring count in the castle of Luna, and carried their infant Bernardo to be educated nobly in the Asturian court, not as the legitimate son of that princess, but as his own bastard. When the young prince arrived at mature years, he learned the secret of his birth from his grandmother, and henceforth he longed for the deliverance of his father, who still languished in prison. There is extant a pathetic lamentation of the count, who inveighs with no greater severity than justice against the implacable king, and the apparent indifference of his son. That son, however, never lost sight of his filial duty: by the most signal and important services he hoped to bend Alphonso, and obtain the liberty of Don Sancho. At length, after a splendid victory over the French at the famous battle of Roncesvalles, he was permitted by the queen (for Alphonso, like our Edward the Confessor, *had* a wife) to appear at court, on her promising to intercede for the unfortunate count. There, how-

ever, he had the mortification to witness the ill success of her suit: "Queen," said the monarch, "trouble not thyself in vain: never will I release Don Sancho,—never will I break my vow." So sorely was she grieved, but her grief did not equal the anger of Bernardo. He resolved to demand himself his father's liberation, and if unsuccessful, to effect it by force of arms. He recapitulated his well-known services, as the price of which he solicits his boon. "I wish not to offend you, king, but I must complain that, while I am fighting for you, my father lies in prison." "Be silent, Don Bernardo!" replied the other, "and I will do thine asking. Before mass is said to-morrow in the church of St. John Lateran, thou shalt see thy father free." Morning came, and with it the fulfilment of the royal promise, but Don Sancho had no longer his eyes: they had been pulled out by the king's command. This act of cruelty destroyed the last remains of loyalty in the bosom of Bernardo: he now bent all his thoughts to revenge. The romance in which he rushes unbidden into the king's presence, and taxes that monarch with cruelty and ingratitude, is interesting enough to be laid entire before the reader. From an unwillingness to multiply our translations in verse, we give the present one in prose, which indeed is as good a medium for most of these narrative ballads as any combination of measured numbers could be.—(*Depping*, No. 25, p. 20. *London edit.* Vol. i. p. 49.)

"With only ten of his men, Bernardo, with hat in hand, and all meet reverence, sought the king (three hundred others had he placed outside the palace, and drawn up two deep.) 'Now ill luck to thee, thou traitor!' said the king, 'from traitorous parents art thou sprung, and in treachery wert thou begotten. So! thou hast driven Carpio into revolt, which thou holdest from me in fief. But be thou assured that I will have vengeance. Nothing strange is it that a traitor should beget a traitor: no need hast thou to seek excuses, for not a good one canst thou find.' Bernardo, who listened to all, replied with an angry look: 'Wickedly hath some one advised you, my king, and wicked is the tale. Well known it is that my father was a good man and true, and that in nothing was he behind your ancient race. And whoever saith that he was a traitor, is a liar, saving your royal person, who as king must be excepted. But with this vile name are my services rewarded; well would it be if they were better remembered. But it is the wont of the ungrateful, my king, to forget benefits, that the reward may be withheld. It is meet that ye be put in mind of one if ye forget the rest; ye remember when in the fierce battle of Romeral your horse was slain, and your person in great jeopardy; did not I, traitor as I am called, lend you my own, and free you from the peril? For which thing ye promised, with sweet words, to restore me my father alive, and without hurt. Ill have ye fulfilled your royal word and promise, and little faith have ye as a king: for well ye know that through you he

died in prison.* But were I the son I ought to be, his death should ye see to your cost: and revenge it I will in a manner that shall trouble you sore.' 'Seize him! seize him!' cried the king, 'my knights there, kill that unmanly caitiff who doth thus insult me!—Seize him! seize him!' still shouted the king; but no one obeyed; for all saw that Bernardo was wrapping his cloak round his arm, and laying hand on his sword, while he cried out; 'Let no man dare to stir a foot: I am Bernardo, and my sword doth not move even at a king's bidding. Well do ye know that it can cut, as ye have felt.' Seeing this dispute, the ten approach: they lay hand on their weapons—they loosen their cloaks—with great fury do they take their stand by Bernardo's side—and at the same time make signal to those without, who seize the gates of the palace, and shout 'Hurrah, for Bernardo! death to whoever doth offend him!' Their resolution saw the king, who, with smiling countenance, thus spake: 'What I said to you in jest as true have ye taken!' 'I do take it as jest, my king!' replied Bernardo, as he left the hall, without deigning a salute. With him retire the three hundred, in gay and gallant show, with cloaks unloosened, and their shining arms displayed. Thus did the king remain insulted, and thus was his injustice punished."

"Like a frank and true knight," says the romance, Bernardo next visited his father's grave, to whose shade he vowed vengeance on King Alphonso. He then journeyed to Grenada, to enter into an alliance with the Moorish king, Muza. The reception which the latter gave him is the best illustration we could offer of the courtesy that we asserted to have existed between the hostile nations. "Muza embraced him, and said, 'Although thine enemy, much have I longed to have thee for my friend; and now, since heaven hath heard my prayer, embrace me likewise, and command me as thou wouldst thy veriest menial. And if at any time thou find me false, may heaven and all God's creatures fail me!'"—(*Depping*, No. 22, p. 29.—*Lond. edit.* vol. i. p. 57.)

This is the last of the romances we have been able to consult respecting this hero. The chronicles say that he was defeated by Alphonso, and compelled to retire to France, where he ended his days. There is no doubt that much of the preceding romance, as well as of all those which relate to him generally, is mere fable. Some of the best Spanish critics, indeed, such as Pellicer, Mantuano and Mondejar, go so far as to deny his existence; and they found their incredulity on the total silence of contemporary writers. Others again, of equal eminence, contend that this negative argument is of no weight, and that this silence is capable of satisfactory explanation, from the fear those writers had of incurring the royal displeasure by dwelling on a subject

* Don Sancho Dias is said, by some accounts, to have died blind in prison; by others after his restoration to liberty: all, however, agree in assigning, as the cause of his death, his cruel deprivation of sight.

so delicate. In our opinion no rational doubt can be entertained of his existence, nor of some of his bravest actions; but so confused are the places, and above all the dates—the events of the reign of Alphonso the Great, who died in 910, being confounded with those of Alphonso the Chaste, who died in 845—that to separate the true from the fabulous would be a hopeless attempt.

The next celebrated hero of Spanish romance—we mean the next in order of time—is Fernan Gonzalez, first Count of Castile, whose adventures are no less extraordinary than those of Bernardo del Carpio. For his matchless valour he had been placed over the newly formed Countship, which—as its domains were contiguous to the Moorish states, and in consequence continually exposed to hostile aggressions—was to serve as a bulwark to all Christian Spain.

The chronicles assure us that the count was an especial favourite of heaven. On the eve of his battle with Almansor, A. D. 952, he retired to a hermitage near his camp, and there passed some time in prayer. The anchorite at length accosted him, and exhorted him to confidence, for that God would assuredly give his handful of men the victory over the countless hosts of the enemy. The prediction was verified by the splendid events of the following day: the infidels being routed with great slaughter. Some time after, the same King of Cordoba invaded his domains with a still mightier army. To resist the approaching torrent, Gonzalez had only 15,000 infantry, and 450 horsemen; yet did he resolve to hazard an engagement. He visited the same hermitage, but the holy Pelayo had passed to a better life. Equally disappointed and afflicted, he entered the chapel, and while praying on the tomb of the anchorite, he felt so sudden and supernatural a confidence, that he arose, hastened to his troops, harangued them, promised them the victory, and after an obstinate struggle completely annihilated the formidable army of Almansor.

Of the numerous ballads relating to this hero, the most interesting are those which recount the particulars of his two escapes from captivity. The count being a widower, accepted the proposal made by the kings of Leon and Navarre, of a marriage with Donna Sancha, the sister of the latter—a proposal, however, in which perfidy had more to do than good faith. Having no reason to distrust the King of Navarre, he went to Pampeluna, attended by an inconsiderable escort, to receive the hand of the infant; but there he was seized, and closely confined in prison. The manner in which he was visited by a pilgrim knight from Normandy, who afterwards repaired to Donna Sancha, and prevailed on her to attempt his escape; how she effected her purpose,

and fled with him in the darkness of night; how, though unarmed and fettered, he yet punished a reverend hunter, who would have forced her; and how the fugitives at length fell in with the vassals of the count, who were marching to the succour of their lord, may be seen in a highly interesting ballad in Mr. Lockhart's collection. Another ballad representing the consternation of the Castilians on learning the detention of their hero, and their vow to release him, is not less striking.

"All swore with one accord that they would never return to Castile without their lord the count. His image carved in stone they drag on a sledge, and vow that if *that* do not turn back, no more will *they*: whoever moves one foot backwards shall be held a traitor—an agreement to which all swore by holding up their right hands. Having saluted the image, they hung their banner from it, and all kissed its hand, from the babe to the old man. And like good vassals, as they are, they march towards Alarcon: they leave Burgos empty of people, and the villages round about: only women and children stay behind."

Before, however, they entered the Navarrese dominions they meet their count and his lady. "Whence come ye, my Castilians? tell me, for God's sake! Why leave ye my castles a prey to Almansor?" "My lord!" replied Nuno Laynez, "we were in search of you, resolved either to be taken or killed, or set ye free!" All joyfully returned to face the King of Cordoba.—(*Depping*, No. 25, p. 35.—*London edit.* vol. i. p. 70.)

The second imprisonment of the count was at the instance of the King of Leon. The countess, Donna Sancha, soon heard of the misfortune; but instead of wailing, as other women would have done, she set her wits to work how to release him a second time. Feigning a pilgrimage to Santiago, in Galicia, she passed through Leon, and obtained the king's permission to see her beloved lord. With great difficulty she prevailed on him to exchange garments with her, and to escape by means of the horses which she had prepared for him. The king, Don Sancho, hesitated some time whether he should punish or reward the artifice of the heroine: at length, says the chronicler, remembering that he was a knight before he became a king, he not only released her, but praised her constancy of affection, and honourably restored her to her husband at the court of Burgos.

Much of the history of Fernan Gonsalez is as apocryphal as that of Bernardo. It is, however, indisputable, that there existed a hero of that name, who was the scourge of the Moors, and who from his victories acquired the name of *Great*. And, doubtless, when we consider the state of society in Spain during the middle ages, we should not hastily condemn as fictions, events which appear to us improbable and romantic. What is probable and natural in one age, may seem the reverse in another. And let

us not forget, that the only standard by which the credibility of historic actions can be measured, is the genius, the character, and the habits of the people among whom those actions are reported to have passed.

The Cid, Rodrigo de Bivar, will complete the trio of illustrious Spanish heroes. Of this wonderful personage more than a hundred popular ballads (of which almost all are in Depping's Collection) are extant, besides the metrical chronicle which bears his name. They record the minutest details of his life, from his infancy to his death in Valencia: nay, they acquaint us with some astounding things which occurred afterwards. As, however, enough is known of this pride of Spain, especially since Dr. Southey's publication of the Chronicle just mentioned, we shall content ourselves with noticing only one of the romances concerning him; but that one is not the least interesting. It is the last of a series, which embraces the greater part of the eleventh century; it records a miracle which happened to a Jew who dared to stretch forth an impious hand towards the beard of the dead Cid.*—(Depping, No. 131, p. 185,—*Lond. edit.* vol. ii. p. 111.)

The Cid's Corpse and the Jew.

“Within St. Peter's holy walls
Embalm'd the corse remain'd
Of the victor Cid, who never did
To Moor or Christian bend.
At King Alphonso's word that corse
To sit erect is made:
Still ever seem those members shewn
In knightly garb array'd.
Uncover'd was that victor's face;
Its look was fix'd and grave;
And eke his beard so long appear'd,
That reverence more it gave.
His trusty sword, Tizona call'd,
Is sheathed at his side.
‘He doth but dream!’—might all men
deem,
‘Still breathes he in his pride!’
And now seven years are past and gone,
Since he was seated there:
And for this knight, in glory bright,
Is held a feast each year.
To see that knight's most noble corse,
Flock all, whate'er betide;
And in his praise, a feast they raise,
Without where he doth bide.

Alone remains that noble corse,—
No living thing is near;
For all who hie the dead to spy,
Do quickly disappear.
‘Mongst others came a certain Jew,
Who to himself thus spake:—
‘Is this that wight, who in his might,
‘Ere made the stoutest quake?
‘Tis said, that in his living days,
‘No man his beard might touch;
‘But now he's dead—his spirit's fled—
‘May I not dare as much?—
‘Can this same grinning Philistine
‘Make me the deed repent?
‘Now, Moses, see, if yet that he
‘The insult may resent!’
Outstretch'd that Jew his impious hand,
To do as he had said;
When—strange to say!—that corse doth
lay
Its hand upon the blade,
And drew Tizona forth a palm!—
The Jew he trembled sore!
With one loud yell he backward fell,
Upon the paved floor.

* The procession of the Cid's corpse on horseback, completely armed, according to his dying injunction, from Valencia to the Church of St. Peter de Cardona, and the terror which his presence struck into the Moors, who fancied him still alive; and precipitately fled as the corpse passed on, are probably known to the reader.

How long or short e'en know not I,
 That Jewish fellow lay,
 But he is found upon the ground,—
 His wits are swoon'd away!
 O'er his pale face is water pour'd,
 His senses to recall,
 And each doth yearn from him to learn,
 What hap might him befall.
 'What fearful thing can so have wrought
 'On thee, thou troubled Jew?'
 With readiness doth he confess
 The truth of all he knew.

Now for this wondrous miracle
 To God be praise decreed,
 That he his own hath not forgot,
 But in his grace hath freed
 From that Jew man's unholy hands
 The ever honour'd dead.
 A Christian soon that Israelite,
 And soon a priest also,
 Within St. Peter's holy walls
 God's mysteries doth show:
 And to the end his days doth spend,
 Observant of his vow."

II. The *Romances Caballerescos* are, we think, even superior in attraction to those on which we have just dwelt. They are, as before observed, fragments of that chivalric lore which once formed the delight of most European nations, but the vestiges of which have long ceased to be discernible in living tradition.

Of this class Depping presents us with fewer specimens than we had a right to expect; but as those few are, without exception, interesting, we will not quarrel with him. Among them we have the bitter reproaches of the Moorish King, Marsin, to the Prophet Mahomet, as that king fled, sore and bleeding, from the famous field of Roncevalles:

"I deny thee, Mahomet, and it repenteth me of all I have done for thee. Did I not make thee a silver body,—hands and feet of the finest marble? And to honour thee the more, did I not furnish thee with a head of gold? A house, too, I built for thee at Mecca, where thou mightest be adored. And did I not devote to thy service 70,000 horsemen, and my queen 30,000 more?"—(Depping, No. 3, p. 254.—*Land. edit.* vol. ii. p. 246.)

Then we have Rosa Florida, who rejected the suit of seven counts and three dukes for the love she bore to the gallant Montesinos, and who sent an offer of herself and her seven castles to the favoured hero. Then we have Durandarte, who though distrustful of his fair one's constancy, was faithful to the last, and who, in dying, charged Montesinos to convey his heart to his beloved Belerma. Then we have the damsel whom one of the king's knights robbed, and who, having begged the loan of the robber's knife, stabbed him to the heart, and thereby revenged the death of her parents and brothers, slain by the same knight. Here we read the baptism and death of King Agrican—there the exploits of the renowned Gayferos. Here we have the Moor Bravonel feasted by King Marsilio, before his departure for France; his apostrophe to the waters of the Ebro, to bear his tears to his beloved Guadalajara; the lamentations of that lady, who in her lover's absence, weaves a web allegorically descriptive of her constancy; his triumphant return, and his discovery of his

Guadalara seated in a balcony. Then we have Rugero, Medoro, Angelica, Orlando, and other well-known characters in the chivalry of the times.

The following ballad is one of the most interesting of the class under consideration.

THE PALMER.*

" From Merida, that city fair,
Issued a Palmer good;
And as he went, his feet were bare,
And eke his nails ran blood.

A habit vile that Palmer bore,—
If worth a groat, I lie—
But underneath it one he wore
Which might a city buy;

For never king nor emperor,
A suit so rich had on.—
To Paris went our traveller,
That gay and lordly town:

He asketh not for hostelry,
Nor auberge doth he name,
But where the palace proud might be
Of royal Charlemagne.

Before the gate in idle state
A porter is reclined:—
' Tell me, thou knave, I do thee crave;
' Where I the king may find!

The porter at the palace door
Look'd long and wondering:—
' How comes it that this pilgrim poor
' Should wish to see the king!

' Tell me, thou porter!' still he cried,
' And cease thy staring, man!'—
Then to the church he nimbly hied
Of St. John Lateran.

The mass a grave archbishop reads,
A cardinal likewise.
To the holy pile that pilgrim speeds,
To join the sacrifice.

That holy building entered—
Now hear what he hath done!—
To the Virgin pure he bends his head,
And her Almighty Son.

To the archbishop eke he bends,
The cardinal also:
God's minister he thus intends
To honour by his bow.

He bends him to that hero crown'd,
Who fills the lofty seat:
He bends him to the twelve around,
Who at one table eat.

But unto two he bendeth not,—
Now listen who they were!
The one Orlando named, I wot,
The other Oliver.

A nephew brave those heroes have,
In Moorish bonds, I ween:
The power is theirs, but neither stia
That kinsman to redeem.

When this the proud Orlando saw,
And Oliver the fierce,
With fury each his sword did draw,
That Palmer good to pierce.

That Palmer good undaunted stood,
And much he scorn'd to wend;
His pilgrim's stave did stoutly wave,
His body to defend.

Then loudly quoth that emperor,—
What quoth he shall be told,—
' Oh stay thee, stay thee, Oliver!
' And thou, Orlando, hold!

' This Palmer must a madman be,
' Or else of royal blood.'
His hand doth take that monarch free,
And question him he would.

' Sir stranger, I would know of thee—
' Of falsehood thou beware!—
' When hast thou past the rolling sea?—
' The year,—the month declare!

' Sir king, 'twas in the month of May—
' The time I know full well!—
' Sir king, 'twas in the month of May
' This chance to me befel.

' As in my father's garden I
' On the lone sea-shore play'd,
' The Moors came on me suddenly
' And to their ships convey'd.

' They bore me o'er the rolling sea,
' And to their princess led,
' Who, as she cast her eyes on me,
' Became enamoured.

' Sir king, what cheer did wait me there,
' To thee shall soon be said:
' By day I at her table sat,—
' By night I shared her bed.'

* *Depping*, No. 44, p. 305.—*Lond. edit.* Vol. ii. p. 354.

Out spake that good king merrily,

And what he spake was this :

' St. Mary ! such captivity

' Would no man take amiss !

' But tell me, sooth, thou Palmer youth,

' If I that place might win.'

' Oh go not there,—good king, beware !

' Oh go not there, good king !

' For Merida is great and strong,

' Not easy to subdue ;

' Three hundred forts its walls along

' Are wonderful to view.

' And of those forts, the least I fear

' A brave defence might make.'

Then out in scorn spake Oliver,—

In scorn Orlando spake.

' Sir king, this Palmer doth but lie ;

' He saith not what is true :

' Well mayst thou Merida defy,—

' Its forts are very few.

' Not ninety doth the place possess,

' And those unguarded are ;

' For neither chief nor soldiers rest,

' To wage defensive war.'

When this was told, that Palmer bold,

With ire began to frown ;

By fury craz'd, his fist he raised,

And knock'd Orlando down.

Then loud doth cry that monarch high—

For full of wrath is he,—

Among the chivalric ballads, we meet, as before observed, with some of our old acquaintances of King Arthur's court. The following very romantic one relates to the renowned Sir Lancelot, who was unrivalled by all but his peerless son, the successful hunter of the Sangreal ; and who was distinguished not only for every knightly accomplishment, but for every knightly virtue, except the injury he inflicted on his royal patron by his amours with Queen Guenever.

SIR LANCELOT AND THE DEER.*

" Three children had the king to weep,
Three children just had he,
Whom, in his anger, stern and deep,
He cursed recklessly.

Thus one a hunted stag becomes,
And one a dog, alas !
And one a darkened paynim roams
Who o'er the seas did pass.

' My provost there ! that fellow bear
' Unto the gallows-tree !'

Full readily the provost strives
That Palmer bold to hang,
Who at the gallows' foot arrives
And loudly doth harangue.

' Now shame be thine, thou murderous
' May evil thee attend ! [king !
' That to a death so lingering
' Thine only son dost send !'

The queen hath heard the culprit's moan,
And she hath come to see :

' Sir provost, let that man alone !
' No harm to him may be.

' If of a truth that comely youth
' Is mine own noble son,
' None can it hide, for on his side
' He bears a perfect moon.'

Unto the queen he soon is brought,
Who troubled is by anxious thought.

His habit vile they off him tore,—
If worth a groat, I lie ;—
But underneath it one he wore,
Which might a city buy.

His marked side now all have spied,
The prince they know full well !
And there is joy without alloy,
Such as may no man tell."

* *Depping*, No. 45, p. 307.—*London* edit. Vol. ii. p. 360. The first two stanzas have apparently little connexion with those which follow. Either they must have belonged to some other romance, or a chasm has been made in the present one by the loss of the connecting verses. This we think the more probable, as "the hunted stag" may be the same with "the milk-white-footed deer."

'But first a nuptial gift I claim,
'The milk-white-footed deer.'
'Lady! that beast so known to fame,
'Soon will I bring thee here.
'Would that I knew what place has got
'That milk-white-footed deer!
Now onward went Sir Lancelot,—
Onward that knight sans peer.
With him his hunting-equipage,
His dogs in leash had he;
And soon he reach'd a hermitage,
A hermit there to see.
'Now God thee save! thou stranger brave!
'Pass not my open door.
'A sportsman thou to me dost seem,
'Thy hunting dogs before.'
'Tell me, I pray, thou hermit gray,
'Who liv'st so holy here,
'Where I may wend, that beast to find,—
'The milk-white-footed deer!'

'Thou seest, my son, the night is come,—
'My guest remain till day;
'Soon shalt thou ween what I have seen,
'And eke what people say.
'Two hours before the dawn doth pass,
'That milk-white-footed deer:
'Seven lions and their dam, alas!
'With that strange beast appear.
'Dead on the ground seven counts are
'And many knights also. ffound,
'Now God thee save! thou hunter brave,
'Whitherso'er thou go!
'Whoever thee hath sent to see
'The milk-white-footed deer,
'Thy life would take, knight of the lake!
'As plainly doth appear.
'So thine be shame, thou wicked dame!
'May vengeance on thee light!
'Who with such joy didst here destroy
'This good and noble knight.'"

III. We give one more specimen of the romantic ballad,—a specimen, however, which has with equal propriety been termed *Moorish*. We may here remark that the classification of Spanish romances is very arbitrary; and that many which are arranged under one head might with equal propriety be transferred to another. This ballad will illustrate in a manner equally natural and striking the two predominant passions of a Moor—love and jealousy; and it will be difficult to say which of the two was more closely interwoven with his very being. It will also serve to confirm the justice of the preliminary observations we made as to the character of the contest between the Moorish and Christian nations, and the peculiar state of society which that contest generated and matured.

*The Moorish Knight and the Christian Princess.**

"With Galvan in his castle proud
Will Moriana play;
And both do name the royal game
The time to while away.
When'er the Moor that game doth lose,
A city's loss is his;
But when the maid,—he's overpaid
Her filly hand to kiss.
Well pleased at length that fiery Moor
Hath laid him down to sleep—
When soon, I ween, a knight is seen
Among those mountains steep.
His eyes in tears, his feet in blood,
Full sorrowful is he!
For princess high this knight doth sigh,
Fair Moriana she.

She captive by the Moors, was led
The morning of St. John,
As pass'd the hours while gathering flowers
That in her garden shone.
And now her eyes the princess raised,—
That knight she knows full well!
With radiance shone the tears which on
The Moor's dark visage fell.
Up starteth Galvan hastily,
Who thus to say begun:—
'Now, lady mine! what aileth thee?
'Who wrong to thee hath done?
'If of a Moor thou dost complain,
'The rash offender dies;
'If of thy damsels, noble dame!
'I them will soon chastise.

* Depping, No. 44. p. 381.

- ' And if the Christians thee do harm,
 ' My wrath on them shall light:
 ' My glory is in war's alarm—
 ' My pastime is to fight.
 ' The flinty rock my couch doth claim;
 ' I sleep with watchful eye!'—
 ' Not of thy brethren I complain;
 ' No Moor for me must die:
 ' Nor would I that my maidens good
 ' Through me should suffer ill,
 ' Nor would I that the Christians' blood
 ' Again thy hands should spill.
 ' But of this sorrow now so deep,
 ' The truth to thee I vouch;
 ' For know! among these mountains steep,
 ' I saw a knight approach.
 ' That knight, Sir Moor, full well I ween,
 ' My own betroth'd is like.'
 To raise his hand the Moor is seen,
 That princess sad to strike.
 His teeth which erst so white did show,
 With gushing blood are red;
 And at his beck his servants go,
 That lady to behold.
 And from the place where she must die,
 Her lover she espies;
 And in her mortal agony,
 With tenderness she cries:
 ' My death I view—a Christian true—
 ' Till now I ne'er confess'd,
 ' That you fair knight, my own delight,
 ' Doth rule within my breast.'

For further specimens of the Heroic and Romantic Ballads, we refer the reader to the collections of Messrs. Lockhart and Bowring. Before we conclude our observations, however, we will, in accordance with our promise, just advert to Gonsalo Berceo, the first *known* Castillian poet, who flourished, we would rather say *rhymed*, so early as the commencement of the thirteenth century.

Though legends of the saints, and miracles pretended to have been wrought at particular shrines, cannot with strict propriety be ranked among the ancient *national* poetry of Spain, some of them are too curious in themselves, and too remarkable from their antiquity, to be wholly overlooked, especially as the devout Spaniard regards them with a faith little short of that which has consigned martyrs to the stake.

The volume consigned to the labours of Berceo by Sanchez, in his *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al Siglo XV.*, contains some of the most amusing legends we have ever read. Here we have the devil taunting the good St. Millan with being too fond of female society: "Pretty religion, Millan!" says his infernal majesty, "thy grimaces end in something, however!—in diverting thyself with pretty women both by night and day!" "Thou liest!" replied the enraged saint, who soon compelled the deceiver to take to his heels. There we have the poor drunken monk, whom the devil attacked under three different figures—of a bull, a dog, and a lion; but whom the Virgin not only protected, but conducted to his own bed, and even smoothed his pillow for him.

Of the twenty-five miracles of Our Lady—all famous in their way—Mr. Böhl de Faber has transferred six from the work of Sanchez into his own. We present the reader with a version of one, which we have endeavoured to render as quaint and rude as the original itself; how we have succeeded we leave him to judge.

*A Miracle of Our Lady.**

" The convent to St. Michael raised, which men the Tomb do call,
Is great, and by the sea it is surrounded like a wall ;
And eke a barren place is it, and want doth oft betide
The holy brotherhood who in that burial-place reside.

Good odour had that convent isle, as divers yet can tell,
For all the monks that in it dwelt in virtue did excel :
An altar of the Virgin there,—where all the faithful pray'd,
And o'er it shone an image fair of costly substance made.

That image, as is wont to be, high on a throne was placed,
And in the arms an infant sweet the glorious mother graced :
Around her knelt the Eastern kings to bear her company,
'Tis Heaven's own Queen in glory bright, whom God doth sanctify.

That Queen so bright upon her head a crown as bright had she,
And o'er her face a veil so rich,—as rich as veil could be :
The whole of wondrous workmanship, and eke of wondrous pride,
By which the monks more favour won than any far and wide.

Before this holy image hung a fan of goodly size—
A *moscadero* it is called to drive away the flies :
Of peacocks' feathers eke was it—of feathers long and fine,—
Which like so many glorious stars to every eye did shine.

One day,—for so our sins decreed,—the bolt of heaven did fall;
And now the church in flames was wrapt, which blazed through every
wall ;

Burnt was each book that lay within, each holy vest also,
And eke the monks much trouble had to flee from such a woe.

On fire were closet, altar-front, beam, rafter, roof, and tile ;
On fire were chalice, candlestick, and cruse for holy oil ;
All, all, did blaze, from roof to floor, for so did God permit,
As other things permitteth He which in His eyes seem fit !

Yet though the fire consuming was, as fiercely it did blow.
Untouch'd was Our Sweet Lady's shrine, and her dear Infant too ;
And eke untouch'd the shining fan which, aye, did hang before ;
So that to none was damage done to grieve the faithful more.

Untouch'd both fan and image were, again do I declare,
And that to none was damage done, in value worth a hair ;
Nor either did the smoke annoy,—this of a truth I know,—
Nor did it injure more than me, the bishop, Don Tello.

Consumed was both the holy pile and that which it contain'd ;
Of ashes smoking on the ground a heap alone remain'd :
But round about that shrine so bright no furious flames did blare ;
No mischief did the fire—for why?—no mischief did it dare.

This miracle, which I have told, to all did wond'rous seem,
That neither fire nor smoke could touch heaven's rich and holy Queen;
Still brightly shone the peacock-fan,—more bright than starry flame,
More beauteous did the Child appear, more beauteous eke the Dame.

Now blessed be our Lady sweet, the lofty Queen of all!
As she her holy shrine did save from flames that erst did fall;
So may she all her servants save from such as never die,
And take us to her glory bright, which shines above the sky!"

Finally, we would observe, that a history at once comprehensive and philosophical—not of Spanish poetry only, but—of Spanish literature generally, is one of the greatest desiderata in the whole field of learning. We are almost afraid, however, to say that we think the task is beyond the capabilities of a native; and no foreigner could undertake it without previously spending some time in consulting the public and private libraries of Spain, as well as the treasures of her literature which have been accumulating in this country during the last fifteen years. We have understood that a Spanish translation of Mr. Bouterweck's History is now in preparation, with additions by a Spanish editor. We regret to hear of any attempt to raise a permanent superstructure on so flimsy a foundation; for we will take upon us to say, that M. Bouterweck's work is one of the most meagre and superficial that ever were put forth on a subject, which all who know any thing of it must admit to be one of pre-eminent interest.

- ART. IV.—1. *Den ældre Edda oversat og forklaret, ved Finn Magnusen.* (*The Elder Edda, translated and elucidated by Finn Magnusen.*) I fire binder. 8vo. Kjöbenhavn, 1821-23.
2. *Edda Sæmundar hins Fróða. Edda Rythmica seu antiquior, vulgo Sæmundina dicta, Pars III.—Accedit locupletissimum pristorum borealium theosophicæ mythologiæ Lexicon, &c.* (*The Edda of Sæmund the Learned. The Rythmic or elder Edda, commonly called Sæmund's. Part III. To which is added, a most copious Lexicon of the theosophical Mythology of the old inhabitants of the North.*) 4to. Havniæ, 1828.

At length the Arnæ-Magnæan Commission have completed their task of sending forth to the world the Edda of Sæmund, that genuine and venerable repository of the ancient religion of the Gotho-Germanic race. Three goodly tomes, in quarto, compose this temple raised by the taste and munificence of modern times, to the glory of the Aser, whom our pious ancestors held to rule from their lucid thrones over the destinies of the Northern world. Never work, from whatever cause, proceeded more slowly

from the press. "Forty and one years," may we say, somewhat like the Jews of old, "has this temple been in building," for from the appearance of the first volume, in 1787, to that of the present, just that space of time has elapsed.

For ourselves the appearance of this concluding volume has been most opportune. When we gave an account last year of the "Edda-doctrine and its Origin" of Finn Magnussen, we promised to take some future opportunity of initiating our readers in the theology, *i. e.* the history and characters of the gods of ancient Scandinavia, and we now feel ourselves enabled to accomplish that promise more completely than might otherwise have been the case; for appended to the three poems, which are all that this third part contains, is a most copious Mythological Lexicon, forming nearly three-fourths of the 1146 pages of which the volume consists.* Every thing to be found in Eddas or Sagas of the ancient North, in the historians, poets or antiquarians of modern Scandinavia—every thing in the literature of other countries and other languages, that can illustrate or explain the creed of his forefathers, has been collected in this Lexicon, by Finn Magnussen, with such extreme diligence and accuracy, that it would be the very *acmé* of presumption, if not of worse, in us to pretend to say that we could add any thing of consequence on any one subject. Our object, therefore, being less to display our own critical skill, than to call the attention and awaken the interest of our readers for this neglected branch of knowledge, we shall only seek to lay before them a sketch of a Northern Pantheon, taking our principal materials from the Mythological Lexicon, and interspersing our own occasional remarks as we proceed; for though at one with Mr. Magnussen respecting the hypothesis on which he founds his expositions, we are yet not fully agreed with him concerning the correctness of several of them. The subject being moreover one with which the generality of readers cannot be presumed to be very intimately acquainted, we shall give our legends at tolerable length, and we are happy to inform those whose courage may have quailed at our former article on Northern Mythology, that from the nature of its subject we expect the present one to prove of a much lighter and more readable description. For as in classical mythology, the portion occupied with the adventures of the king of gods and men, of the laughter-loving queen, the long-haired Apollo, and the filching son of Maia, is of a far gayer nature and more romantic cast than the mythi of Ouranos, Gaia, and the Titans, so, though we cannot venture

* The Mythological Lexicon is published, and may be had separately. See the title at length in our List of New Books in No. V., No. 244.

to assert that the adventures of Odin, Thor, Loki and Balder, will equal the beautiful fictions of Greece, yet they have a wild charm of their own, and we at any rate expect that most readers will prefer them to those of the giant Ymer and the cow Audumbla.

But while thus bespeaking the attention of our readers, it behoves us to consider what sort of readers, and if any, we are to have. "Fit audience though but few" is, we fear, all that we can venture to lay claim to; for these—these, we must remember, are the days of UTILITY. This is the goddess whose substantial sceptre, unlike the shadowy ones of Zeus and Odin, sways the earth and directs its destinies. Before her golden image all people, and nations, and languages, are commanded to fall down and worship, under penalty of being cast into the midst of the burning, fiery furnace of poverty and contempt. What claims can mythology have on the votaries of this great goddess? What are its productive or consumptive powers? Not very many, we must allow. Some indeed have thought that it has a tendency to encourage population, at least so thought Chærea, and so far we freely confess it to be pernicious. On the head of consumption we fancy a better case may be made out for it. There is a vast consumption of time, and thought, and patience, on the part of those who are devoted to it. Finn Magnusen and Creutzer, for instance, have spent the greater part of their lives in its service, and when we contemplate the bulky tomes to which it gives birth, we must conclude that it consumes no trifling quantity of paper, ink and labour, that it even contributes to the employment and support of the *operatives*, and lends its aid in the great work of distribution. Dealing so largely as it does in descriptions of flying chariots and self-moving household furniture, it might, *at the first blush*, be expected to supply some useful hints for the perfecting of steam or kite-carriages; but as unluckily the moving power is either not given, or is one quite unattainable by us, we fear we must resign all hopes of being able to suggest any thing of importance to the kiting-and-steaming fraternity. In fine, in the plain, tangible, substantial nature of utility, as the term is generally understood by ourselves and our transatlantic brethren, mythology cannot honestly claim any considerable participation, and we therefore reckon with full assurance, that when a thoroughbred Utilitarian views the inauspicious heading of the present article, he will sagely shake his head at human folly, and pass without delay to the next.

But *tot capita tot census*,—there are other people who think that eating, drinking, and being clothed, are not all that man was made for, who have an idea that a cotton mill, however much,

it may increase comfort and happiness in one quarter, has a tendency to diminish them in another, viz. the poor parish-children who serve their apprenticeship in it; that the cheapness and variety of silks and muslins may only serve to augment the already excessive vanity, extravagance and folly of our wives and daughters, that chemistry has taught to adulterate almost every thing we eat and drink, &c. &c. Among the whimsical notions entertained by this sort of people, is one, that the study and culture of the *dona Musarum*, the elegant compositions of ancient and modern times, contribute not a little to strengthen, refine and polish the human mind, to store it with sublime and beautiful imagery, to furnish it with noble, gay or pathetic sentiments, to supply it with select and apposite expressions, to fit its owner for shining in the council or the senate, commanding attention at the bar or from the pulpit; adorning and instructing the circle of social life. These people hold that for clearly understanding and entering into the spirit of the classics, a just and competent knowledge of the system of mythology contained in them is absolutely necessary; and they even go so far as to say, that a due appreciation of the various systems of superstition that have prevailed, and do still prevail in the world, will raise our ideas of the moral qualities of its great Author and Ruler, by showing that he has not left the heathen in such utter darkness as a superficial glance might lead us to apprehend, and at the same time, by fair comparison, exalt our conception of the exquisitely beautiful, pure and elevating system. His goodness has bestowed upon our more favoured selves. They esteem, too, the knowledge of man in his individual and social state a matter of some importance, and deem that this knowledge can only be adequately obtained, by viewing him under different aspects, in different degrees of social culture and climatal influence. Among the phenomena he thus presents none is more striking than his mythology, his mode of accounting for celestial and terrestrial effects and appearances; and a knowledge of it will greatly contribute to aid us in our researches into the character of nations and races. Many apparently absurd practices and observances will find an adequate solution; we shall be able to assign what is original and what adventitious. By viewing the oldest monuments of a race, we may discover how far it has been affected by time or the contact of another race, and what are its capacities for progression and improvement. In this process, it is thought, many and important contributions to the history of man will be discovered.

These and many other reasons may be given to show why mythology *ought* to be studied; a very simple and obvious reflection will suffice to show why it *will* be studied. There is, we

apprehend, a mental as well as a corporeal hunger; there is a law of our nature which leads us from effect to cause, which prompts us to seek regularity amidst confusion. So long, therefore, as the gigantic monuments of Ellora and Salsette subsist, as the contents of the sacred books of the Brahmins hold forth to view their populous heaven; so long as Egypt's temples, pyramids and obelisks rise above her watery plain, while the verses of Homer and the other bards of Hellas and Latium form—and long may they continue so to do—the delight of cultured nations, and while those of the ancient Scalds of Scandinavia, now consigned to the safe custody of the press, awake the sons of the North to the deeds and the thoughts of their fathers—so long will the apparently irregular and discordant systems of mythology they present excite curiosity; so long will works explanatory of them find readers. The number of these will vary according to circumstances, but the desire of information will ever subsist, the current though choked for a time will burst away with renewed force.

"Mythology," says Malte Brun,* "is, in the eyes of our savans, a puerile pursuit, which should be left to little children, and on which any mistress of a boarding school can write treatises. Poor savans! if a ray of genius had shone on your cradle, you would compose on the subject of mythology a work profound as the *Esprit des Lois*, pleasing as *Telemachus*; nature would become animated beneath your pencils; all the ideas and all the feelings of man would take a form, life and colours; beauty and valour, genius and wisdom, the formidable destiny itself would present themselves to your eyes as so many divinities; the sea, the land and the waters would be peopled with feeling and propitious beings; the myrtle would sigh with love, and the vine tremble with joy. These fables, more immortal than scientific systems, are the touching expression of the perception our soul has of an order of things superior to matter."

For our own parts, though no more sincere worshippers of physical science and political economy exist, we fly almost instinctively from the idea of a "drab-coloured world," and delight occasionally to cast over it the gay tints of imagination, and to people its vast regions with the awful or beautiful forms of the ancient Asgard or Olympus. Even the disappearance of the fairies is perhaps a subject of regret; it has deprived rustic life of one—and that a harmless one—of its gayest features. But it is time for us to give over prelude, and to proceed to our account of the Scandinavian Olympus.

* *Mélanges*, tom. iii. p. 264.

Poetry is the grand preserver of the religious notions and dogmas of ancient nations. Destroy the verses of the Hellenic bards and their Latian copyists, and where would be the ancient religion of Greece? So, long ere Scandinavia knew aught of Rome, or Rome of Scandinavia, the mountains and forests of the North resounded to the sacred hymns, which, chaunted at solemn festivals, revealed to the blue-eyed Goths the history of their gods, roused them to lofty thoughts and virtuous deeds, by splendid pictures of the glories of Valhall, Vingólf, and Gimlé, and deterred them from low-souled projects, vice and cowardice, by thrilling descriptions of the frost and the venom-spitting snakes of Nastrond. The strains were sometimes perhaps cut in runes on wood, but their firmest abode was in the tablets of the memory. Numerous Scalds repeated and added to them, and the Scandinavian *Corpus Poetarum* might vie in number and quantity of production with that of almost any other region.

At length Christianity and the Roman letters penetrated to the North; the priests and converts naturally sought to disparage the old religion; the gods indeed luckily escaped being changed into devils, the new teachers being satisfied with declaring them to have been men who impiously arrogated to themselves the honours of divinity. No faithful votary of Christ and the saints could therefore, with any consistency, any longer chaunt the death of the good and amiable Baldur, the combats of Thor with the giants of Utgard, the wooing of Gerda by Frey, or the "quips and cranks" of Loki. The Scaldic verses were therefore fast falling into oblivion, when in the eleventh century, an Icelander named Sæmund (*Islandicè Sæmundar*), and styled for his various knowledge *Hin Fróde*, or the learned, made a collection of them. Sæmund, when we consider the times he lived in, (he was born in 1154, 5, 6 or 7, within half a century after the establishment of Christianity in Iceland,) was rather an extraordinary character. He left Iceland when very young, studied in France and Germany, and is even said to have visited Rome. His relative, John Ogmundson, afterwards a bishop and a saint, met him when on a journey to Rome, and persuaded him to return with him to Iceland. The young scholar complied with his desire, took up his abode on his paternal lands of Oddë, in the south of Iceland, entered into holy orders, and devoted himself to literature and the instruction of youth. His good taste led him to direct some of his attention to the ancient theosophic and romantic poetry of the North; this, combined with his extensive knowledge, gained him from his contemporaries the character of a wizard, though it was allowed that he only dealt in *white* magic, and, like Michael Scott, he still retains that reputation with the vulgar of Iceland.

It shewed a spirit beyond his age in Sæmund—a priest and a sincere Christian—to find delight in the history of the gods of his fathers. He made a collection of sacred and romantic poems, which he either copied from older manuscripts, or which is more probable, took down from oral recitation, and supplied them with prose introductions and connective pieces. They form what is called the Elder or Sæmund's Edda.

When the Roman characters and paper and parchment were imported into the North, it unfortunately became the practice to turn the old poems into prose, occasionally retaining some of the verses of the original, just as we Reviewers analyse a poem. The *Hervarar Saga* was evidently formed in this manner; for in several places, particularly in the grand and awful scene of Hervar, at the tomb of her father Angantyr, the verses are retained. Such is also, beyond doubt, the case with the *Frithiof Saga*, nearly one-half of which is verse, and which has been modernized with such exquisite taste, skill and poetic power, by the excellent bishop of Wexia, that the names of Frithiof, Ingeborg and Tegnér will live as long as the noble language in which the lays of the Christian poet celebrate the loves of the heathen youth and maid. The *Volsunga Saga* has been formed from several of the poems of Sæmund's Edda, united with many others long since lost. In this manner the Younger, or Snorro's Edda, also was formed, which is a history of the gods in simple prose, with fragments of lost or extant poems interspersed as authorities. This work has been, perhaps without sufficient reason, ascribed to Snorro Sturleson, a judge, a historian, and a poet of the thirteenth century.

But besides the Eddas and romantic Sagas, the regular histories, such as the *Heimskringla* of Snorro, and the History of Denmark of Saxo Grammaticus, supply many mythic legends; for by some chance or other it became an established article of belief, that the gods of Scandinavia were mere men, who, flying from the shores of the Euxine, came to the North, and by their superior knowledge succeeded in persuading the simple people to worship them after death. It is really almost ludicrous to see, how gravely Saxo, and more especially Snorro, rationalize all the old legends, and apply to men and to particular spots of earth legends, many of which fortunately exist in Sæmund's Edda, and may be proved to be physical mythi. Mr. Magnussen, in common with nearly all the Northern critics, seems to regard it as an indisputable fact, that the Goths came to Scandinavia from the neighbourhood of the Euxine, and that the memory of that event was preserved by tradition; and farther, that places named after the various nations and regions of the Scandinavian mythology, may

be sought and found about the Euxine and the Caucasus. To prove this, Mr. Magnusen falls into his usually besetting sin of etymology-hunting, such as finding Asgard in Cashgar, and other equally improbable agreements. Now, though very far from denying the Asiatic origin of the Goths—a fact which we rather look on as proved by the affinity of their language with the Persian and the Sanscrit—yet we do greatly doubt the fact of tradition having retained the memory of it, and are disposed to fancy that the circumstance of the Northern deities being collectively named Aser, and that of the Goths, when they bore down on the Roman empire, having shaped their course for the Euxine, were the main foundations of Snorro's theory, which therefore is not entitled to the general assent it has met with. This influence of names in suggesting theories is much greater than most people suppose; it was possibly the resemblance of Brutus and Britain that suggested the "tale of Troy divine," to the fablers whom Geoffrey of Monmouth followed. As a descent from Troy was quite the rage in the middle ages, the casual likeness of Ida-völlr, Frigga, and Thor, to Ida, Phrygia, and Tros, enabled the author of the prologue and epilogue of the Younger Edda to prove that Asgard was Troy, and that therefore the Septentrionalians were of as high lineage as the Romans, Franks, or Britons.

Agreeing with Mr. Magnusen in rejecting *in toto* the Euhemerian theory, and holding fast to that of the Scandinavian gods having been all, or the greater part of them, physical powers or objects, we now proceed to give an account of them.

The mythology of a nation is inseparably connected with its geography and astronomy, or its ideas of earth and heaven; and to understand it fully, we must keep the latter constantly in view. They are all alike liable to change; and as a people's notions on the latter subjects vary, so will their mythology. They are like a curve and its co-ordinate lines. Thus, when studying the mythology of Homer, we should bear in mind that in his time the earth was regarded as flat and circular, with the Mediterranean in its centre, communicating by one or more inlets with the ocean-stream, which flowed round the land; that the farther bank of this great river was a dark dismal region, the abode of the Cimmerians and of the dead, which the cheering beams of the rising or the setting sun never illumined, as the sun-god checked his luminous course on the verge of the verdant earth; that the heaven was solid, and formed of real or metaphorical brass, resting on lofty mountain pillars, with a door opening over Hellas through which the gods ascended and descended in their visits to earth, and with, perhaps—for this point is not quite clear—two other doors east and west, through which the sun rose from and sank into ocean.

This by the way, is the true original Olympus—the mountain; for its concavity on the side towards us supposes convexity on the upper side, inhabited by the gods,—whose name was afterwards transferred to the Thessalian hill. Every morning Eos on her white horse rose and careered along the celestial road before Helios, whose four-horsed chariot rolled along her path. In the evening the whole party was received into a cup or boat, which swam with them round the northern part of the earth, and brought them up in time to the starting-post in the east. The gods, and all the animals pertaining to them, could journey along air, earth, or water, thanks, according to Voss, to Hephaistos, who shod them all with automatic brass. Beneath the disk of earth, but at an immense depth, lay Tartarus, the abode of the Titans conquered by the gods.

Such was the first simple system of Greece. That of Scandinavia is not unlike it, but is more philosophical; and if we had sufficient records of it remaining, would probably prove quite as beautiful. According to it the earth is round and flat, encompassed by a great stream, answering to the ocean-stream of the Greeks, in which (for the Scandinavians would have a cause for every thing) lay the huge Yörmungandar (*earthly monster*) or Midgardsormr (*earth's serpent*), with his body all round the earth, and his tail in his mouth, and whose motions produced all those of the sea. This great stream was bounded on the outer side by Utgard, inhabited by the Yötunn or giants, resembling the Greek Titans. The hill, or heaven, or Asgard, rested on four pillars, placed north, south, east, and west; the bridge Bif-röst, or Rainbow, led to it from earth; along it was the path of the gods, and on its sloping arch the souls of the departed brave galloped their celestial steeds to the joys of Valhall. This last place was the common abode of the Aser (gods), Asynier (goddesses), and Einheriar (warriors); it occupied the zenith or the centre of Asgard; it gleams with gold, is roofed with shields, its seats are strewn with corslets; twelve other abodes (the signs of the zodiac, as Mr. Magnusen justly thinks) are to be found in Asgard, each under its presiding god or goddess, such as Alfheim, which the gods gave to Freyr (the sun-god), the day he cut his first teeth; Valeskjalf, the silver-roofed dwelling of Vala, the god of spring, a valiant warrior armed with golden arrows; Söcquebæk, over which billows rush and roar, and where Odín drinks with its wise mistress, Saga, every day out of golden cups; Gladsheim, the abode of joy, the entrance for the Einheriar to Valhall; Breidablik, (*wide-shining*) the blissful dwelling of the good and pious Baldur, whose unhappy fate we shall soon have to deplore; Himinsbjörg, (*Heaven's castle*) where Heimdall, the presiding

god of fumes and temples, sits at his ease and "drinks the good mood." Nearer to earth, as it would appear, than these celestial abodes, but still in Asgard, was Vingólf, or Vindgólf (*Friend or wind chamber*) ruled over by Frigga, the virtuous spouse of Odin, the Jano of the North, where the Einheriar met and were reunited to their earthly loves, now become celestial Valkyries; so Frithiof, in his raptures, assures Ingeborg that . . .

"In Vingólf's hall he'd make with dancing
His pallid lily (Ingeborg) rosy-red."

Asgard we think, we may boldly say, is at least equal to Olympus in beauty. Over it extend the bright ethereal regions of Muspel and Alfheim; beneath it the air is inhabited by the Vaner, or air-spirits; and in Thrudvang, or Thrudheim, a region of the air, lies Bilskirnir, the palace of Thor, the god of thunder. Below the earth were the abodes of the Dwarfs and Black Alfs, which we, in opposition to Mr. Magnussen, agree with the author of the "Fairy Mythology," in regarding as distinct species; and to his work we must refer for all particulars, and legends relating to them and their descendants, the fairies.

It is a pleasing feature in the Northern mythology, that it is completely free from the wantonness and indelicacy that characterize so many of the Grecian legends. Religion always takes its tincture from the manners of its votaries. The Goths were a race that held female virtue in high esteem, Odin and Thor were therefore no lechers. Odin, it is true, often changed his form, but hardly ever with the same designs as the king of Olympus.

Odin is the chief of the Aser; his wife is Frigga, the goddess of the earth; his children are Baldur, Thor, &c.; his horse is the eight-legged Sleipner; his two wolves, who stand by his side at meal-times to eat the food set before him, (for Odin only feeds on wine,) are named Géri, (*Devouring*), and Fréki (*Fierce*); his ravens or hawks are Hugin, (*Understanding*), and Muninn, (*Memory*), who set forth every morning at day-break, fly through the world to collect intelligence, and by dinner-time return and perch upon Odin's shoulders, to whisper to him all the news. Hence, says the Edda, Odin is called the raven-god, Hrafnagud. Odin is the great god of battles, to which several of his numerous names refer. Hence perhaps he so frequently appears in a bad light, advantage having been taken of the circumstance by the votaries of Thor so to represent him. In our former article the reader will find stated the very probable opinion of Mr. Magnussen, that there were anciently in the North the rival sects of Thorists and Odinists. It is not a little curious that Thor is always described in favourable colours, and that even in the po-

pular tradition of the present day he maintains a better character than Odin. The opinion of Odin and the Aser having come to Scandinavia, and given themselves out there for gods, has been so thoroughly rooted in the minds of Northern antiquaries, that they have endeavoured to make out that there were two Thors, the original Fennish god, Öku-Thor, *i. e.* Driving-Thor, who sent the thunder and lightning through the world; and Asa-Thor, the iniquine usurper of his honours. There is, we think, no need for this distinction; the Thor and Odin of the North are like the Vishnoo and Seeva of India; each has been exalted and his rival depressed by his votaries. In some places Thor was regarded as the mighty As, in others Odin maintained his rightful pre-eminence.

Thor rarely changed his form, but the transformations of Odin were numerous. When the giant Suttung became possessed of the precious mead, composed of the blood of Quaser, which, like that of bold John Barleycorn, in a fiction of similar import,

"Will make a man forget his wo,
Will fill his heart with joy."

Odin was resolved if possible to procure the precious elixir for the gods. It was hard however to come at, for Suttung knew its value, and kept it secure in a rocky cavern under the care of his daughter Gunlada. The god however set forth in quest of it. He came to a field where nine men were mowing, whose scythes he whetted. They wished to buy the whetstone; Odin flung it up into the air, and as they all caught at it, he, by his *prestiges*, caused them to cut one another's throats. He then journeyed on till he came to the house of a giant named Baugi, brother of Suttung, who happened to be the master of the mowers, and was lamenting the loss of his men. Odin offered to do the work of nine men, if he would engage to get him one draught of Suttung's mead. The giant protested that he had no property in that liquor, but offered to use his interest with his brother. Böllverk (*mischief-doer*), as Odin now styled himself, was satisfied. All the summer long he did nine men's work; at the approach of winter he called for his wages, and Baugi and he waited on Suttung, but the giant was impracticable; not one drop would he give. Böllverk then claimed the aid of Baugi to obtain it by stratagem; the honest giant assented, and with his auger bored a hole through the rock, through which his companion, having previously turned himself into a worm, crept, and then resuming his form, so recommended himself to the good graces of the young giantess, that for the pleasure of his company for three nights she agreed to give him three draughts of the mead. This

liquor was kept in three large vessels. The first night Odin emptied one of them, the next night the second, the third night he finished the mead. Having gained his end, the faithless swain thought no more of poor Gunlada, but took the form of an eagle, and flew off to Asgard with his prize. Suttung seeing him, and suspecting the truth, took also the shape of an eagle and gave chase. With might and main flew the giant and the god. The Aser all ran out, got all the vessels they could collect, and set them in the court-yard, whither Odin came flying, and filled them all with mead; but as Suttung pressed hard upon him, he discharged some of the liquor in his direction, and this, says the old Scald, is mere "feckless" matter, of no account, and drunk up by rhymesters and poetasters, whereas the good mead is the beverage of true and lofty Scalds. Such is the venerable old tale; in our former article will be found its physical exposition.*

When the celebrated Sigurd was sailing in a storm by a promontory he saw a man on it who came on board, and instantly the weather grew calm. This was Odin, under the name of Knikur. He changed form with a man named Gest, and entered with King Heidrek into a contest of wit, something similar to that which he held with the giant Vafthrudner. The last question was the same in both cases and was a poser, for none but Odin himself could tell what Odin had whispered into the ear of Baldur before he was laid on the funeral pile. Heidrek caught up Tifring, and made a blow at the god as he was changing himself into a hawk, and struck out some of his feathers. The god, in revenge, foretold that he should perish by the hands of his slaves.† There are many other accounts of Odin's metamorphoses; we will only give the following from the Saga of Götrik and Rolf, which is quoted with great confidence by the modern exalters of Thor.

Stærkodder, the son of Storverk, was, after the violent death of his father, brought up by King Harald at Agder. Harald was slain by Herthiof, King of Hordeland. In the division of the spoil and captives, Stærkodder fell to the lot of a man named Grane, i. e. Whiskers, nicknamed Horsehair-Whiskers, who dwelt in the isle of Fenhring, opposite Bergen. Stærkodder lived with him till he was twelve years old, when he and Vikar, the son of King Harald, who was also a captive, made their escape, collected a band of brave followers, and slew Herthiof. Vikar now became master of his father's kingdom, and that of Herthiof, and one of the most powerful kings in Norway. Stærkodder remained with him for fifteen years, and was his chief counsellor and warrior.

* Vol. ii. p. 236.

† See *Hervarar-Saga*.

: Vikar, accompanied by Stærkodder, was on a voyage. The fleet being windbound, the diviners declared that Odin demanded as an offering that person of the host on whom the lot should fall. The king himself was the allotted victim. The army was in consternation; a council was to be held the following day on this important affair.

"Towards midnight," says the Saga, "Horsehair-Whiskers awoke his fosterson Stærkodder, and bade him follow him. They took a skiff, rowed from the islet where the fleet lay out to an island, went on shore, and up to a wood, in which they found an open place. There was a great assemblage of people there, and eleven persons sat upon seats, but one seat was empty. They went to the assembly, and Horsehair-Whiskers sat down on the empty seat, and was saluted by all the rest as Odin.

"Odin said, that the judges should now decree Stærkodder his destiny. Thor then spoke and said, 'Alfhild, the mother of Stærkodder's father, chose for her son's-father (*husband*) a very wise Jötunn (*giant*) in preference to Asathor; wherefore I appoint to Stærkodder that he shall have neither son nor daughter, and thus be the last of his race.

"Odin. I grant him to live three men's age.

"Thor. He shall do a vile act in each of them.

"Odin. I give him that he shall own the best weapons and harness.

"Thor. And I appoint him that he shall own neither land nor sand.

"Odin. I give him that he shall be rich in money.

"Thor. I lay on him that he shall never seem to have enough.

"Odin. I give him victory and martial skill in every fight.

: "Thor. I lay on him that in every fight he shall lose a limb.

"Odin. I give him the poet's faculty, so that he shall produce poems with as much ease as unmeasured language.

"Thor. He shall never be able to remember the verses he makes.

"Odin. I grant him that he shall be favoured by those of greatest rank and name.

"Thor. He shall be hated by all others.

"Then the judges ratified to Stærkodder all that had been said, and the council broke up.

"Now went back Horsehair-Whiskers and Stærkodder to their boat. The former said, 'Wilt thou not reward me well, fosterson, for the help I have bestowed on thee?' 'Surely,' replied he. 'Then thou must,' said Horsehair-Whiskers, 'send me King Vikar, and I will tell thee how.' When Stærkodder had assented, he handed him a spear, saying, that it would appear to others to be only a rush. They now set forward and reached the army by day-break. In the forenoon the king's council was assembled, as had been agreed on, and they were now unanimous to perform an imitation of the required sacrifice. This was the proposal of Stærkodder. There stood near them a fir-tree, and by it a stump high enough to reach the boughs of the fir-tree. The servants were engaged in preparing a meal, and they had killed and opened a calf. Stærkodder made them give him a gut of the calf, stood up on the stump, drew down a small branch and fastened the gut about it. Then said he to the king, 'Here is a gallows ready for thee, king, and it looks to be not remark-

ably dangerous: come hither now, and I will put the noose about thy neck.' The king said, 'If this gallows is not more dangerous than it appears to me to be, I expect that it will do me no harm; but should it be otherwise, let destiny direct the event.' He stood up on the stump, Stærkodder put the loop about his neck, got down off the stump, and pushed the rush against him, saying, 'Now give I thee to Odin.' At the same moment he let go the bough, the rush became a spear, and ran through the king, the calf-gut became a strong rope, and the bough sprung up among the branches with the king, who there met his death. The place was afterwards called Vikarsholm, *i. e.* Vikar's-islet.

"Stærkodder was very ill thought of by many men for this action, and this was the reason why he was obliged to leave Hordeland. He afterwards went away from Norway with all he had, and moved eastwards to Sweden. He was a long time with Erik and Alfrek, the kings of Upsala, and sons of Agne Skjæbonde, and accompanied them in their wars. When Alfrek asked him one day about his family and his own actions, he made a song which is called Vikar's Verses, by which may be seen, that he held it for the worst action, and the most unseemly, that he had ever done, his having killed King Vikar. We have not heard tell whether he ever returned to Norway."

Captain Abrahamson, in his Essay on Thor and Odin, regards this passage of the Saga as testifying strongly for the superior respect in which the character of Thor was held over that of Odin, and esteems it a proof of Thor's having been an ancient god, and Odin a deified mortal. There is however, we repeat, no necessity for this hypothesis; the very probable opinion of Mr. Magnussen will fully account for the unamiable light in which Odin appears; and we have only to ascribe the original concoction of the legend to a Thorist seeking to exalt his own great god. The Saga, as we have it now, was, beyond doubt, written in the times of Christianity, but from old songs or traditions. No Christian, however disposed to sink Odin, would, we fancy, be desirous to exalt Thor.

In the theogony of the Eddas, Thor is the son of Odin by his wife Frigga, (*the earth*;) he is himself married to Sif—the earth, as it would appear, under another name, perhaps the summer-earth covered with plants and herbage. Thor is the god of thunder, the Jupiter Tonans of the Latins, the Indra of India. His palace is in the aerial regions; he drives in a chariot drawn by goats; he is the inveterate foe of the frost-giants, against whom he evermore launches his short-handled hammer Mjölnir, (*the crusher, i. e.* thunderbolt;) he is the friend and benefactor of mankind, and like the Latin Saturn and the Grecian Hercules, to whom he has some resemblance, he is the patron and protector of slaves, who, after death, go to his domain of Thrudheim. When we reflect that Thor is the deity who presides over the thunder and lightning of heaven, the physical solutions of all

his attributes and exploits will easily present themselves, and the beneficial effects of thunder in the summer-skies of the North will at once explain why Thor should have been such a favourite god with the Scalds and their auditors. There are in fact more legends of Thor than of all the other deities. Two or three of these legends we shall now present to our readers.

The Eddaic poem of *Thrymsquida*, or the Song about Thrym, informs us that Thor, or, as he is here called, Ving-Thor, on awaking one day, missed his hammer: in a rage he shook his head and beard, and groped about after his implement; then calling to Loki, at that time his friend, told him his loss. They set out together for the abode of Freya, and asked her to lend her feather-dress to aid in the recovery of the hammer. Freya willingly consents.

" Give it would I unto thee
E'en if of gold it were;
And unto thee commit it
E'en if of silver it were."

Loki put on the dress, flew away from Asgard, and came to Giant-land. Here he found Thrym, a prince of the giants, sitting on a hill, twisting gold collars for his dogs, and trimming the manes of his horses. He asks Loki how it goes with the Aser and the Alfs, and what has brought him to Giant-land. Loki makes answer that it goes ill with them, and asks him if he had hidden Hlorida's (Thor's) hammer. Thrym acknowledges having done so, and adds, that it is eight *rasts*, i. e. miles, under the ground, and that he will not restore it till they give him Freya for his bride. As Freya was the northern Venus, we need not be surprised that she was a favourite object of desire with the giants, and when we farther consider that she was the moon-goddess, a very plain reason will appear why the dwellers of the sunless region of Giant-land or Utgard were so anxious to obtain her.

Loki flew back, and was met on the way by the anxious Thor. They went again to "fair Freya," and Thor abruptly bid her get on her bridal dress, and he would drive her in his chariot to Giant-land. Freya was incensed at this proposal; "she snorted so loud that the whole Asa-hall shook under her;" her celebrated *Men-brisinga*, or jewel, burst; and she positively refused. A council of all the Aser, and all the Asynier, was forthwith summoned to deliberate how the hammer might be recovered. Heimdall, "the whitest of the Aser," proposed that Thor should put on him "the bridal fine-linen, wear the great Men-brisinga, have jingling keys fastened to his belt, women's clothes falling about his knees, broad stones on his breast, and handsome head-gear."

Thor strongly objects to this arrangement, lest the gods should hereafter regard him as a woman; but Loki reminds him that if he did not recover his hammer, the giants would make themselves masters of Asgard. Thor at length consents, dons his female attire, and Loki proposes to accompany him as his maid. The buck-goats are driven home and yoked to the chariot, and mistress and maid drive off for Giant-land; rocks burst and the earth burns beneath their wheels. Thrym desecrating their approach, calls to his brethren to make ready to receive his lovely bride, to drive home his gold-horned cows and coal-black oxen, declaring that he abounded in treasure and wanted only Freya.

Early in the evening the guests assembled, plenty of ale was there for the giants. The bride ate an ox, eight salmon, all the sweetmeats prepared for the ladies, and quenched her thirst with three huge measures of mead. Thrym is rather astonished at these feeding powers of his bride, and exclaims,

Didst thou ere see a bride
Bite more greedily?
I ne'er saw a bride
Bite more broadly,
Nor more of mead
A maiden drink.

The maid at once replied that Freya had tasted nothing for the last eight days, such had been her anxiety to reach Giant-land. Thrym now thinking himself privileged to kiss his bride raised her veil, but instantly sprang back the length of the hall:

Why are so fierce
The eyes of Freya?
Methinks that flame
Flashes from her eyes.

Freya has had no sleep for the last eight nights, such had been her anxiety to reach Giant-land.—The sister of the giant now comes in, and after northern fashion claims bride-money:

Give me from thy hands
Thy rings so ruddy,
If thou wilt win
My friendship all—
My friendship all,
My whole affection.

Thrym calls to bring forth the hammer that the marriage may be performed over it. Miölner is laid in the lap of Thor, "his heart laughs in his breast," he grasps its well-known short handle, crushes first Thrym, then the rest of the giant-race, finally the sister, who had ventured to ask him for bride-money.

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A stroke she got
 Instead of shillings,
 A blow of the hammer
 Instead of rings.
 Thus did Odin's son
 Regain his hammer.

The physical interpretation of this poem is, according to Mr. Magnusen, as follows:—During the winter, in which season there is rarely thunder in the North, Thor sleeps. Thrym (*i. e. the thundering*), is the lord of winter, and he conceals the thunder-bolt. Thor sends Loki (*i. e. flame*) in search of it. The reason of Thor's assuming the dress of Freya is not well explained by our author; he takes it to have arisen from the resemblance of an aerolite to the full moon, and as it explodes and crackles it may have given occasion to say that Thor took the form of Freya, *i. e. thunder of the moon*. The sun and moon were common gifts for the giants to ask of the gods; on another occasion they would have been given to them, and the world thereby destroyed, but for Thor's vigorous interference; and it is a curious circumstance that this notion is still prevalent among the vulgar in the north, only, as is usually the case, the saints have gotten the credit of the actions of the gods, and it was the great saint Olaf who delivered the sun and moon out of the hands of the giants.

It is, perhaps, more worthy of observation that this very adventure of Thor is the theme of several of the popular ballads of Scandinavia, with altered names and natures indeed, but still substantially the same, and it strongly proves how long such tales will adhere to the minds of the people; for the ballads could hardly have been made directly from the present poem of the Edda, as the manuscript containing it was not sent to Copenhagen from Iceland, by Bishop Brynjulf Svensen, till the middle of the seventeenth century, and the poem was never printed till 1787, but a Danish ballad on this subject was published by Vedel as early as 1591. Syv, in his edition of the Kjempe Viser, gives part of a Norwegian ballad on the same story, and there are two copies of a Swedish version in the royal library at Stockholm.

The story in the Danish ballad runs thus: Törd of Hafsgaard* (Thor of Asgard,) having lost his hammer, sends his brother Lokkë Lejemand or Juggler, (Loké, son of Laufeyiar), over to Norway, or rather to the mountains of the North, to Count Tossë, (Thursë or giant-prince,) who had found it. Tossë will not return it on any other condition than that of their giving him their

* Hafsgaard is Sea-Court. It reminds one of the change of Milan town into Mirrieland town in one of our old ballads.

sister *Fridlefsborg*, (*Freya*), in marriage. They consent, but dress up their father in their sister's stead, and the bride slays bridegroom and guests, and brings home the hammer. The resemblance here is apparent, but the Swedish ballad agrees more exactly with the *Edda* song. The owner of the hammer is called in it *Tår-kar* (in the Norwegian one *Thorë-kar*), i. e. *Oldman-Thor*, *Loki* is *Lockë Lögë*, and the thief, *Trollë Tram*, (*Troll-Thrym*), and it is *Tår-kar* himself who goes as the counterfeit bride. The Danish ballad thus commences :—

It was *Törd* of *Hafsgaard*
Rides over the mead so gay,
There lost he his fine hammer of gold,
And long was it away.

It was *Törd* of *Hafsgaard*
Did to his brother speak,
Thou must away to Northland's hills
And for my hammer seek.

It was *Lökkë Leyemand*,
In a feather-dress clad him he,
So flies he off to Northland's hills,
All over the salt-sea.

The Swedish ballad thus gives the interview between *Trollë-Tram* and *Lockë*.

Hear me now thou old *Trollë-Tram*
What I say unto thee,
If thou hast taken *Tår-Kar's* hammer
Conceal it not from me.

Tår-kar's hammer have I taken,
Not a word from thee will I hide,
Fifteen fathom and fourteen
Beneath the ground it bides.

Bear to *Tår-kar* my answer back,
His hammer he ne'er will see,
Until he sends may *Fröyeborg*,
That lovely sun, to me.

When the match is proposed to *Fröyeborg*,

It was lovely *Fröyeborg*
She thereat felt such woe,
From every finger blood burst out
And to the ground did flow.

Hear thou, dearest sister mine,
What I say unto thee,
How much of gold wilt thou give me
To be the bride for thee?

* The Swedish *k* is pronounced as our long *e* in *store*.

It was then Tår-kar himself,
 He got his bride-dress made,
 So went he unto Trollë Tram's house
 All like a bride arrayed.

The Danish ballad thus concludes: Tossë orders the hammer to be brought in.

Eight then were the champions,
 Who the hammer on wood did bear,
 Then hastily they laid it down
 All on the bride's knees there.

It was then the bride so young
 Took the hammer up in her hand,
 And of a truth I so will say,
 She waved it like a wand.

First smote she Tossë Grävë,
 The Troll both ugly and long,
 Then smote she the other small Trolls,
 The door became too throng.

Sorrowful then were the guests,
 And all the northern men,
 They got cuts and deadly wounds,
 Their cheeks grew pallid then.

It was Lökkë Leyemand,
 Began to bethink him straight,
 "Now we'll go home unto our own land
 And our father a widow get."

We have endeavoured to draw our reader's attention to this resemblance between the Edda-poem and the popular ballads, because, to use the words of Mr. Rask, "it proves that the mythic narratives in the two Icelandic Eddas have maintained themselves among the common people in Scandinavia, as it were to the present day, and that throughout a Christian period of eight hundred (in some measure nine hundred) years." "That," continues he, "they have in the intervening space of time undergone some little alteration can cause no surprise to any just thinker. They thus at once prove the universality of the old poetry and mythology over the whole North, and at the same time how deeply both have been rooted in the Northern nations." We now return to the adventures of Thor.

The most celebrated of all Thor's exploits, certainly the one in which most invention is displayed, is his journey to Utgard and adventures there with the lord of that region. We must previously state that, besides his hammer, Miölner, Thor had a belt, which, when put on, doubled his strength, and a pair of iron-gloves, which enabled him to lay hold on Miölner, which was usually glowing-hot, and farther that he and Loki were a long time, as

we have seen in the last tale, close friends and companions. The younger Edda relates that Thor and Loki set out in the chariot drawn by the buck-goats for Yötunheim or Giant-land. Towards evening they arrived at the house of a farmer, (we know no word that will exactly express the Northern *bonda*), where they took up their quarters for the night. Thor took and killed his goats, broiled their flesh, and invited his host and his children to partake of the feast. When it was ended, Thor spread the goat-skins on the ground, and desired the children to throw the bones into them. The farmer's son Thialfi had broken one of the bones to get out the marrow. In the morning Thor got up and dressed himself, then laying hold of Miölner he swung it over the skins. Immediately the goats stood up, but one of them limped on the hind-leg. The god exclaimed that the farmer and his family had not dealt fairly by the bones, for that his goat's leg was broken. The farmer was terrified to death when he saw Thor draw down his eyebrows, and grasp the handle of Miölner, till his knuckles grew white. He and his children sued for grace, offering any terms, and Thor laying aside his anger accepted Thialfi and his sister Rösko for his servants, and left his goats there behind them.

Thor now journeyed on towards Yötunheim with Loki, Thialfi, and Rösko. They came to the sea, swam across it, and arrived on the shore of that country; they then entered a large wood, through which they travelled the whole day long, Thialfi, who was the swiftest, carrying Thor's wallet. At the approach of evening they looked about for a place to sleep in, and in the dark they found a great house, the door of which was as wide as the house itself. They entered it, and went to rest; but about midnight there was a great earthquake, the ground rocked, and the house shook. Thor called up his companions, and finding a chamber on the right hand side they went into it, and Thor grasping his hammer sat in the door, while the others terrified crept in. They heard another great crash, but they remained quiet till morning, when on going out they saw a man, "who was not little," sleeping in the wood close by, and snoring at a prodigious rate. Thor now seeing what the noise was which had terrified them so much during the night, put on his belt, and was preparing to dash out the sleeper's brains, when the latter awoke, and on Thor asking his name, replied, that it was Skrymir, adding that he knew very well who Thor was; and, then inquiring if they had taken his glove, stretched out his hand and took it up. Thor now saw where it was he had lodged, and that the house he had been in was the thumb of the glove. Skrymir proposes that they should join company, and also join stock, which being agreed on, he puts all into one wallet, which he slings over his shoulder, and sets forward at a huge pace. In the

evening he lays himself down under an oak to sleep, desiring them to open the wallet, and make their supper. He began to snore; Thor tried to open the wallet, but in vain, not a single knot could he loosen; in a rage he caught up his hammer and hit Skrymir a blow on the head, who, waking asked, was it a leaf or what else that had fallen on him, and why they were not gone to rest? Thor laid himself under another oak, and at midnight, hearing Skrymir snoring, got up and drove his hammer into his brain; Skrymir complained that an acorn must have fallen. A third time, Thor struck him on the cheek, and buried the hammer in it up to the handle; Skrymir rubbed his cheek, and inquired if there were any birds sitting in the tree, as a feather had fallen.

It being now near morning, Skrymir informs them that they are not far from the city of Utgard, and that big as they thought him, they will meet with people there with whom he was not to be compared, advising them to behave themselves modestly when there, but rather recommending them to return. Utgard, he tells them, is to the east, his way lies north to the mountains. They part—and at mid-day the travellers arrive within sight of Utgard, built in a great plain, so high, that to see the top of it they must “lay their neck on their back.” The wicket was so great that Thor could not open it, and they crept in through the bars. They approach the palace, and drawing near the throne, salute Utgard Loki, who, after some time, smiled and said, ’Tis late to ask true tidings of a long journey, since Öku-Thor is become a little boy. But thou mayest be greater than it appears to me. So what arts do you possess, my lads? No one can stay here who is not expert at some art.” Loki said, that at eating he would turn his back on no one; Utgard Loki replied, that was an art, if he could make good what he said: then calling to a man named Logi, who was sitting on the bench, he desired him to come forward and try his strength with Loki. A large trough full of meat was brought in, and set on the floor; the champions sat down, one at each end of it, and ate till they met in the middle; but it was found that Loki had picked the bones, whereas Logi had eaten up his part, bones and all; and it was consequently given against Loki.

Thialfi was now asked in what he excelled, and when he had replied in running, a lad named Hugin was matched with him. In the first heat, Hugin, after going round the post, passed Thialfi on his way to it. Utgard Loki compliments Thialfi on his swiftness, but tells him he must do better if he would win. In the second heat, Hugin won by the length of a bowshot. According to modern practice, the race was now at an end, but in Giant-land they manage these matters differently, and a third

heat was run, which was won hollow by Hugin, for he reached the goal before Thialfi had gone over half the course.

Utgard Loki now inquires of Thor, what he could do to justify the fame that went abroad of him; the Thunderer replied, that he would undertake to drink against any of his people. A servant was ordered to fetch a drinking horn, which Utgard Loki handed to Thor, observing that some of his people could empty it at one draught, many of them at two, but that no one took more than three to drain it. The horn was long, but did not look very large. Thor was thirsty after his journey, and he thought that one good pull would be sufficient. He drank till his breath was gone, when, on looking at the horn, he found to his vexation that the liquor had only sunk a little below the edge. A second and a third attempt were equally unsuccessful, and he gave up. "It is easy to see that your strength is not great," said Utgard Loki, "but will you try any other game?" Thor doggedly assented, leaving the choice to the proposer. "My young people here frequently amuse themselves with lifting my cat off the ground. I should not indeed think of proposing such a thing to Asa-Thor, were it not that I saw that he is less of a man than I thought." Just as he spoke, a big grey tom-cat leaped out on the floor. Thor put his hand under him to raise him up, but the cat curved his back, and with all Thor's efforts he could only raise one of his feet off the ground. "Ah, it's just as I expected," said Utgard Loki; "the cat is large, and you're short and little." "So little as I am," said Thor, "let any of you come wrestle with me, now I am vexed." Utgard Loki looked round him and said, "I see no one here who would think he should gain any reputation by wrestling with you. Call hither the old woman that nursed me. You may wrestle with her. She has thrown down many young men, who were, as I think, not inferior to you." The old dame was tough—Thor struggled with might and main—the more he tugged, the firmer she stood. Thor, in a violent effort, fell on one knee; and, as night was coming on, Utgard Loki put an end to the contest.

Next morning the Aser set out homewards, Utgard Loki accompanying them out of the town; on Thor's expressing his apprehension that they would think disparagingly of him, his host spake as follows:—"Now that you are out of the town, I may tell you the truth; for if I had known that your strength was so prodigious as it is, you never should have gone into it. I began to practise illusions on you in the wood, where I first met you. When you went to open the wallet, it was fastened with a strong iron bar, and you therefore could not loosen it." He then informs him, that it was a rock he had struck in place of his head, in

which he had made three great dints, one of which was exceedingly deep; that it was a devouring flame, in the shape of a man, that ate against Loki; and that it was *Thought* (Hugin) that ran against Thialfi; that the smaller end of the horn had been set in the sea, and when he arrived there he would perceive how its depth was diminished (and this, says the Edda, is the cause of bays and shoals); that the cat was Midgard's snake, and that they were all terrified when they saw him raise a part of him off the earth; finally, the old woman with whom he wrestled was *Old Age*, whom no one yet overthrew. Utgard Loki prayed Thor never to visit him again. The god, enraged at those deceptions, raised his hammer to crush Utgard Loki, but the illuder was not to be seen; the city, too, had vanished like a mist, and they found themselves alone in an open extensive plain, and returned to Thrudvang, without encountering any farther adventures.

Of the antiquity and genuineness of this legend there can be no doubt; for, in the poem of the elder Edda, called "*Ægir's Banquet*," where Loki is casting in the teeth of the gods and goddesses their various discreditable adventures, he reminds Thor of his having sat gathered up in the thumb of a glove, and not being able to undo the thong of Skrymir's wallet. It is alluded to in the poem of Harbard's Song; and appears also to lie at the foundation of the narrative given by Saxo, in his eighth book of the voyage of Thorkild Adilfar in search of Ugarthilok, undertaken at the desire of Gorm, king of Denmark. Thorlacius, who quotes it at length, in his celebrated Essay, entitled "*Something about Thor and his hammer*," sees in it a strong confirmation of his opinion of there having been a set of nature-gods worshipped in Scandinavia before the arrival of the Asiatics, who usurped their honours and their names, but who were unable to eradicate the reverence of them, so deeply was it implanted in the public mind. He regards it as the composition of a free-thinker, a species that could not be wanting in the old North, who, though outwardly complying with the Odinian religion, secretly adored the powers of nature, and composed this legend to show how feeble the reigning celestial dynasty was in comparison with nature and her powers. There certainly can be little doubt that ancient Scandinavia had her *esprits forts*; and the author of the poem of *Ægir's Banquet*, just mentioned, has not inappropriately been styled the Northern Lucian: but we cannot by any means be induced to look upon the framer of this legend as a depreciator of Asa-Thor. On the contrary, all through it his strength is represented as enormous; and the only refuge of Utgard Loki against it, lay in deception and illusion.

According to Mr. Magnusen, this legend denotes the struggle

between Thor, the hurler of the thunder, and the demon of the cold of winter. In the old Northern calendars, he says, the glove is the symbol of the commencement of winter, in which, as thunder is rare in that season, Thor may be said to go to sleep; the snoring of Skrymir is the storm and tempest of winter, on which the blows of the thunderer can produce no effect. The insoluble knots of the wallet, are the cold which closes up the earth, the great bag of food. Loki and Logi, whose names are nearly the same, both signifying *flame*, he would regard with respect to their effects; taking the former for flame properly so called, the other for the "cold which performs the effect of heat." Thialfi is the wind of summer, the *Thought* of Utgard Loki that of winter; the disappearance of this latter and his city, the departure of winter with its storms, its fields of snow and fantastic piles of ice, leaving the grassy verdant plains free and unincumbered. This explication is tolerably ingenious; it may be true, but we fear it is only an instance of Mr. Magnusen's usual habit of attempting to explain every thing on the physical theory; and we much suspect that if the Scald who framed it were to return to life, he would declare that these subtle allegories never entered his conception, that he only meant to entertain his auditors and exalt the mighty Thor.

Next to Thor, the most renowned of Odin's sons was Baldur, called the Good; for of him, says the Edda, only good could be spoken. He is the fairest and most beautiful of all the Aser. His body is so bright that it emits rays of light, his hair is beautiful and flowing. He is the wisest, the most eloquent, and the most compassionate of the Aser; and his judgments are so just that no one can reverse them. Happy in the love of his affectionate spouse, the chaste and beautiful Nanna, he inhabits the splendid palace of Breidablick, whither nothing impure can penetrate. Their son is the just Forseti, (*president*), who dwells in the palace of Glitnir, and pronounces true and righteous judgments.

Baldur had long lived in bliss, when he began to be vexed with fearful dreams. A council of the gods was summoned to deliberate thereon, and it was resolved to adjure all things to spare Baldur. Frigga, anxious to avert danger from her beloved son, took an oath of the fire, the water, the earth, the metals, of trees, men, beasts, birds, serpents, poisons, and diseases, not to injure him. The Hamingiur, or guardian goddesses, did not appear at the council; and Odin, fearful of danger, summoned another; in consequence of which he determined himself, in person, to visit the domains of Hela, the goddess of death. He saddled his steed Sleipner, and rode down to the shadowy realm of death, passed the furious blood-bedabbled hound of Hela, and arrived

at the lofty palace, eastward of whose gate lay entombed a Vala. He sang the awful verses of evocation, looked towards the north and east, and cast the magic-runes, till compulsively the prophethess raised herself and spake—

“ Who is the man,
To me unknown,
Who my spirit's
Sleep disturbeth?
Snowed on by snow,
And struck by rain,
And drenched by dew,
Long have I lain dead.

VEGTAM.

Vegtam I hight,
Am son of Valtam;
Tell me of hell,
I tell thee of the world—

For whom are benches
With rings bestrewn,
The gorgeous couches
Swimming in gold?

VALA.

Here stands for Baldur
Brewed Mead:
Clearest drink
A shield doth cover.
The Aser race
Are all confused;
Of need I spake,
Now will I cease.”

Odin learns the fate of his son, and returns home.

The gods, meantime, had placed Baldur in the midst of them, and by way of amusement, to try the effect of Frigga's adjurations, threw darts, stones, and other missiles at him, but nothing would injure him. The evil Loki was grieved at beholding this, and taking the form of an old woman, he went to Frigga, who was abiding in her magnificent palace of Fensal; and on her inquiring what was going on in the assembly of the gods, made answer that they were casting darts at Baldur, but that nothing would hurt him. “ Yea,” said Frigga, “ neither wood nor weapon will injure Baldur, for I have taken an oath of them all.” The feigned old woman asked if all things had given the oath. “ East of Valhalla,” says Frigga, “ grows a plant named mistletoe (*misti-teiun*), but it looked too young and tender to require an oath from it.” The woman went away. Loki pulled the mistletoe, and drew near to the assembly. Without the ring stood Hödur, who was blind; and Loki going up to him, asked why he too did not throw at Baldur. “ Because,” said he, “ I see not where Baldur is; and, moreover, have no weapon.” “ Do like the rest—show honour to Baldur. I will bring you to where he is, and cast this twig at him.” Fate was not to be averted. Hödur took and cast the mistletoe; Baldur fell dead, transfixed by the slender twig, and “ this was the most unhappy cast ever made among gods or men.” All gazed on each other with grief and anger, but the place was sacred, and vengeance could not be taken there. All were deeply grieved, but Odin most of all.

When their sorrow had somewhat subsided, Frigga asked which of the gods would win her love and affection by riding to Hela,

to release Baldur. Hermod, the son of Odin, undertook the journey. Sleipner was led forth, and he mounted, and departed with speed. The Aser took up the corpse of Baldur, and carried it to the sea, where his ship Hringhorna lay, on which they raised his pyre, and sought in vain to draw it out. They sent to Jötunheim, and a woman named Hyrroken came to their aid, mounted on a wolf, with serpents for reins. Four of Odin's Berserks (furious warriors) were unable to hold her steed. Hyrroken seized the prow of the ship, and drew it with such force that fire flew from the rollers. Thor would have struck her, but the rest of the gods interfered to appease him. The body was laid on the pyre. At that melancholy sight the heart of Nanna burst, and she was deposited on the same pyre. Thor consecrated the pyre with Miölner, and seizing by the leg a dwarf named Litur, who was running about, flung him into the flames. All the Aser were present at the funeral. Odin came thither with Frigga, attended by his Valkyries and his ravens; Freyr in his chariot drawn by the boar Gullin Bursti (*Gold-bristle*); Freya was drawn thither by her cats; Heimdal came mounted on his horse Gulltopp (*Gold-top*); Frost and mountain giants came in troops. Odin placed on the pyre the ring Draupner, which every ninth night dropped eight golden rings like itself. The horse of Baldur, with all his trappings, was cast into the flames to his beloved master.

Hermod meanwhile rode for nine nights through murky dismal dells, till he came to the river Giöll, over which a golden bridge extends. Modgudar is the name of the maiden who guards it; she asks him who he is, and says that the day before five troops of the dead had ridden over it, and it shakes as much beneath him alone. "Thy face is not that of the dead—why dost thou ride on the way to hell?" To Hermod's reply, that he seeks Baldur, and inquiry if she had seen him on the way to hell, she answers, that Baldur had ridden over the Giöll-bridge, but that the road to hell was towards the north and ran downwards. Hermod follows her direction and arrives at Helgrindur, i. e. the grated doors of hell. He here alights and tightens his girths, and the good steed springs with him through the bars, without so much as touching them. He rode up to the palace, and there beheld Baldur sitting on a lofty seat. Hermod passed the night there, and next morning he requested of Hel to let Baldur ride home with him, explaining to her how great the grief of the Aser was. Hel regarding the present as a good occasion of ascertaining if Baldur was really as universally beloved as was reported, promised she would release him if all things animate and inanimate should bewail him with the Aser; Hermod returns with this

condition, Baldur sending by him the ring Draupner to Odin Nanna, her mantle to Frigga, and her gold ring to Fulla, Frigga's attendant.

The gods called upon all beings to weep Baldur out of Hell. Men and beasts, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea bewailed the pious god, trees and stones poured forth copious tears, all nature testified affliction. But as the messengers of the gods were returning with the intelligence, passing by a cave, they saw in it a giantess named Thökt, who, on being called on to weep Baldur out of Helheim, replied,

" Thökt will bewail,
With dry tears,
Baldur's doom.
Quick or dead,
Let Hel hold
What she hath."

This giantess was Loki. The enraged gods resolved to punish him. His abode was in a mountain, with four entrances, turned to the four winds; but he feared to remain in it, and changing himself into a salmon, took refuge in a neighbouring waterfall. The Aser fish for him with his own net; after he had eluded them for a long time, Thor caught him in his hand, as he was springing over the net, but he slipped through his fingers down to near the tail; hence the salmon runs taper to the tail. They set him in a cave, and brought thither his sons Vali and Narni, the former of whom being transformed by them into a wolf, tore his brother, with whose bowels the gods bound Loki to three sharp-pointed rocks; over his face Skada hung a serpent, whose venom, as it falls, is caught in a basin by his faithful wife Siguna. But when she is emptying the basin, the venom falls on the face of the unhappy Loki, and as he shrinks, writhing from it, the earth quakes. There he abides till Ragnarök, *i. e.* the twilight of the gods, comes. The Vala had said to Vegtam,

" Rinda bears a son
In the bowers of the West,
Who will Odin's son, (*Hödur*,)
When but a night old, slay:
No hands will he wash,
His hair ne'er comb,
Till to the bale (*pyre*) he bears
Baldur's opposer."

That is Vali, the son of Odin, by Rinda, will slay and cast on the bale or funeral pyre, Hödur, the slayer of Baldur. Thus the murder of the god will be fully avenged. At the renovation of

all things, Baldur and Hödur will return and dwell on Ida's plain, where the gods of the old world abode.

That the legend of Baldur is a philosophical mythos, must be apparent to the most superficial observer. It recalls at once the Syrian mythi of Thammuz and Adonis, which it excels in invention, and is evidently founded on the departure of the summer sun from the northern hemisphere. Olaus Rudbeck regarded Baldur as the sun; he has been followed in this opinion by Skulë Thorlacius, Suhm, Bastholm, Gräter and others. Gruntvig and Ling take this mythos to denote the golden age. Monë regards it as descriptive of the summer of the Annus Magnus, or of that of the ordinary year, to which latter supposition the idea of Mr. Magnusen approaches. According to him, Baldur is the vernal sun, or the god presiding over that portion of the zodiac called by as the sign of the Twins, but which the old Scandinavians named Breidablick. In this sign the sun attains his greatest altitude, the days then are bright and mild, the air is soft and balmy. Baldur the Good sits in Breidablick, and no evil thing comes near him. But soon the sun declines from his height, darkness begins to gain on the light, i. e. Hödur (darkness) slays Baldur at the instigation of Loki, the author of all evil, with a twig of mistletoe, a plant which retains its verdure throughout the winter when all others are bare and dry. The pyre on which the body of Baldur is burnt denotes the excessive heat consequent on the departure of the sun from the Twins, and the fires, which, at the present day, flame in honour of St. John at Midsummer on the hills of Scandinavia, Scotland and Ireland, rose to heaven in the days of heathenism, in commemoration of the funeral of Baldur, slain by the blind Hödur. So far, we think, Mr. Magnusen treads on tolerably firm ground; when he proceeds to explain physically the details of the legend, his footing becomes more uncertain. The *ring-horned* ship of Baldur he is perhaps right in referring to the sun; we have already noticed the Grecian notion of the ship of the sun. The giantess Hyrroken, who launches it, he takes to be the *reeking* heat of the dogdays, and the flames that fly from the rollers and the trembling of the earth, to signify the effect of subterranean fire set in action by the celestial heat. The dwarf Litr, i. e. *Colour*, whom Thor flings on the pyre, is the verdure of the trees and herbage which vanishes beneath the ardent heat of this part of the year. Of most of the other persons and circumstances, Mr. Magnusen gives explanations more or less happy. When he comes to the giantess Thökt, who refused to weep with all nature, (and which signifying *covered, hid*, he interprets *subterranean flame*,) he gives on the information of Finar Thorlacius, a clergyman of Iceland, the following proverb, cur-

sent in that island at the present day, and which proves how long old mythological ideas and expressions will cling to the minds of the people. *Allir hlutir gráta Balldur úr heliu, nema kol*, that is, *all things wept Baldur out of Hell, except coal*. The plant also called in the Edda *Baldursbrá* (*Baldur's brow*) still retains its name in Iceland and other places. It resembles the camomile, its botanic name is *anthemis matricaria inodora*, and from the whiteness of its petals it has derived its appellation. Its circular form and yellow centre assimilate it to the solar orb. In the island of Zealand is still to be seen *Balders-Brönd*, *Balder's fountain*, and *Balders-Höi*, *Balder's hill*.

Mr. Magnusen, whom no affinities and resemblances escape, has also not failed to notice the resemblance between the fate of Baldur and that of the Persian hero Isfendiar, who, as every one acquainted with the story of the Shah Nameh must know, had been enchanted by the prophet Zerdusht against all weapons. But there grew a tree on the shores of the sea of Cheen, against which the enchantments of the sage availed not, and led thither by the Simurg, Roostam broke a branch, from which he formed an arrow, and the days of Isfendiar came to their close. Strange as the coincidence may appear, Roostem's death is afterwards caused by his own brother, as Hödur is laid on the pyre by his brother Vali, by which last personage Mr. Magnusen understands the deity presiding over the sign of the Waterman, in which sign, when the sun commences his career, light begins visibly to gain on darkness, that is, Hödur is slain by Vali; and the funeral pyre of Hödur is represented by the numerous lights kindled at this period, (of which the Christians have made their Candlemas,) as that of Baldur was by the fires of Midsummer. There is some, though perhaps merely a casual resemblance, between the names of Vali and St. Valentine, but it is St. Paul who has chiefly usurped the honours of the son of Odin. This saint, to whom the 25th of January is dedicated, is said by the Norwegian peasantry to have been a valiant warrior and a great archer, whose usual time of fighting was the morning. In concluding our account of the mythos of Baldur, we would beg such of our readers as may have doubts of the fact of poetic and physical mythi having been treated as real history, to read in the third book of the history of Saxo Grammaticus the narrative of Baldur, slain by Hother. The narrative will amuse, and all doubts will vanish; the insecure nature of all traditional history will become strikingly apparent, for were the Eddas lost, there is nothing in the narrative of Saxo to awaken suspicion of its historical truth.

In the Scandinavian mythology all parts of nature were furnished with their presiding deities, and no gods were permitted

to live in single blessedness. The Northern skies possessed no unwedded Apollo, no Athens or Artemis made a boast of virgin purity and passed her days removed from love and all its blandishments. Each god, like his worshippers, had a home; a wife and children. The depths of the sea were ruled by a god of the giant race named Ægir or Hler; his wife, as of course he had one, was named Ran, and they had nine daughters, i. e. the sea waves.

“ And Ægir's daughters with blue veils gay,
Dance round the rudder and shoot away,”

says Tegnér. Ægir and his spouse dwelt in a magnificent palace beneath the sea, which was the scene of the celebrated Ægirdrikka, or Ægir's Banquet, and the sea-god was entertained by the Aser in Asgard, at which feast, seated beside Braga, the celestial scald, he heard from him the adventures of the gods contained in that portion of the younger Edda called Braga's-Rædur. Shipwrecked mariners were received into the subaqueous palace of Ran, whither, however, no one should come empty-handed. Frithiof, in the dreadful storm raised by the witches, which assails him on his voyage to the Orkneys, cries to his crew, that Ran, is spreading her blue cushions to receive them.

“ Then from off his arm he draweth
Gold-ring fine, of three marks weight,
Bright as sun at morning gleaming,
’Twas the gift of Bela great.
Into pieces he the ring cuts,
By the dwarfs wrought skilfully,
Parts it, and forgetteth no one
Of his comrades bold and free.
Gold is good to carry
On our downward journey,
No one empty-handed
Goes to sea-blue Ran.
Cold her lips to kiss are,
To embrace she's fleeting,
But we bind the sea-bride
With the burned gold.”

Ran had a net in which she used to catch the mariners. This net she lent to Loki, to catch the dwarf Andvari, who dwelt in a waterfall, in the form of a pike, and whose treasure became the celebrated Hoard, so renowned in Northern and German romance, which caused all the woes of the Volsungs and Nibelungs. In modern times the ideas respecting Ran have been transferred to the Havsfruer or Mermaids, who, according to the Scandinavians, haunt the sea and its coasts.

Njördr was a deity who presided over the wind; to whom travellers and mariners addressed their prayers. He was not of the

Aser, but at the termination of the great war between them and the Vaner or Air-Spirits, Niördr was given by the latter as a hostage in place of Hænir. He henceforth ranks high in Asgard; his palace was there called Noátún. In their oaths men joined him with Freyr and the mighty As (Thor or Odin). His children were Freyr and Freya; his wife was Skadi, the daughter of the giant Thiasse, who inherited from her father the celestial palace of Theymheim, between which and Noátún he divides his time. He is considered, apparently without reason, to be connected with the Grecian Nereus.

The children of Niördr, Freyr and his sister Freya, correspond to the Apollo and Artemis of Grecian mythology. Freyr is said to have been the son of Niördr by his own sister. He occupies a high station among the Aser, presiding over solar light, rain, and the fertility of the earth. Men prayed to him for peace and prosperity. Freyr possessed a curious boar, given to him by the dwarfs, the sons of Ivallda. This boar was named Gullinbursti (*Gold-bristles*); he draws the chariot of Freyr, and no darkness is so thick as not to be dissipated by the gleam of his bristles. By the same dwarfs was formed the wonderful ship Skidbladnir, which Loki gave to Freyr. This vessel is large enough to contain the Aser with all their arms; the wind always blows in its poop; it is composed of several pieces, and when not in use, can be folded up like a napkin, and put into a small pouch. The short sword of Freyr was also celebrated; he gave it up in his love for Gerda, and had in consequence to employ a hart's horn as his weapon against the giant Beli; and in the final conflict with Surtur he will more deeply feel its loss.

Supposing Freyr to be the sun-god, most of these mythic objects admit of an easy solution. The sword at once reminds us of the χρυσάεος (*Gold-sworded*) Apollo of the Greeks; the gold-bristled boar evidently denotes the solar orb, and without searching for more recondite reasons, the great fondness of the Gothic race for this animal, (of which we shall see an instance presently,) will sufficiently account for its being elevated to the honour of drawing the car of the sun-god. By the ship Skidbladnir, (from Skid, a plank, and Blad, a leaf,) is meant, according to the ingenious conjecture of Mr. Magnusen, the body of vapour and clouds at times overspreading the heavens, and which the excited fancy of a scald might regard when rolling in dense volumes along the sky, as a great ship, in which the gods were sailing about. As it was composed of many similar pieces, presented a flat surface, and would occasionally disappear altogether, the fiction was natural (and similar language and ideas will be found in Scripture) of it being rolled up like a napkin by

the gods, and put into a bag. The god of the sun, the lord of day, was naturally regarded as the owner of this wonderful vessel.

Almost the only adventure of Freyr that has come down to us is that of his love for the fair Gerda. In this he also resembles Apollo, whose exploits were mostly of this description. Freyr sat one day in Lidskialf, from which there was a view over the whole world. Casting his eyes on Jötunheim, he saw, going out of a palace, a maiden whose hair was so bright that air and sea shone with its lustre. The god became suddenly enamoured, he fled all society, he neither spoke nor ate. His father and his stepmother Skadi desire his attendant Skirner to go to him, and endeavour to learn the cause of his melancholy. Freyr at first declines answering, but on Skirner's reminding him of their having been born together in their "childhood's morning," he tells him of his having seen Gerda, the daughter of Gymer, and of the love, passing that of any youth, he had conceived for her. Skirner offers that if he will give him his horse, who can go through the "dark flame," and his sword, that can "wield itself against the giant-brood," to go woo the maiden for him. Freyr gladly consents. Skirner arrives at the house of Gymer, and asks a cow-herd, who was sitting there on a hill, how he may get to speak with Gerda; the cow-herd warns him of his danger in the attempt, and while they are arguing the fair Gerda herself comes forth, inquires the cause of the noise, and then invites Skirner in "to drink the clear mead." Here she asks him who he was, that had come over the raging flames to visit their halls. Skirner in reply, offers her eleven golden apples if she will promise to live with Freyr. These she rejects disdainfully. He then proffers the ring Draupner which "was burned with Odin's young son." (*Baldur*). This she also refuses, alleging that she had abundance of gold in Gymer's house. Finding promises of no avail, Skirner proceeds to threats; he draws the sword of Freyr, menacing to cut off her head, and that of her father, and then enumerates a list of afflictions which she shall be made to undergo in case of persisting in her obstinacy. At length she gives way, and appoints to meet the god after nine nights in the "warm grove of Benë." Skirner rides home with the intelligence, the impatient lover advances to meet him, and on hearing the time exclaims,

Long is a night,
Longer are two,
How shall I three endure?
Oft has a month seemed
More short unto me
Than a half of one of these nights.

This legend is the subject of the poem called *För Scirnis*

(Skirner's journey) in the poetic Edda; it is also related in the prose Edda. The latter narrative begins thus, "There was a *man* named Gymer," and it calls Gerda the "*fairest of women*," expressions for which there is no warrant in the original poem, from which the prose narrative has evidently been framed. An additional proof of the genuineness of the tales and legends contained in the Eddas! By Gerda Mr. Magnusen understands the northern-light, daughter of Gymer the ice-sea; and of giant-race, as rising in the remote regions of Utgard, and on this hypothesis, which we neither receive nor reject, he proceeds to explain the whole poem.

In the Scandinavian, as in the Grecian mythology, the sun and the moon, or rather their regent-deities, are regarded as brother and sister; Freya, the sister of Freyr, is, therefore, the moon-goddess; she is also the goddess of love, uniting in herself the properties of the Artemis and Aphrodite of the Greeks. She presides over the heavenly region called Folkvang. She is next in rank to Frigga among the Asynier, and when she goes to the battles of men, for some unexplained reason, one half of the slain fall to her and the other to Odin. This goddess rides in a chariot drawn by two cats. By her husband Odur—who frequently leaves her at which she weeps golden tears—she had a daughter named *Hnossa* so bright that all bright things, (*Hnossir*), are so named from her. There are few adventures of Freya alluded to; the extreme desire of the giants to obtain her in marriage has been already noticed—they would no doubt gladly obtain the moon to illumine their gloomy abodes, so far removed from the "sun and summer-shade."

Nott (*Night*) comes through the skies mounted on her horse, Hrimfaxi, (*Frost-mane*), or in a chariot drawn by two horses. The drops that fall from the bits of her bridles are the dew drops that at morning lie glittering on the meads. Daggr (*Day*) also rides or drives with one or two horses, one of which is named Skinfaxi (*Bright-mane*), whose mane fills the air with light. In Odin's raven-song we meet the following highly poetical description of the break of day.

Delling's son (*day*) forth
Drove his horse,
Richly beset
With shining stones.
O'er Manheim (*earth*) gleamed
The courser's mane,
Who drew in his car
The baffle of Dualin (*day*).
Through earth's great
Gates of the north,
Beneath the outer root
Of the ancient tree,

To rest now glided
Giantesses and giants,
Ghosts and dwarfs,
And dark-alfa.
Heroes arose,
Alf-beamer (*sun*) got up:
Northwards to Nifheim,
Night is flown.
On Argiöll (*rainbow*) stood
Ulfrann's son (*Heimdall*),
The great horn-sounder
Of heaven's hill.

Like earth, heaven enjoyed the blessings of song and poetry. The silver-bearded Bragá charmed the Aser with his eloquent strains and the accords of his harp. His wife, the beautiful Idunna, was the possessor of the fragrant apples by whose taste the departing youth of the gods was stayed. The carrying off of Idunna by the giant Thiassé, the danger the gods thereby ran of sinking into premature decrepitude, with her recovery by the stratagems of Loki, who had been the original means of betraying her into the power of the giant, form one of the most interesting narratives of the Edda of Snorro. By Idunna Mr. Magnúsen would understand the genial spring which renews the youth of all nature, pouring forth verdure, flowers, and fruit beneath the tepid gales, which sport through its placid skies. As joy and harmony, the song of birds, the voice of man, and cry of animals, accompany this inspiring season, Idunna is feigned to be wedded to Bragá the god of song and poetry. The giant Thiassé is the winter, Idunna escapes from him, in the shape of a swallow, the bird of spring, conducted by Loki in the form of a hawk. Thiassé, pursuing as an eagle, rushes into the flames kindled by the gods, and is there slain by them—that is, Winter is destroyed by the heat attending the entrance of spring. Certainly a most beautiful mythos, if our author's exposition be right.

Loki is one of the most celebrated of the gods, but his origin and character are involved in much obscurity. His name signifies *flame*, and there can be hardly a doubt of his having been a personification, or the demon, of fire. Hence his deeds are sometimes good, sometimes evil. There being two or more persons of this name, no small confusion has arisen from confounding their attributes and actions, and it is not perhaps now possible to assign to each of them his own. The ancient Edda endeavours to account for the change of character in Asa Loki by saying that he lost his innocence by eating the half-roasted heart of a wicked woman, whence he became wicked, and the father of all the monsters of earth. The resemblance between him and the Christian Satan is evident, and was early perceived in the North. In Norway the devil is at this day called *Loké*, and numerous evil effects are still throughout Scandinavia and Iceland ascribed to this ancient demon.

The Valkyries (*choosers of the slain*) are, like the Grecian nymphs, a species of inferior deities. Their origin is not given, but Freya appears to be their mistress. They perform in Valhall and Vingolf the same office that was discharged in Olympus by the blooming Hebé. It is also a part of their duty to seek out, at the command of Odin, and collect the souls of the fallen heroes, and lead them to Asgard. In the elder Edda their aerial march

is finely described. The poet sees three bands of nymphs issuing from the skies; one (a mortal maid it would appear) rides at their head, clad in white, with a glittering helmet. As their horses curvet, rain falls in the deep vallies of the earth, hail on its lofty trees, evil demons fly at their sight, their gleaming armour flashes light through heaven as they advance to the aid of heroes. In the *Elegy on Haco the Good*, by Eyvind Scaldaspill, there is a noble description of the last battle of that monarch, in which he sees "the serene Valkyries sitting on their horses," and inviting him to Valhall, whither they gallop to announce his approach, and Odin sends forth Hermod and Braga to greet the coming guest. On the introduction of Christianity, the character of the Valkyries sank in common with that of the other deities, and they were represented as ruthless ferocious maidens, delighting in blood and carnage, as will appear on looking to the fine ode versified by Gray, commencing, "Now the storm begins to lour."

The last dwellers in the celestial abodes that we shall notice are the Einheriar, men who by their virtue, valour and other noble qualities, had rendered themselves worthy to taste of the joys of Valhall. Their mode of ascent thither may be learned from the elegy of king Haco, just noticed, or from that portion of the *Frithiof Saga*, called "*Ring's Drapa*," where, in strict conformity with the ancient Northern notions, the good king Ring, who had died peaceably in his bed, after he had marked his bosom with runes to Odin, ascends to the gods. The dead monarch is described as sitting in his mound, with his sword by his side, and his shield on his arm, while his gold-hoofed courser paws the ground with impatience. At length he mounts, gallops along *Bif-röst*, (*the rainbow*) and enters Valhall, where the gods come forward to meet him, and Braga, seizing his gold-strung harp, sounds the praises of the just and beneficent monarch. In Valhall, we are told, the occupation of the Einheriar was every morning to mount their steeds and ride out to the place of exercise, where the whole day, till dinner-time, was spent in the combats of war, or rather martial exercises, and as evening drew near they rode home, where they feasted on the flesh of the boar *Sörimner*, dressed in the kettle *Eldrimner*, by the cook *Andrimner*, and drank from the hands of the fair Valkyries the mead which is drawn from the dugs of the goat *Heidrun*. At night the heroes often mount their horses and ride down *Bif-röst* to earth, where they enter their mounds, and at times converse with mortals, but ere day comes forth they return to their celestial abode.

There is no portion of the ancient Scandinavian religion that

has been more severely and more unjustly treated than this description of the employment of the departed in Valhall. It has been falsely asserted that it only opened its gates to receive those who fell in battle, and as falsely, that the warriors drank their ale from the skulls of their fallen enemies. The Scandinavians, in this instance as in others, only followed the dictates of nature, in conceiving the future state to resemble the present one, though far exceeding it in bliss. To a Scandinavian of ancient or modern times, as to an Anglo-Saxon, the finest of food was pork and bacon; hence he made it to furnish forth the table of the gods. If we view the notions of the professors of other religious systems on this head, we shall not find them very far to transcend in spirituality those of our forefathers. The Talmud, for example, says, that in the days of Messiah men will feed on the flesh of Behemoth, Leviathan, and on the huge griffin, a greater variety of dishes than Asgard affords; so gross, indeed, were the conceptions of the Jews on this subject, that Our Lord himself condescended to adapt his parabolic language to their carnal minds, and to describe to them the joys of the Messiah's kingdom under the figure of rich and splendid banquets. The true believer, say the votaries of Islam, will feast on rich viands in Paradise. When in the poem of the philosophic Virgil, Æneas goes down to Elysium and views the happy souls there,—

“ Conspicit, ecce, alios dextra lævaque per herbam
Vescantis, lætumque choro Pæana canentis
Inter odoratum lauri nemus;”

And a few lines before, this poet employs expressions describing the occupation of the happy spirits there assembled, which form the exact counterpart to those of the inmates of Valhall:—

“ Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
Contendunt ludo et fulvâ luctantur arenâ.”

And again,

“ Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanis,
Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia curruum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentis
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.”

While man is on earth, his ideas will be such as earth supplies, and in all his efforts after the conception of a future state he will compose the pictures of its bliss out of his most agreeable ones here. The Greenlander has no conception of a heaven without seals in its waves; the Laplander expects to meet there tobacco and brandy; to an Arab it would be no Paradise without streams of clear and refreshing water. As to the martial exercises of the inmates of Valhall, they were such as suited the conception of a

martial race. Milder occupations may there have been prepared for the gentle and the good; for we apprehend that those persons very much err who conceive the battle and the drunken revel to have constituted the bliss and the constant employment of the hardy sons of the North. Love and friendship, there as elsewhere, exerted their beneficent influence, the arts of peace were far from being unknown, and agriculture engaged a portion of the population. It is really too absurd to see Hume gravely observing, that in the eleventh century the Northerners began to grow acquainted with tillage. From the account of deeds of atrocity committed against strangers and enemies, it is not just to infer a ferocity of domestic manners: when we read of the barbarities committed by a band of Toorkomans or Koords in their forays on a hostile tribe, we might feel disposed to regard them as beings who delight only in the sight of blood and suffering; but view these same men in their camps and families, and their ordinary life will be found to be mild, just and kind. So may it have been with the Northmen; their religion at least appears not to have been a mere sanguinary superstition.

We now take leave of the Eddas and their able expounder. We have already observed more than once, that we think Mr. Magnussen right, in regarding the religion contained in them as chiefly a physical one; but we cannot go the full length with him in his exposition of all the details of the *mythi*, many of which are, we doubt not, mere fanciful adjuncts, and many perhaps of the legends were composed by men who had no physical phenomena in view. We quoted, in our former article, an excellent passage from Bastholm, to which Mr. Magnussen should, we think, have devoted more attention than he has done. We must, however, acknowledge that our excellent mythologist is never dogmatic, and that he gives to the opinions of others their full weight and authority. A greater fault in him, we conceive, to be the manner in which he forces etymology into his service. Having adopted the opinion that all the various systems of ancient religion were originally one, and that the Goths came from the shores of the Black Sea to the North, he lays hold of the slightest analogies and resemblances in proof of this original identity, and by attempting to prove too much, he really weakens his cause. To us, the religion of the Eddas, with its frost-giants and similar personages, has all the appearance of a religion framed in the north, and in conformity to its aspect and climate; but the migration of the Goths from Asia, though from similarities of language and feature with some of the oriental races, we believe it to be a *true*, yet we cannot concede to be a

*historical event.** There is not the slightest allusion to it in the tales of the Eddas, or in the verses of the Scalds, and we much doubt if the Roman literature and Christianity had not visited the North, whether we should ever have seen the early chapters of the *Heimskringla*. Supposing two nations, speaking kindred tongues, to have framed separate religious systems, on the usual principle of deifying the different parts of nature, may not they have fallen on nearly similar appellations for their gods? In the ancient language of the North, *Sól* is the *Sun*, and *Vár* is the *Spring*, words almost exactly the same as their Latin equivalents; the same is the case with many Northern words compared with Greek, Persian, and Sanscrit ones. Might not then this sufficiently account for several of the correspondences observed by Mr. Magnussen, without having recourse to the hypothesis of Odin being Buddha, and the religion of the latter having spread from India to Scandinavia? These points we leave to the consideration of those who wherever they perceive a resemblance infer communication.

A more agreeable portion of the extant literature of ancient Scandinavia remains untouched. Its romance, containing the exploits of Sigurd, Helgi, and other warriors, may perhaps on some future occasion furnish us with the materials of what we might hope to prove an interesting article.

ART. V.—*Causes Criminelles Célèbres du dix-neuvième siècle, redigées par une Société d'Avocats.* 4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1828.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, that, in place of increasing in number and variety with the progress of social life and the superaddition of artificial to natural feelings, the causes of crime should actually seem to have diminished, at least in numerical force. It is remarkable, however, only at first sight, or when viewed as an insulated fact; for in reality it forms an unavoidable part of the history of the human race, and agrees in the nicest manner with the context. In the earlier stages of society, to enumerate the incentives to crime was to run over the whole

* Is it not a curious circumstance that one of the Persian tribes, enumerated by Herodotus, should be called *Γερμανοί*? Mr. Hammer thought at one time he had found, in *Mirkhond*, *Germania* as the ancient name of Khwarezm. He was, as he has since acknowledged, misled by the error of the MS. he used, for the true word is *Jorjania*. As far as we know of him, Mr. Hammer claims no exemption from the common lot, but his slips certainly did not merit the illiberal and indecent strictures lavished on them by Senkowski. He still, however, maintains the *Ermân* of the *Shah Nameh*, which lies on the borders of Iran and Turcan, corresponding with Khwarezm, to be the cradle of the Germanic race.

catalogue of human passions; in our era the motives of the robber, the forger, the assassin, nay, the seducer, sometimes, may be all resolved into one. The breach of the Eighth and Tenth Commandments is, at the present day, either the cause or object of almost every other crime. Love, fear, and hate, all the mightier tyrants of our nature, that once ruled the hearts of men and the destinies of the world, are molten into the golden substance of Avarice. The mercenary character of crimes will be found to be in exact proportion to the refinement of the country in which they are perpetrated. In Ireland, for instance, there is more poverty than in England, and her calendar is blotted with more blood; yet there are fewer murders committed there from mercenary motives than in this more civilized country. On the continent, France has the honour of exhibiting in her crimes a much clearer title to that distinction of refinement, which she knows so well how to appreciate, than any of her neighbours.

But even in those parts of the continent nearest resembling England in intellect and activity, we observe a singular difference in the characteristics of crime. The genius of the continental nations has contrived to throw a kind of melodramatic air over their bloodiest deeds; there is a magnificence in the conception, and an exaggerated atrocity in the details, by which our feelings are divided between horror and surprise.

On turning to the first pages of the volumes before us, we find two persons in the station of gentlemen, in order to free themselves from some debts, and become masters of a little property, resolving to murder their friend, a person of consideration and respectability in the place. They lie in wait for him in the street, drag him into a house of public debauchery at an early hour in the evening, place him deliberately upon a table, and cut his throat in the presence of several men and women whom they had engaged, by means of the most insignificant bribes, to assist them. They wrap the body in a cloth, march publicly to the river and throw it in, and then complete the execution of their plan by going openly to the house of the deceased, and, in the presence of his servant, removing the property they coveted. Farther on, a young man, reduced to some pecuniary necessity, without dreaming for a moment of such ordinary modes of relieving himself as going upon the highway or picking pockets, murders his aunt by stabbing her repeatedly in the breast, and cuts off his brother's head, legs, and thighs, which he throws into the river and the streets. But there is sometimes an episode in the romance—an underplot interwoven with the most horrible scenes of the tragedy, which relieves us for the moment of its presence like a well found in the desert. In the first case we have mentioned, for example,

there are two lovers, accomplices of the murderers, who, at the denouement, exhibit feelings which we could hardly conceive to be capable of existing in such circumstances. The girl, who escapes with imprisonment, implores permission to share the fate of her lover who is condemned to die; while he, overwhelmed with grief at his mistress's misfortune, scarcely feels the bitterness of his own. Before presenting to our readers, however, an account of some of the incidents detailed in these volumes, which it is our purpose to do, it will, perhaps, not be considered superfluous if we take a very brief view of the criminal laws and institutions of France as they exist at the present day.

The old system, with its hoary load of corruption and absurdity, was levelled to the dust by the revolution. The fabric erected in its stead, however, in its hastily-placed and incongruous materials, exhibited tokens of the feverish spirit of the time; and it was not till the year 1808, that a Code was promulgated, which, with some unimportant modifications, remains in force to this day.

It is worthy of remark, that in this celebrated code, the power of prosecuting for offences is left entirely in the hands of the appointed functionaries of the law, *who may prosecute or not as they think proper*; but this abuse, monstrous and disgusting as it seems in theory, is partially corrected in practice by the power which resides in individuals of summoning a suspected party at once before the judge of police, and thus, at least, of producing a discussion. Article 9 of the Code of Criminal Instruction enumerates the functionaries by whom judiciary police is to be administered. Of these, with the exception of the judges of instruction, who have some discretionary power, the Procureur du Roi in each arrondissement is the chief; he again is governed by the Procureur General of the Court of Appeal, who is himself under the immediate superintendence of the minister.

1. The Court of Simple or Ordinary Police takes cognizance of offences involving no greater punishment than a fine of fifteen francs or five days' imprisonment. It is divided into two different tribunals, one of which, consisting of the mayors of communes assisted by the "*juges de paix*," determines on cases occurring in the commune when the accused are taken in the fact, when they are inhabitants of the commune, or when the parties present themselves with their witnesses, demanding no more than the small pecuniary fine. The second tribunal, composed of the *Juges de Paix*, has charge of the graver offences of this class.

2. The Court of Correctional Police, to which appeals from the above are carried, is held by the inferior judges, "*juges de première instance*," who take cognizance of offences involving only

a pecuniary punishment, a temporary imprisonment in a house of correction, or the interruption of certain civil or civic rights.

3. The Criminal, or High Criminal Court, is the tribunal for the trial of offences to which a greater punishment is annexed than that of temporary imprisonment. It is held in courts of assize, once a month in Paris, and four times a year in the other departments. It is composed of five members of the Court of Appeal in departments where that court is established; and in other departments, of one member of the Court of Appeal assisted by four judges of the inferior court of the place where the assize is held. In the former case, the Procureur General, or one of his substitutes, fills the place of public accuser: in the latter, the same functions are performed by the Procureur du Roi, or one of his substitutes.

4. The Courts of Appeal, or royal courts, of the members of which the High Criminal Court is chiefly composed, besides other duties, hear appeals from the Court of Correctional Police, and pronounce the "mises en accusation."

5. The Court of Cassation annuls sentences,* judgments,† and decrees,‡ which are attacked on the score of incompetence in the court deciding, or on that of its having exceeded its powers; and for any express contravention of the law, or violation of prescribed forms. But the decree of this court is not itself final; the prisoners may be retained in custody, and the trial carried anew to a court of assize.

6. In its judicial functions, the Chamber of Peers is competent to the arrest and trial of its own members, to the impeachment of ministers, and to the disposal of cases of high treason.

7. The Chamber of Deputies has the power of arresting its own members during the session; but if taken in the fact of committing a crime, the privilege of the deputies ceases, and they may be seized like any other persons by the witness.

Such, *in limine*, is the *materiel* of the French system of criminal law; but it is necessary to point out a few peculiarities worthy of remark before we look at the machine in operation. We shall avoid the details of the steps that are taken before the criminal is brought to a public trial; but these, be it remembered, are all private. The body politic is no sooner wounded by the perpetration of a crime, than its feelers—the police officers, the *gens-d'armes*, the judges of instruction, are all on the alert; they secure the criminal, the accomplice, the witness, the accuser; they drag suspected persons into solitude and darkness, and with an

* Of the *Juges de Paix*.

† Of *tribunaux de première instance*.

‡ Of the royal courts.

art founded on the metaphysical discoveries of the inquisition, wring confessions, false or true, from their breast. Ingenuity and sagacity on the part of the inquirers make up for every thing; the most insidious questions are permitted, provided they produce replies, and even direct bribes are allowed to be administered, since it is their tendency to elicit information. The strong parts and the weaknesses of human character are alike assailed by these new experimental philosophers: in a celebrated trial on the banks of the Rhine, a prisoner denounced one of the comrades of his misfortune each time he was permitted to see his wife; and on another occasion the same satisfactory results were obtained by a suit of new clothes being administered to an incarcerated dandy.*

When temptations fail, those mild *placebos* of the law, recourse is had to stronger and more efficacious measures. Solitary imprisonment is then the dose prescribed by the legal purgator; but as these words can convey no ideas to the uninitiated of the real severity of the punishment, we shall translate a sentence or two from a popular writer† descriptive of the *regime* of French prisons.

"The individual who is put to this kind of torture,—and every one included in the accusation is probably in the same case,—is thrown into a dungeon very often narrow, damp, airless, paved with stones, and lighted only through a wicket in the barred window. A wretched palliase, and a bucket which completes the infection of the air, are the only furniture. Neither chair nor table is allowed; reading and writing are forbidden; bread and water in small quantities are the only nourishment afforded; and the accused is sometimes even deprived of a part of his clothes before he enters."

"From time to time," says M. Berenger,‡ "he is taken out of this horrible place, and conducted before the examining judge; but his recollections are confused, he hardly remembers at all; and after several interrogatories it is a miracle if the incoherence of his answers does not afford some contradictions on which to found afterwards new articles of accusation. Returned to prison, if he has not fulfilled the expectations of the judge, the governor has orders to redouble his severity. Thus, sometimes when the horror of solitude has been able to effect nothing, on a highly tempered mind, they substitute for this treatment another kind of punishment. The dazzling light of a reflecting-lamp flashes suddenly in the darkness; the stream of searching brilliance is turned upon the pallet of the prisoner, who shuts his weak eyes upon the annoying glare. An agent of the police, sitting before a table at the other end of the dungeon, looks at him in silence; he watches his movements, he allows not a single sigh to escape without writing it down; he

* Rey "Des Institutions Judiciaires de l'Angleterre, &c."

† M. Comte. Preface to his translation of Phillips on Juris.

‡ De la Justice Criminelle en France, &c. 8vo. Paris, 1816.

puts together the words and complaints that are extorted from him by pain; and deprives his victim of the last consolation which is refused to the unfortunate, the privilege of groaning in secret." "These punishments vary at the pleasure of the inferior officers to whom their infliction is confided. The duration of this new kind of torture has no other limits than the will of the judge. Some have been detained in this manner for three months, others for five months, and others again for eleven months. We have known the term extended even to eighteen months and a half; and in fact there is no apparent reason why it should not be carried the length of perpetual imprisonment."

A person arrested merely on suspicion, and who was soon after obliged to be set at liberty, nothing having been proved against him, had constantly denied the facts of which he was accused, notwithstanding the rigour of this secret punishment. What was to be done? The judge of police ordered him to be released from his dungeon, where there was a little air and light, and plunged into a vaulted cavern seven or eight feet square, which had no other window than a wicket fitted into the door; and they had the barbarity to *shut this wicket*. The latter little aggravating circumstance was accounted for by the jailor, who coolly told the inquirers, that having some rich smugglers who boarded with him, and had often occasion to be near the place in question, he was fearful that these gentlemen might be incommoded by the pestiferous air which escaped from the vault! This anecdote is given on the authority of M. Rey, the author of the work reviewed in our third number; and the two preceding quotations from authors, one of whom belongs to the bar, and the other to the magistracy.

We may add, that it is not long since the actual torture had its defenders in France; and we are only surprised—looking at such details as the preceding—that the defence was not successful. The reasons given by M. Cottu* for the adoption of the present system of interrogatory, would apply equally well to that which was emphatically called "the question."

"We allege, in excuse, that public tranquillity cannot be maintained unless the guilty are prevented from escaping the penalty they have incurred; and, we think, consequently, that nothing ought to be neglected to render their punishment more certain, and that we should by no means deprive ourselves of the aid of the interrogatory, the most irresistible of all means of conviction. We think, besides, that every individual owes an account of his conduct to the magistrate when he becomes an object of suspicion; and that none but the bad would refuse the explanations demanded. We, therefore, make no scruple of detaining a prisoner in gaol as long as any hope remains of obtaining evidence of his guilt; nor of preventing him from holding any communication—press-

* In his well known work, published a few years since, "On the Administration of Criminal Justice in England."

ing him with questions—surrounding him with snares—precipitating him into contradictions, and offering him a thousand temptations to acknowledge his crime.”

In reasoning upon this subject, M. Cottu, although in some respects a liberal and enlightened writer, takes no notice of the very obvious circumstance, that in many instances the confession demanded of the prisoner may be withheld—not because he is guilty—but because he is innocent. In presenting this consideration to the mind, it is needless to add a single word; but even taking it for granted, in the spirit of the French law, that every suspected person is guilty, it is monstrous to desire a man to criminate himself. “Then,” say the advocates of the system, “ought a criminal to be allowed to escape, merely because there have been no witnesses of the crime?” We think he ought. Better is it that society should suffer than commit injustice, or outrage nature. But, at the same time, if our space permitted; we should have no difficulty in showing that the injury sustained by the community would be very trifling in degree, if not altogether imaginary.

Witnesses are always present—dumb, perhaps, but eloquent. The criminal is involved in a labyrinth of *circumstances* which terminates almost invariably in discovery. The history of great crimes is so full of illustrations of this fact, that examples of an opposite tendency must be considered as forming the exceptions rather than the rule. In England, where the interrogatory system is held in abhorrence, and where criminals, publicly known as such, are daily escaping the punishment of their crimes, this is very rarely indeed owing to the want of proof. A mistake in the spelling of a name—a technical error of the least possible importance—is sufficient to bear off in triumph the most hardened offender. A memorable instance of this singularity in our criminal laws occurred not long since, in the case of a man who cut off his infant’s head in Whitechapel. His guilt was proved to demonstration; but, forsooth, some error had occurred in the name of the murdered child, and the infanticide father was dismissed unharmed from the bar of justice. A case of this description could not readily have occurred in France; but if it had, the public prosecutor would have availed himself of his right of appeal, which he possesses in common with the prisoner, and a new trial would have taken place. In this country, as we shall have occasion to observe, no man can be tried twice for the same crime.

At the introduction of the jury into France, the right which is now vested in the royal courts, of sending the accused to trial, was in the hands of the people, as well as that of afterwards de-

ciding upon his guilt. There were three or four grand juries in each department, and these met once or twice every month, to the number of about 768 yearly for each department, or at least 334, if we take their convocations at once a month. They were taken indifferently from the general jury list of the department; directed in their operations by the president of the correctional tribunal of the district, under the denomination of director of the jury; and furnished, for their guidance, with the complaint and the written declarations of the witnesses. It may easily be supposed, that a machine so rude and so cumbrous as this, was not found to work very well; but, instead of improving upon the principle, and correcting what was faulty in the details, the legislators of France threw it aside altogether, and transferred the right of the "*mises en accusation*" to the royal courts. In England the grand jury is not chosen indifferently from the lists, but always with reference to the degree of intelligence or knowledge in the individual, supposed to be implied by his rank in society; and, besides, it is not convened in petty districts, where local interests and prejudices are sure to bear the sway, but in the chief town of the province.

After the tribunal "*de première instance*" decides on sending the affair submitted to it before the procureur-general, the latter must in ten days give in a report on the subject to the section of the royal court which is especially charged with "*mises en accusation*," and which sits once a week in the council chamber for the purpose of getting through this business. No examinations are taken here; but if satisfied with the *ex-parte* statements laid before it, the court comes in three days to a resolution to send the cause before the court of assize. The procureur-general then draws up the act of accusation. The prisoner being at length brought into court for a public hearing of the cause, his counsel is admonished by the president that he must say nothing *against his conscience*. The jury, consisting of twelve men selected from three hundred of the most respectable inhabitants of the department, having been previously subjected to the challenge both of the accuser and the accused, are then sworn to nearly the same effect as in this country, and the trial proceeds.

The president enters into a long and severe examination of the accused; he questions and cross-questions him; sifts his answers before the jury, and blows away the chaff in derision; hunts him through the labyrinths of falsehood or folly; becomes exasperated with resistance, and, if baffled, breaks into angry *invectives*.* All this is not to be wondered at, for the president is a

* "*Becomes almost his enemy*," according to M. Cottu. The qualifying adverb, we fear, might be dispensed with.

member of the royal court, which has already expressed its opinion of the guilt of the prisoner. The witnesses are then examined, and confronted with the accused; the president returning every moment with redoubled energy to fasten upon his victim, and vindicate the wisdom of the royal courts.

The procureur-general next rises to support the charge; but, as we would not be suspected of exaggeration, we shall borrow on this occasion the words of a counsellor of the royal court of Paris, M. Cottu, whom we have already quoted:—

“ Here it is that the harsh and inflexible custom of our old criminal courts has been unhappily preserved in all its frightful energy. The prisoner is not yet convicted, and he is already treated as if the crime were proved; he is loaded with the most insulting epithets, and I have sometimes seen him brow-beaten in the most shameful manner. A slight incipient reform has been introduced on this point at the bar of the royal court of Paris; but the barbarous usage is still general throughout France; it forms part of our judiciary system—is transmitted from magistrate to magistrate, and degrades our national character in the eyes of a foreigner.

The prisoner's counsel then replies, and sometimes the procureur-general rejoins. When the latter is the case, a scene of altercation frequently ensues, resembling nothing in nature but a tap-room quarrel, or a debate in the Chamber of Deputies; finally, the president sums up, and, if we may believe Cottu, his personal exasperation, which had been working itself into fury during the trial, finds a dreadful vent in cruelty and injustice.

Unanimity on the part of the jury is not requisite, the verdict being carried by a majority; but, nevertheless, unanimity is so generally the result of their laborious deliberations, that it is said, out of 1800 cases tried at Paris in four years and a half, there were only twenty-one decided by a simple majority. In England, the opinions of the jurors are formed while the trial proceeds, and their collective decision is generally given very speedily after the summing up of the judge—sometimes even without their retiring at all from the box. But in France they carry with them into their consulting-room a whole bundle of papers; and in their technicalities and intricacies, and in criticisms on the code, and long speeches from one another, the impression made by the trial, unless their faculties be very retentive indeed, is either dimmed or destroyed.

No one from whom the accused is immediately descended can be heard as a witness against him, nor can his own children or grandchildren; neither can his brothers and sisters, nor those allied to him in the same degree; nor his wife, even after a separation has taken place; nor informers, who are rewarded by law.

A new character, or at least one not known in England, now makes his appearance. This is the civil party in the cause; for in France a criminal trial usually involves a question of damages for injury sustained by the crime, which is tried at the same time, and before the same judges.

It does not come within our plan to enter into an examination of the acknowledged absurdities and abuses of our own venerable system, a duty which we willingly leave in the able hands of Mr. Peel; but we may allow ourselves to make a general remark or two on the position of the accused before the bar of either country. In France the "*pourvoi en cassation*" would seem at first sight to be of immense and peculiar service to the prisoner. The Court of Cassation is a tribunal for the decision of questions involving a supposed contravention of the forms of law; but the effect of its decree, imagining it to be favourable to the prisoner's appeal, is merely to send the cause before another court of assize. The utmost benefits, therefore, which the accused can derive from it, are, a certain additional time for the production of his witnesses, the *chance* of a more careless or merciful jury, and, in consequence of the lapse of time, an abatement of the prejudice which might be supposed to haunt the minds of the arbiters of his fate in the case of a foul and recent crime. In England the presiding judge determines, in most cases, such questions himself, and thus in fact *makes* the laws of the country; for afterwards it is not the Statute-Book, but *his dictum*, which is quoted as a guide in future decisions. When the question is of an exceedingly grave or difficult nature, the judge usually leaves it to the collective opinion of the twelve judges, who form in reality the English court of cassation, and with greater powers than that of France; for in this country no man can be tried twice for the same crime. In France the prisoner is allowed a counsel; but there are narrow limits set to his communication with his legal defender, besides that the advocate, in compliance with the law, must be satisfied of his constituent's innocence, to be of any use.* In England, the judge is, in most cases, the counsel of the prisoner; he warns him against dangerous avowals, and watches his accusers with a jealous eye, lest by unauthorized questions to the witnesses, they should produce a more unfavourable, however correct, impression on the minds of the jury than is actually necessary. In France, the prisoner is examined as an evidence against himself, and, with the exception of the shackled services of his advocate, has nothing whatever to look to for

* This, it must be confessed, is very frequently disregarded; but an advocate guilty of carelessness or corruption may plead the rigour of the law as his apology.

comfort or assistance. The president is generally a still bitterer enemy than the public accuser; the civil advocate adds his voice to the clamour; and the civil party himself, so closely identified with the effects of the crime, brings as it were the *corpus delicti* before the eyes of the jury, and, like Mark Antony mourning the death of Cæsar, points visibly to the wounds, and calls aloud for vengeance. In England, with a kind of national generosity, the accused are thrown into the arena, unarmed indeed, but with many avenues of escape before them. In France, where the laws are more lenient, the outlets from the fatal circle are shut, and legal vengeance is only balked when it lies down before innocence, like a wild beast crouching at the feet of maiden purity. Are the instincts of the beast and the law both apocryphal? In England, in fine, our wish to detect and punish guilt is checked by a fear of injuring innocence; in France the purpose is to detect and punish guilt at any rate.

But, perhaps, the most characteristic difference between the two countries, in their administration of criminal justice, may be found in the comparative degree of regard exhibited to popular feelings and prejudices. In England, there is no obvious connexion between the legal body and the government. The courts of law seem to belong to the people; and the king, when necessary, sends his agent there to plead for justice, like the mere functionary of some public body. Military interference is unknown, except when demanded in extreme cases by the magistrates; and the law officers, whose duty it is to effect arrests, are armed only with the baton of their office—possessing, of course, like any other class of individuals, the optional privilege of providing themselves with a case of pistols, when the service to be performed threatens danger. In France, on the contrary, the whole system of criminal justice rests mainly upon the government. The gens d'armes, its ostensible and unequivocal agents, pounce publicly upon their prey; and even in some cases examine the prisoner and the witnesses with a minuteness which in this country would not be tolerated in a police magistrate. Prefects, the paid agents of government, interfere as openly in the administration of justice as the magistrates, or the justices of peace; every thing wears an air of royal authority, and the people are reminded by a thousand significant tokens, “that they have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.”

We ought now to proceed to notice some of the cases in the volumes before us.

There is some difficulty, however, in the selection. Four thousand years after the birth of crime, it may well be imagined that people have become critical and fastidious on this subject.

Taste as well as instinct enters into the question; we weep by rule as much as by sympathy. This is not to be wondered at. The only remarkable thing is, that after mankind have been committing crimes of all sorts and sizes for forty centuries, our attention should be vehemently stirred by any act of guilt whatever. It is a puerility to call the uncontrollable and mysterious feeling which impels us to read and listen when the subject is of this nature,—and to gloat, as it were, upon the loathsome details of misery and guilt,—a vulgar passion. It is a human passion. In this the learned and the ignorant, and the coarse-minded and the intellectual, are alike. Our attraction is twofold: a sympathy with the injured, and a sympathy with the guilty. There is something in the purest bosom which acknowledges an awful fellowship of humanity even with those who are held, by their deeds, to outrage human nature;—a still small voice within, which says in a moral as well as a physical sense, “to corruption, thou art my father—to the worm, thou art my brother and my sister.” This is the essence of human nature, and the internal evidence of the great truths of religion. Crime is within us, and around us; its seeds are in our heart; its blossoms and bitter fruits hang above our path; it is

“That deadly Upas—that all blasting tree
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies, that rain their plagues on men like dew.”

It is the business of our thoughts, the stimulant of our wishes, the subject of our prayers, the theme of our studies, the life of our amusements; it is the very body of history; it is the very soul of romance.

The proceedings of the tribunals instituted in every civilized society for the check and punishment of the crimes of individuals, are perhaps the most truly interesting of all public transactions; and it is not a little extraordinary that no attempt has as yet been made, on a large scale, to divest them of their tedious but unavoidable technicalities, and thus to present, in the essence of the various judicial inquiries, an actual and continuous history of crime. In England, with the exception of a few insulated volumes, the “Newgate Calendar” is the only record we have of the crimes of the people; but the compilers of this work have unfortunately proceeded on the idea alluded to above, that such documents, from their nature, can only be intended to administer to the base appetites of the “vulgar.” In France, “*Les Causes Célèbres*,” the *magna parens* of the volumes before us, was undertaken from more ambitious motives, and perhaps with more correct ideas of the true purpose and utility of such a work; but

M. Guyot de Pitaval appears not to have been very well fitted for the task, and his collections would require, perhaps, more purification than they are worth, to be made to answer any useful purpose. This process, indeed, was attempted by M. Richer, in a new edition of *De Pitaval*, but not with very flattering success; and, in 1787, a popular authoress familiarized the English reader, at least with the name of the work, by a series of relations* which, coming as they did, from an experienced pen, only exhibited more clearly the defects of the source from whence they were derived.

We now arrive at the work we have undertaken to introduce to our readers, which is of a much higher character than any former one of the kind either in France or this country; but it is too select to answer the purpose even of an abridged history of crime, as the four volumes contain only seventeen trials. We shall give a better idea, however, of the "stuff" it is made of, by glancing at a few of the reported trials, than we could by the most laboured dissertation on its merits.

The cause we have alluded to, of the two gentlemen-murderers, is the famous trial of the assassins of Fualdes. The echo has hardly yet ceased of the noise which this remarkable process made throughout Europe in its "acted time;" and the press, before seizing on its details, must wait till the literary cycle comes round again which brings once more before the public all that is most worthy of its curiosity in the history of former years. At each return of that cycle the murder of Fualdes will form one of the most prominent subjects of discussion; and, whatever may be the opinion of the world with regard to the system of criminal law which we have just now slightly sketched, it will cover with ridicule or reproach the working of the machine.

It has been observed that, according to the Code, a child cannot give evidence against a parent; but, with an absurdity almost beyond belief, the child's conversation out of court may be received in evidence when reported at second-hand. In fact, it appears to have been principally on evidence of this sort that the prisoners in the trial we have mentioned were condemned. The tales of a little girl, the daughter of one of the accused, were repeated, shortly, to the following effect:—Her mother put her to bed on the second floor of the house, in a chamber where she did not usually sleep. She heard a noise in the street which frightened her, and she went down stairs in her chemise, and without shoes, and glided into a bed near the kitchen-door. Through a little hole in the curtain she saw a number of individuals enter the kitchen,

* The Romance of Real Life, by Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

dragging in a gentleman. She recognised, in this band, Bastide, (whom she had known before,) and Jausion,* who was pointed out to her from his being addressed by name by a lady who, conjointly with another, was engaged in fastening the door. After the door was shut, one of the ladies became faint, and they restored her with brandy: they then made both of them go out by a window which opens to the street. When this was done, they made the gentleman sit down by the table, and put before him bills to sign, saying, "You must sign these bills, and die!" They then laid him down on the table, and with a large knife, similar to those used for killing hogs, and which Bastide had concealed under his coat, they cut his throat. It was Jausion who gave the first blow, but a feeling of horror made him draw back; Bastide followed; and then Missonnier struck him several times. Colard and Bancal, (the latter the child's father,) held the feet; Anne Benoit, the bucket, and the woman, Bancal, (the child's mother,) stirred the blood with her hand as it fell.

What followed afterwards was proved by Theron, a fisherman, who appears to have seen very clearly in the dark, and to have been able to recognise, at some distance, as a dead body, a package which was carefully wrapped up and corded, to resemble a bale of goods. On returning from the river, late at night, he saw some persons approaching. A frightful object having presented itself to his eyes, he concealed himself behind a bank, and allowed the mysterious troop to pass, preceded by Bastide, who had a gun in his hand. He was followed by four men carrying a dead body, wrapped in a covering. The witness recognised Colard, Bancal, and Bach, among the bearers, and Jausion behind, armed, like Bastide, with a gun. The procession having stopped to breathe, the fisherman took off his shoes and fled.

The package was thrown into the river, but the river would not retain in its keeping the equivocal deposit; the currents refused to carry it away with them; and the waters vomited it up from their dark bosom. The following morning it was discovered stranded on the bank, and the spectators, who were drawn to the spot by curiosity to see what was the gift which the waters had thus presented to the dry land, or to what object the Spirit, which pervades all elements alike, intended to direct the attention of the living beings who inhabit them, beheld the body of a murdered man. It was the body of M. Fualdes.

The case of the Curé Mingrat, a trial for violation and murder of the most horrible kind, in which the criminal was a priest, —and to the disgrace of the French tribunals was suffered to

* The two principal accused.

escape with impunity, *and yet lives*,—is one of the best-managed relations in the book; but its details are wholly unfit for our pages.

If that case be considered a very striking exception to the sweeping theory with which we commenced this article, the one we are about to mention is certainly not less so. The crimes of Mingrat, although sufficiently remote from the comprehension of ordinary people, are at once recognised as part and parcel of human nature; while those of LELIEVRE seem to belong to the nature neither of men nor devils. Speculation on the latter subject would be idle. The feelings which prompted Lelièvre to murder cannot be considered as the evidence of disease, for it is impossible to imagine the existence of disease in compatibility with such perfect sanity of mind and body as he possessed in all other respects. The evil spirit which haunted him through life was a distinct and definite *passion*, a comet of the mind, which, however unfrequent may be its disastrous appearance, yet belongs as surely to the human system as the most usual of the intellectual phenomena. It is a humbling, a horrible idea; but on placing the histories of Lelièvre and Papavoine, in these volumes, by the side of former testimonies, it is impossible to refuse it admission.

There lived in Lyons, in a respectable station of life, a man named Peter Claudius Chevallier; whose amiable qualities and gentlemanly appearance had obtained for him the esteem of the citizens. It was his native place, although he had been long absent; and he was married to the last of four wives, whom he had chosen from among the inhabitants, and with whom he had uniformly lived in contentment and peace. One day a child was stolen in a neighbouring village by a genteelly dressed man, who had enticed the little victim with *bon-bons* and caresses, till he caught him up in his arms, and fled with the prize. A hot pursuit immediately commenced, and after great difficulty, the criminal was apprehended; when, to the astonishment of all Lyons, he was discovered to be Peter Claudius Chevallier, “*sous-chef*” in the “*bureau des finances*” of the prefecture of the Rhone.

The sensation which this circumstance excited was at first that of simple surprise; but the explanation he gave of his motives for the crime caused the inhabitants of Lyons to turn their eyes at least in doubt upon the prisoner. He said he had intended to console himself for the loss of a child of his own, by adopting the one he had stolen. Till this moment neither his wife nor the public had ever heard of the loss of his child, which they supposed to be living in health with its nurse at Villeurbanne. How did this bereavement happen, and why was it concealed? He said he had been to Villeurbanne to bring it home, but fatigued, intoxi-

cated, unacquainted with the country, and overtaken by the night, he had wandered out of his way among thickets and precipices, and lost the child, whom he was afraid to look for in the dark. These circumstances of his journey were physical impossibilities. He could not have been fatigued by so ordinary a walk, nor intoxicated after spending only *twelve sous* in refreshments, nor overtaken by the night in so short a time, nor led out of a straight road bordered by thick hedges, nor lost among thickets and precipices in a level country, where there was not a thicket nor precipice to be seen.

There seemed to be something so extraordinary and mysterious in this affair, that at last people naturally turned an inquiring and suspicious look at the whole conduct of the prisoner. Surmises even began to get afloat that he had no right to the name by which he was known at Lyons. It was one well known in the city; and even if its possessor had been absent from boyhood, there surely might have been some person to recognise and welcome the wandering Ismael at his return. Inquiries produced discoveries, and it was soon known that the name was in reality an assumed one; and the true Chevallier, an officer in the army, confronted the accused in person. The latter had fallen in at Flushing with the papers of the other, an officer in the same battalion of a regiment to which he himself belonged. The impostor's name was Lelièvre; he had fabricated a false leave of absence, and deserted. Tracing his history backward, step by step, it was inquired under what circumstances he had entered the service. He had defrauded the Bank of France of 60,000 francs, and through the interest of his family, which was respectable, his punishment had been commuted to the species of honourable transportation implied by entering a colonial regiment.

So far all was satisfactory; but there was still a hiatus left in the history. Some years had been leapt over in the investigation, few but important, crowded with events, pregnant with suspicion. This was the era in which his home had been consecrated by the presence of three wives successively, and lighted up by the smiles of a young and beautiful mistress. It was to this period that the attention of the inquirers was now directed. These ladies had all died of the same disease—inflammation in the abdomen; and the majority at that critical period in the life of a female, when nature prolongs the duration of the human race by the performance of a miracle in the human economy. The symptoms and circumstances of the disease had been the same in all, and the affectionate attentions of the husband-lover equally remarkable in each of the cases. At the first appearance of approaching illness he took the beloved sufferer under his own care; no one

was to sit up with her but him; no one was even to be present during the nightly watches of his love and his despair. When the moment of death arrived, he hung over the bed, replied to the last farewell of his departing companion, gazed into her damp and pallid face, wrote down upon his heart and memory the traces of the swift convulsions which swept across her features, counted one by one the heavings of her tortured breast, and drank in with a greedy ear the groans of mortal agony that burst from her soul.

In the case of the young Dutchwoman, who had been his first companion, and whose extraordinary beauty obtained for her the appellation of "*la belle Hollandaise*," there were circumstances so singular as to induce the physician to ask whether she did not take something to counteract his prescriptions. "She drinks brandy," said Lelièvre; but when M. Dittmar went to his patient to reproach her for the fatal imprudence, *la belle Hollandaise* assured him, with her dying breath, that it was very long since she had tasted it. A horrible suspicion arose. Let it pass—for we are without proof.

He married Stephanie Desgranges. After the lapse of a very few months, the same mysterious disease which had killed the mistress attacked the wife. There were two cups upon the table, and when her relations, who were gathered round her death-bed, would have bathed her lips with the contents of one—"Not that one," said she, "it is my husband's;"—she drank of the cup that was *hers*, and died.

Margaret Pigard was his second wife, and she drank of the same cup.

Marie Riquet followed, and, swift as the flight of months, punctual as fate, the inscrutable disease fell upon its fourth victim. Lelièvre again was the nurse and physician in one. A woman saw him one day administering some drink which had not been ordered, and he desisted for a moment; but soon, unable to resist the whispers of the demon within, he poured the liquid down her throat. The convulsions which followed were too horrible for description; the witnesses—all but Lelièvre—fled from the room—the dark curtain of death dropped upon the tragedy.

Besides these deeds of horror, the prisoner was accused of the murder of two Spaniards, of that of his brother, and of an attempt on the life of his own father.

In the course of the trial the body of his murdered child was found, and the guilt brought completely home to the parent. In the mean time the criminal denied everything; "he suffered," he said, "as Jesus Christ was crucified." But at the foot of the scaffold his firmness deserted him; he was carried almost lifeless up the steps by the executioner, and died in horror and despair.

In the next case which we shall select, the narrative, we apprehend, although filled with blood and rapine, will be far from exciting the same sensations with the preceding. It is one of those which are of constant occurrence whenever the state of society becomes disorganized in a country, from its being made the seat of warfare, or distracted by civil commotions. One of M. Vidocq's adventures, (noticed in our last Number, p. 548,) introduced us to a band closely resembling that of which we are now to speak.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some time after, the two banks of the Rhine were the theatre of continual wars. Commerce was interrupted, industry destroyed, the fields ravaged, and the barns and cottages plundered; farmers and merchants became bankrupts, and journeymen and labourers thieves. Robbery was the only mechanical art which was worth pursuing, and the only exercises followed were assault and battery. These enterprises were carried on at first by individuals trading on their own capital of skill and courage; but when the French laws came into more active operation in the seat of their exploits, the desperadoes formed themselves, for mutual protection, into copartnerships, which were the terror of the country. Men soon arose among them whose talents or prowess attracted the confidence of their comrades, and chiefs were elected, and laws and institutions established. Different places of settlement were chosen by different societies; the famous Pickard carried his band into Belgium and Holland; while on the confines of Germany, where the wild provinces of Kirn, Simmerm and Birkenfeld offered a congenial field, the banditti were concentrated, whose last and most celebrated chief, the redoubted SCHINDERHANNES, is the subject of this brief notice.

His predecessors, indeed, Finck, Peter the Black, Zughetto, and Seibert were long before renowned among those who square their conduct by the good old rule of clubs; they were brave men, and stout and pitiless robbers. But Schinderhannes, the boldest of the bold, young, active and subtle, converted the obscure exploits of banditti into the comparatively magnificent ravages of "the outlaw and his men;" and sometimes marched at the head of sixty or eighty of his troop to the attack of whole villages. Devoted to pleasure, no fear ever crossed him in its pursuit; he walked publicly with his mistress, a beautiful girl of nineteen, in the very place which the evening before had been the scene of one of his criminal exploits; he frequented the fairs and taverns, which were crowded with his victims; and such was the terror he had inspired, that these audacious exposures were made with perfect impunity. Free, generous, handsome and jovial, it

may even be conceived that sometimes he gained the protection from love which could not have been extorted by force.

It is scarcely a wonder that with the admirable regulations of the robbers, they should have succeeded even to so great an extent as they did in that unsettled country. Not more than two or three of them were allowed to reside in the same town or village; they were scattered over the whole face of the district, and apparently connected with each other only by some mysterious freemasonry of their craft. When a blow was to be struck, a messenger was sent round by the chief to warn his followers; and at the mustering place the united band rose up, like the clan of Roderick Dhu from the heather, to disappear as suddenly again in darkness when the object was accomplished. Their clothing, names and nations were changed perpetually; a Jew broker at Cologne would figure some days after at Aix-la-Chapelle or Spa as a German baron, or a Dutch merchant, keeping open table, and playing a high game; and the next week he might be met with in a forest at the head of his troop. Young and beautiful women were always in their suite, who, particularly in the task of obtaining or falsifying passports, did more by their address than their lovers could have effected by their courage. Spies, principally Jews, were employed throughout the whole country, to give notice where a booty might be obtained. Spring and autumn were the principal seasons of their harvest; in winter the roads were almost impassable, and in summer the days were too long; the light of the moon in particular was always avoided, and so were the betraying foot-prints in the snow. They seldom marched in a body to the place of attack, but went thither two or three in a party, some on foot, some on horseback, and some even in carriages. As soon as they had entered a village, their first care was to muffle the church-bell, so as to prevent an alarm being rung; or to commence a heavy fire, to give the inhabitants an exaggerated idea of their numbers, and impress them with the feeling that it would be more prudent to stay at home than to venture out into the fray.

John Buckler, *alias* Schinderhannes, the worthy whose youthful arm wielded with such force a power constituted in this manner, was the son of a currier, and born at Mühlen, near Nastotten, on the right bank of the Rhine. The family intended to emigrate to Poland, but on the way the father entered the Imperial service at Olmutz, in Moravia. He deserted, and his wife and child followed him to the frontiers of Prussia, and subsequently the travellers took up their abode again in the environs of the Rhine.

At the age of fifteen, Schinderhannes commenced his career of

crime by spending a louis, with which he had been entrusted, in a tavern. Afraid to return home, he wandered about the fields till hunger compelled him to steal a horse, which he sold. Sheep-stealing was his next vocation, but in this he was caught and transferred to prison. He made his escape, however, the first night, and returned in a very business-like manner to receive two crowns which were due to him on account of the sheep he had stolen. After being associated with the band as their chief, he went to buy a piece of linen, but thinking, from the situation of the premises, that it might be obtained without any exchange of coin on his part, he returned the same evening, and stealing a ladder in the neighbourhood, placed it at a window of the warehouse, and got in. A man was writing in the interior, but the robber looked at him steadily, and shouldering his booty, withdrew. He was taken a second time, but escaped as before on the same night.

His third escape was from a dark and damp vault in the prison of Schneppenbach, where, having succeeded in penetrating to the kitchen, he tore an iron bar from the window by main force, and leaped out at hazard. He broke his leg in the fall, but finding a stick, managed to drag himself along, in the course of three nights, to Birkenmuhl, without a morsel of food, but on the contrary, having left some ounces of skin and flesh of his own on the road.

Marianne Schoeffer was the first avowed mistress of Schinderhannes. She was a young girl of fourteen, of ravishing beauty, and always "se mettait avec une élégance extreme." Blacken Klos, one of the band, an unsuccessful suitor of the lady, one day, after meeting with a repulse, out of revenge carried off her clothes. When the outrage was communicated to Schinderhannes, he followed the ruffian to a cave where he had concealed himself, and slew him. It was Julia Blaesius, however, who became the permanent companion of the young chief. The account given by her of the manner in which she was united to the destiny of the robber is altogether improbable. A person came to her, she said, and mentioned that somebody wished to speak to her in the forest of Dolbach; she kept the assignation, and found there a handsome young man who told her that she must follow him—an invitation which she was obliged at length by threats to accede to. It appears sufficiently evident, however, that the personal attractions of Schinderhannes, who was then not twenty-two, had been sufficient of themselves to tempt poor Julia to her fate, and that of her own accord.

"She fled to the forest to hear a love tale."

It may be, indeed, as she affirmed, that she was at first ignorant

of the profession of her mysterious lover, who might address her somewhat in the words of the Scottish free-booter—

“ A lightsome eye, a soldier’s mien,
A bonnet of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
’Twas all of me you knew.”

But it is known that afterwards she even accompanied him personally in some of his adventures dressed in men’s clothes.

The robberies of this noted chief became more audacious and extensive every day, and at last he established a kind of “black mail” among the Jews, at their own request. Accompanied one day by only two of his comrades, he did not hesitate to attack a cavalcade of forty-five Jews and five Christian peasants. The booty taken was only two bundles of tobacco, the robbers returning some provisions on a remonstrance from one of the Jews, who pleaded poverty. Schinderhannes then ordered them to take off their shoes and stockings, which he threw into a heap, leaving to every one the care of finding his own property. The affray that ensued was tremendous; the forty-five Jews who had patiently allowed themselves to be robbed by three men, fought furiously with each other about their old shoes; and the robber, in contempt of their cowardice, gave his carbine to one of them to hold while he looked on.

His daring career at length drew to a close, and he and his companions were arrested by the French authorities, and brought to trial. The chief, with nineteen others, was condemned to death in November, 1803, and Julia Blæsius to two years imprisonment. The former met his fate with characteristic intrepidity, occupied to the last moment with his cares about Julia and his father.

“Murder will out,” is an expression that is in every body’s mouth; but the following case gives the lie to the proverb. Unattended by any of the horrible aggravations which throw an air of romance over the crimes of Lelièvre and Mingrat—occurring in the bosom of a quiet and respectable family—and perpetrated neither in the darkness and silence of night, nor in the seclusion of solitude, but in broad day, with unlocked doors and unshuttered windows—in a house of business—in the heart of a city—we consider the crime we are now to speak of as one of the most extraordinary in its circumstances and character presented in these volumes. We read the details of such a crime, not because we take pleasure in them, not because we feel that an answer to our inquiries would be attended with comfort or satisfaction, but simply because we *must*. The uncertainty into which we are plunged, the impenetrable mystery which envelopes motives and

actions, prove, in a case like this, not merely the effect of the artifices of romance, in exciting the curiosity and keeping awake the attention, they force the narrative homeward to our own business and bosoms, in such a way, that we almost come to look around with distrust on the innocent faces of our friends and family, and inquire what heart is secure, what home is sacred from the fatal visits of this unknown demon of crime?

There lived in Paris a tradesman named Boursier, a grocer, a man of substance and respectability. He had been married thirteen years, during which time he lived in happiness with his wife, children growing up about his knees, his business thriving, and his health good. Constitutionally gay, it may be supposed that so long a course of prosperity only added to the buoyancy of his spirits; but at the same time this might have been the very cause of a certain impatience of mind—the kind of short-lived, harmless irritability so often observed in those who are reckoned “good-humoured” men. Fat, free, healthy, prosperous, without an enemy in the world, and with a kindly heart that was continually adding to the number of his friends—what more could Boursier want? Nothing, but time to enjoy himself. That time was fast approaching; in four years more, if matters went on as usual, he would have realised an income of 15,000 francs, and then, cutting away the trammels of business, he would give himself up entirely to his friends, his family, and the sense of his good fortune, and “do off the world aside and bid it pass.”

On the 28th of June, 1822, Boursier rose early; but Madame, having been indisposed the evening before, indulged herself a little longer. The honest grocer was in high health and glorious spirits. He was to walk into the country that morning with one of his friends, but the hour was not yet come, and, in the meantime, in the boyish extravagance of his gaiety, he resolved to play his spouse a trick. He insinuated his bulky person into her chamber, and stepping slowly towards the bed, as Sir John Falstaff followed Pistol, “like a church,” superadded to the beauty of her sleeping face a pair of huge mustaches of black chalk; then sending the servant to awaken her mistress, with injunctions to be sure and present the mirror to her, he fancied in the vehemence of her surprise all the sport he wanted, and shook with laughter at the success of his jest. Madame rose pouting, as any lady would do on such an occasion, but having dressed herself, went immediately to her usual post at the counter, where she embraced her witty lord as if nothing had happened.

At nine o'clock Boursier called for his breakfast, which invariably consisted of rice. The potage being prepared as usual by the kitchen maid in a copper saucepan kept for the purpose, she

set it down without emptying it into a dish, upon a secretaire at which her master commonly breakfasted, first preserving a part for herself and the youngest child. The secretaire was at a little distance from Madame Boursier's seat at the counter; but how long the breakfast waited before M. Boursier sat down, or what were the several employments of the husband and wife during the interval could never be ascertained. Boursier had no sooner tasted the rice than he called the servant, and complained of a bad taste which he perceived in it—a *poisonous taste*, he added, addressing his wife. The girl affirmed that it could not possibly be bad, as she had put the yolks of three eggs into it, in place of two, the usual allowance, and Boursier remarking good-humouredly that “since it was good, it must be eaten,” went on with his breakfast.

The servant and the child, in the mean time, ate their proportion, in which they found nothing amiss, either then or afterwards; but when Boursier had swallowed a few spoonfuls more, he declared that the rice was decidedly bad—that he could not eat it—and immediately began to vomit. The vomiting continued; he was put to bed, a physician called, sedative medicines administered, and then leeches and mustard-poultices applied. Another doctor was called in on the following day, and new remedies tried, but all in vain; the patient expired in great agony at four o'clock on the morning of the third day, after an illness of forty-three hours.

Astonished at so unaccountable a termination of their labours, the medical men requested permission of the widow to open the body, but this was refused; Madame Boursier, on the contrary, was desirous of its being buried that very day, from a prudent consideration that the smell of mortality might injure some of the articles in the house. Application for the latter purpose was made to the municipality; but such haste was probably thought indecent by the authorities, and it was not till the next day that the body was deposited in a private grave in the cemetery of Père La Chaise.

The death of such a man as Boursier, and taking place in so sudden and singular a manner, could not fail to become the topic of discussion in the neighbourhood, and to attract a thousand busy eyes and tongues to the concerns of the family. In the first place, however, the appearance of the body itself was a pregnant source of surprise—*blue spots* had been observed on the skin, an infallible symptom of a violent death.

The public voice at length became so loud, that on the 31st of July, the Procureur du Roi demanded an inquisition on the body, which was accordingly exhumed and opened. The stomach

was taken out, and in it found a quantity of *arsenic* sufficient to cause death.

Boursier, then, was poisoned; the fact was proved incontestably by the medical men who opened the body; and where there is a crime there must be a criminal. The deceased had tasted nothing before breakfast on the morning on which he was taken ill; and it would be ridiculous to suppose that a man should awake in such excellent health and extravagant spirits after a dose of arsenic had lain a whole night in his stomach. The rice, therefore, was the vehicle in which his death had been conveyed; accident could not be in fault, for the rice that was eaten in the kitchen was good, while that which was served in the room was poisoned. Suicide was out of the question; there has been jesting, it is true, even on the scaffold; but it is not reasonable to suppose that, as the finishing act of his life, just before voluntarily quitting the world, a man should paint mustaches on his wife's face. The servant, who prepared the breakfast, could have had no possible motive for the deed, besides which, she ate a part of the food herself; a shop girl, also, might have had access to the spot on which the meal was set; but here again there is an utter absence of any thing like a motive;—the only other individual who could have perpetrated the crime, was the wife of the murdered man, the mother of his five children, the companion of his prosperous and blameless life.

The circumstances, however, were so strange, the accusation,—if public rumour, which named this woman with suspicion, could be called so,—was so vague and improbable, that unless some evidence had been obtained of the culpability of her conduct in other respects, it is probable that the affair would have been allowed to drop, as one on which mere human intelligence could never be exercised with any hope of success. But certain information being collected, which placed Madame Boursier's character in a light very different from that in which it had been hitherto viewed by the public and her husband, she was arrested by the authorities, and on the 27th of November, 1823, placed on the criminal's bench at the court of assizes, charged with the murder of her husband.

She was not alone. A suspected accomplice, a very tall man, dressed in black, stood beside her; his features were regular and somewhat handsome; assurance was the predominating character of his countenance, and he looked boldly around on the imposing array of justice. This person's name was Kostolo, a wandering adventurer, calling himself a Greek, a kind of male prostitute, who drew his subsistence from the passions of women. It appears to be the case in France as with us in England, that it is not the young and unwary who are most liable to fall into such

snarcs; the idea is painful, but there are comparatively few cases of infidelity, at least, in this country, where the aduress is not the wife of many years, and the mother of several children. Kostolo succeeded in gaining the affections, or at least stimulating the passions, of Madame Boursier, and according to his own account, a very short time before her husband's murder, she delivered up her honour to a homeless vagabond, subsisting on charity and vicious indulgence.

The appearance of the woman presented a striking contrast to that of her paramour. She was low in stature, and not at all handsome; her face was marked with the small-pox, and her complexion flushed. When placed on the bench she sunk into a kind of swoon, and having risen to reply to the usual question of the president, what is your name? her voice seemed to die upon her lips; she hid her face in her hands, staggered, and sat down again.

It commonly happens in France, that the strongest, and sometimes the only evidence against a prisoner, is extracted from his own lips, by the skilful questions of the president, who, indeed, has more the air of an inquisitor, bent upon obtaining confession, than the calm unimpassioned deportment of a judge appointed to investigate the truth. Thus the accused, who possesses the greatest degree of physical composure, or who, in the common phrase, has all his senses about him, must have the greatest chance of escape. This composure is sometimes the effect of conscious innocence or natural firmness of mind; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is produced by long familiarity with crime or criminal thoughts, a kind of moral ossification of the heart, which takes place under the petrifying influence of continued guilt. Madame Boursier's conduct, during her examination, exhibited either the consciousness of guilt or the timidity of innocence. She said now that there was, and again that there was not arsenic in the house; she was loath to disclose the particulars of her connection with Kostolo; when, before the instruction, she had said that she could not state precisely where her husband was at the time the breakfast was set down, but here she recollected that he had stood directly opposite to her. These contradictions, particularly the last, excited suspicions which were manifested by the president in a manner that must have had great effect upon the jury. She affirmed that she had tasted the rice at the request of her husband, and found it good,* and that on his second complaint, she threw

* The complaint of Boursier with regard to the taste of the rice, is not the least extraordinary circumstance connected with this trial. From the deadly nature of the mineral, it is impossible to experimentalize very easily upon it; but in a late inquiry in this country, the only variation, in the opinion of the medical men, was between a slight sweetish taste and total insipidity.

what remained in the saucepan into the cistern. Her explanation of the latter circumstance was, that she wished to show M. Boursier that the pan was clean. As for the rice in the plate, no one could give any account of it at all. When questioned with regard to the renewal of her connection with Kostolo, immediately after her husband's death, she contradicted her previous evidence before the judge of instruction; and her explanation of the contradiction is a striking proof of the absurdity, which we have allowed to appear in the course of the article, of the mode of examining suspected criminals in France. "The judge of instruction," said she, "pressed me so much, that I at last told him to write what he pleased."

The examination of Kostolo exhibited a degree of effrontery very rarely seen even in those of the opposite sex, whose means of subsistence are the same; but it threw no additional suspicion on the widow Boursier. Much stress was laid on the conduct of a clerk of the deceased. He had at first spoken loudly of the murder; but after a few visits to Madame Boursier, altogether changed his opinion; and after this, was observed to have more money than people knew how to account for. Many other witnesses were examined, but without throwing a particle of light on the subject.

The perpetrator of this crime must have been the servant, the shopman, or the wife; the last might have had some malice, however slight, the other two had none. In the mean time, we are accustomed to hear of murders for which the criminal is proved to have *no motive whatever*. The consideration is curious, and may be productive of some terrible reflections on the uncertainty of human evidence, and the insecurity of human life and honor. It is almost needless to add, that the two prisoners were acquitted.

To conclude. It is not one of the least favourable "signs of the times" that two great and intellectual nations, like France and England, have begun to enter into a comparative examination of each others laws and institutions. We are deeply sensible of the imperfections of our own system of criminal justice; and the greatest fault we find in many of the French writers on the subject, is their too great indulgence. This, however, was to be expected. England was earlier, if not bolder, in throwing off the ancestral barbarisms, which hang to this day, like an evil charm, upon so many of the nations of Europe; and, in the glorious efforts of her constitution, it is not wonderful that the faults of parts should either be passed without observation, or considered as integral portions of the machine, indispensable to the due operation of the whole. In the very slight and imper-

fect sketch of the administration of criminal justice in France, to which, in a paper like this, we have been compelled of necessity to confine ourselves, we hope that we shall be accused neither of national prejudice nor individual malice; at all events, the references we have made in the course of the article to French writers—generally of the legal profession—are such as will enable our readers to judge for themselves.

ART. VI.—1. *Essai Politique sur le Royaume de la Nouvelle Espagne.* Par Alexandre De Humboldt. Deuxième édition. 4 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1827-8.

2. *Resumen Historico de la Revolucion de los Estados Unidos Mexicanos, sacado del "Cuadro Historico" que en forma de cartas escribio el Lic. D. Carlos Maria Bustamante, e ordenado en cuatro libros.* (*Historical Summary of the Revolution of the United Mexican States, extracted from the "Historical View," written in the form of Letters by Don Carlos Maria Bustamante, and arranged in Four Books, &c.*) Por D. Pablo de Mendibil. 8vo. Londres. 1828.

It is matter of notoriety, that however narrow and restricted the general colonial policy of all the states of modern Europe has been, that of Spain has pre-eminently outstripped every other in the race. The restrictions which she adopted were doubtless meant to secure that monopoly, which by a curious inversion of results, they have contributed very mainly to destroy. The jealous policy of her government displayed itself not only in the exclusion of foreign traders, and of vessels even of friendly nations driven in by stress of weather, from her transatlantic possessions, but also (with few exceptions) of scientific men of other countries. This prohibition of foreigners from passing the sacred bounds necessarily limited our information respecting the interior of that vast tract of country in the Americas, which had been for three centuries under her dominion, but which now constitutes seven separate and independent states. Almost all that we knew previously to 1808 was derived from Spaniards or Creoles, and the knowledge thus communicated, though often important, was too frequently modified by the channel through which it had been conveyed. As far as we have been able to trace, there was but one work by a foreigner who had spent much time in the Spanish Americas, prior to the first appearance of Baron Humboldt's "Essai;" and that was the production of an Englishman. The work we allude to is entitled a "New Survey of the West Indies, or the English-American his Travels by Sea and by Land, by

Thomas Gage." The author went to New Spain in 1625 as a Dominican friar; and after having spent twelve years in that kingdom and the Captain Generalship of Guatemala, returned to Europe, and having abjured Popery, established himself at Deal, in Kent, where he employed himself during the time of the Commonwealth as "a preacher of the word of God." This work abounds in curious information, and in spite of the credulous absurdity of many of Gage's narrations, it is impossible to compare his descriptions,—especially of manners and morals,—with the realities of the present day, without giving him credit for considerable intelligence, accuracy of observation, and fidelity of narration.

In 1655, it appears that among other persons who communicated with Cromwell on the possibility of wresting from Spain a part of her overgrown dominions in the western world, Gage played a prominent part, and that he accompanied the expedition under Penn and Venables to Jamaica, where he died the same year. Before leaving England, he published a second edition of his "Survey," which was dedicated to Sir Thomas Fairfax; the first, in 1648, which we have not seen, was dedicated to Cromwell; and a third edition was published in 1677.

Gage has lately been described as "an unprincipled, worthless fellow," and a "traitor" to the Spaniards; and it would seem that this character is given principally, if not solely, because at the close of the book he asserts, that when at Rome (whither he had gone to resolve if possible his doubts respecting the truth of the Romish faith), he had been informed by Father Fitzherbert that the service book compiled for the church of Scotland had been sent by Archbishop Laud to the pope and cardinals for their approval; that he believed this; and in that belief he considered the execution of the Archbishop, as a traitor to his church, to have been just and proper. Now we can easily conceive that, in the temper of the times in which both Gage and Laud lived, a zealous convert might give credit to such an allegation against a man who did not go the full lengths in reformation with himself; and that under such a belief, when the stake or the block were considered by all parties the most perfect adjusters of religious differences, he might have approved of a measure which at the present day would be regarded with horror by all but those who deem themselves infallible while denouncing similar pretensions in others. We can conceive all this possible, without entailing on him the distinction of being either "an unprincipled," or "worthless fellow." As little can we understand how a man can be deemed a "traitor" to a foreign state, for having communicated information affecting the interests of

that state, openly acquired, in order to promote those of his own country. In spite of the condemnation to which we refer, we have no hesitation in saying that Gage's book is without exception one of the best on the subject of which it treats with which we are conversant;* and though very far behind the "*Essai Politique*," it is still well worth reading, even in connection with that celebrated work.

When the first edition of this last-named book was published in 1808, the expectations of all classes of readers were excited to the highest pitch, both from the novelty of the subject and the reputation of the author. So great was the former, that his narrative was received with much the same avidity as a new romance by our northern magician, while the latter inspired confidence in its accuracy. Gage was almost totally forgotten, and if he had been more generally remembered, his gorgeous descriptions of Mexican prosperity, nearly two hundred years before, would have strengthened the faith of the ready believers in the modern traveller's relation. Little was it then anticipated, that in thirteen years after the publication of his first edition, and seven years before that of the second, Mexico would be traversed in nearly every direction by diplomatic agents, by mercantile adventurers, and by a few philosophic inquirers from every great nation of Europe, Spaniards only being excluded; thus affording means that could never have been contemplated of correcting, confirming, or refuting the elaborate details of our traveller.

It is somewhat singular, however, that notwithstanding the facilities thus afforded within the last six or seven years, and the numbers that have visited Mexico, so few of the results should have been communicated to the world.

The deeds of Cortez and the first conquerors, which form probably the most daring and romantic history in the world, have been long rendered familiar to us by the elegant though inaccurate sketch of Robertson, by the letters of Cortez himself, the unpretending narrative of Bernal Diaz, the romance of Solis, and others. But until Humboldt's work appeared, we literally knew nothing of the progressive changes that had taken place in the country; and since that, we have had only Poinsett's "*Notes*," which are little more than an abridgement of Humboldt, blended with a narrative of the author's personal adventures; Lyon's meagre "*Narrative*;" Bullock's *veracious* "*Journal*;" Beaufoy's satirical and amusing "*Sketches*," and Ward's "*Mexico in 1827*;" but all these are incomplete, and prove that it is no easy task to

* That such was also the opinion of his contemporaries, is proved by the translations of it into foreign languages; in French there were no less than five editions, besides one in Dutch and one in German.

enter the lists with a powerful antagonist already occupying the field. Indeed the works we have named afford the best tribute to the distinguished qualities of the first modern traveller in New Spain, by showing that, however impossible it was for him to avoid mistakes, from the multiplicity of objects to which he directed his attention, not one of their authors has ventured on exposing these mistakes; the utmost extent to which any of them has hitherto gone, being merely to assert their existence, while the majority have adopted his crudest and wildest statements and opinions. It is creditable that so little presumption has prevailed among those who "affect the sun;" but we lament that any distrust in their own powers should have induced some of the most intelligent observers that have yet visited Mexico to "seek the shade." We know that a mass of most valuable materials has been collected within the last five years respecting this most interesting country; but we also know that those who have collected it think that much more leisure and research than has hitherto been bestowed on it are required to avoid the blunders inseparable from hasty productions. With the aid of the second edition of the "*Essai Politique*," and the "*Resumen Historico*" of Señor Mendibil, (a well-executed abridgment of the voluminous and ill-digested *Cuadro Historico* of Bustamante,) and such other materials as are within our reach, we shall endeavour to convey a summary of the best information respecting the past and present state of Mexico, and venture to cast a glance into its future prospects.

We take it for granted that our readers are sufficiently acquainted with the "*Essai Politique*" to render it unnecessary for us to do more than briefly state its contents, and follow the order which the author has adopted, as well as to connect in some sort of order the various topics of discussion. The work consists of a geographical introduction, and six books, which treat—1st. Of the extent and physical aspect of New Spain. 2d. Of the general population. 3d. Statistical analysis. 4th. Agriculture and Mines. 5th. Manufactures and Commerce. 6th. Revenue and Military Defences. To all which is appended a supplement on the territorial extent and population of Spanish America. The new edition is a mere reprint of the original text, and the additions contributed by various individuals are introduced, sometimes at the close of each book, at others in the form of notes.

The Geographical Introduction, which originally fixed many important points, as well as the elevation of different portions of New Spain, now boasts of many of the recent observations of M. Sonnenschmidt, of Lieut. Glennie, of D. José Maria Bustamante, of the intelligent D. Juan de Orbegoso, and of our acute

and indefatigable countrymen, Dr. Coulter and Mr. Mornay. The value of these additions can only be fully appreciated by a knowledge of the errors into which Humboldt had fallen, from not possessing in the first instance the extensive means of comparison which have of late been submitted to him. But into such an examination it is unnecessary for us to enter, both because our limits would not permit us to do so satisfactorily, and because the subject will probably be taken up hereafter, by those whose means and opportunities better qualify them for the task.

The name of New Spain was at first given only to Yucatan by Grijalva and his followers; but Cortez extended it to the whole empire of Montezuma, which is described by the earliest writers to have reached from Panama to New California. This, however, appears, from more recent researches, on the accuracy of which Humboldt relies with reason, to have been larger than the reality justified; and the whole of Tenochtitlan may be said to have been contained in the present states of Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Puebla, Mexico, and Valladolid. In addition to the name given by Cortez, that of the capital was extended to the whole kingdom of New Spain; and since the revolution and the establishment of independence, the several provinces form separate and independent states, confederating together and constituting the nineteen United States of Mexico; viz. Chiapa, Chihuahua, Cohahuila and Texas, Durango, Guanajuato, Mexico, Michoacan, New Leon, Oaxaca, Puebla, Queretaro, San Luis Potosi, Sonora and Cinaloa, Tabasco, Tamaulipas, Vera Cruz, Xalisco, Yucatan and Zacatecas. Old and New California, Colima, New Mexico, and Tlascala, though forming members of the federation, declined having state governments, on account of the expense, and are designated territories. The whole republic, according to Humboldt, occupies a space of 75,890 square leagues, of twenty to an equinoxial degree; on which there are to be found every inequality of surface, and every variety of soil and climate, the two last of which are dependent in most cases on the former. The observations made by our traveller on the relations of these causes and effects are very interesting as matter of philosophy; but as we have not room for the consideration of every topic, we shall content ourselves with briefly adverting to the more practical points.

The republic of Mexico, taken on the grand scale, may be considered as a succession of small mountain-plains at different heights, separated by mountains, and increasing in magnitude as the coast recedes on both the eastern and western sides, until the great centre plain be reached, which, though much broken by mountain ridges, tends to the north, maintaining nearly an equal

elevation. The snow-capped mountains of Orizava, the volcanos of Puebla and Toluca, are among the most splendid objects in the world. The Mexicans divide the regions of their country into *Tierras calientes*, *Tierras templadas*, and *Tierras frias*, according to the climate. Throughout the whole country there is a lamentable want of water, and of navigable rivers. The lakes, too, appear to be yearly decreasing in extent, the immediate consequence of which is, that the elevated portions of the interior are nearly stripped of vegetation, and the soil covered with an efflorescence of carbonate of soda, there called *Tequisquita*, resembling very closely the plains of the two Castiles, and recalling to the Eastern traveller the desolate wastes of some parts of Persia.

The effect of elevation on the temperature is most marked, and it is no uncommon thing to be shivering on one side of the street in the city of Mexico, and to be literally scorched by the rays of the sun on the other. Changes are upon record of 55° of Fahrenheit within three hours, on one of the mountain-plains at the same height with the valley of Mexico.

Notwithstanding the volcanic character of Mexico, earthquakes are by no means so frequent there as in some of the neighbouring countries. One of the most memorable on record occurred on the 14th of September, 1759, when the volcano of Jorullo, with several smaller cones, forced the surface of the soil, destroying all before it.

The infinite variety of climate and soil fits this country for the production of the fruits of all regions, from those of the hottest within the tropics to those of the severest cold, where cultivation can be carried on. But the want of ports, and of navigable rivers on the Atlantic, oppose the advantages that might result from this variety of production, though on the Pacific there are a few admirable ports, such as Acapulco. The prevalence of the "Nortes," or northerly winds, at certain seasons, seriously affects the navigation on one side, while that of the "papagallos" is as inconvenient on the other.

The configuration of the coasts of America, connected with the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a canal, has been largely discussed by Humboldt and others. Of the nine points at which such an attempt is considered practicable, only one, that of Tehuantepec, is within the Mexican territory. It was supposed that a cut, only twenty miles long, would unite the Huasacualco, which flows into the gulf of Mexico, and the Rio Chimalapa, which empties itself into the gulf of Tehuantepec. So long ago as 1824, the Mexican government sent General Orbegoso to survey and report on the practicability of this scheme. This officer executed his commission with care and ability, and made

a report which we have not had the good fortune to meet with, in which, we understand, he proved that the project was altogether impracticable.

The ancient population of Mexico appears to have been very much exaggerated: all indeed that is certain is, that it was, as it continues to be, most dense in the interior. The first regular census was taken in 1793, by the orders of the viceroy, Revillagigedo, by which it appeared that the entire population was 4,483,559. Humboldt estimated it in 1803 at 6,500,000. D. Francisco Navarro y Noriega, in 1810, at 6,128,000; and Humboldt supposes that it may now amount to about 7,000,000. The industrious writer (Navarro) to whom we have just referred, has given a valuable table of the proportion of the different castes, which we quote from Humboldt:—

Europeans and Creoles	1,097,928
Indians	3,676,281
Mixed races	1,338,706
Secular Clergy	4,229
Regular Clergy	3,112
Nuns	2,098

Total. 6,122,354

The first Congress, in 1824, in regulating the number of electors, estimated the population at 6,204,000. Probably all these estimates may be too low, although there is no apparent ground for carrying it so high as 8,000,000, as Mr. Ward has done. It is but fair to allow, however, that he may be correct, although he gives no evidence to substantiate his assertion.

The natural progress of the population has been much impeded by the small-pox,—a wretched malady, called "*matlazahuatl*,"—famine,—and the civil wars that have prevailed of late years.

The Mexican population is commonly divided into seven classes:—1. European Spaniards, commonly called "*gachupines*." 2. White Creoles. 3. Mestizos, descendants of Whites and Indians. 4. Mulattoes, descendants of Whites and Blacks. 5. Zambos, from Indians and Negroes. 6. Pure Indians. 7. African Blacks. But this classification may be reduced to four:—1. Whites. 2. Indians. 3. Blacks. 4. Mixed Races, the various gradations of which may be considered almost infinite.

The Indians consist of a considerable number of distinct tribes, differing in many points of appearance, and speaking—not dialects but—languages entirely different. No less than twenty of these have been traced, and of fourteen of them there are already

grammars and dictionaries. The Indian population is chiefly centered in the great plains, and towards the south; and Humboldt thinks that it has flowed from the north to the south. The history of four great migrations is preserved in the annals of Mexico, which are worthy of more detailed examination than we can bestow upon them. "The form of their government," says Humboldt, speaking of the Mexicans under Montezuma, "indicated that they were descended from a people which had itself undergone great revolutions in its social state. But," he adds, "from what country did the Toltecs and the Mexicans proceed?" This is a curious question, and has occupied the attention of many able writers; but the analogies of language on which theories have been built do not appear to have been sufficiently established to warrant any very decided opinion. Humboldt successfully combats the notion that the pure Indian race has been much diminished since the Conquest. At present, the great division of the Indians is into the agricultural tribes, and those which, in the northern states, subsist chiefly by the chase. Our author details some valuable facts respecting their physical organization, to which we beg to refer, while we confine ourselves to the consideration of their moral qualities. It is justly said, that after the long degradation to which the Indians have been exposed, it would be difficult to form an accurate estimate of their progress; though it is certain that we can trace the effects of that degradation. At the period of the Conquest, almost all the higher orders, except females, perished; and we find, on comparing the accounts of the labouring classes by Cortez, Diaz, and others, with the actual condition of their descendants, "the same nakedness in the hot regions, the same form of clothing in the central plains, and the same habits of domestic life." The great body of these people live apart from the other races of their countrymen, in small villages, full of ignorance, suspicion and bigotry, and displaying an apparent phlegm, from which it would seem impossible to arouse them. This phlegmatic temperament lessens the credit of the men with the females, who uniformly prefer the European, or the still more vivacious negro. "The indigenous Mexican is grave, melancholic, silent, so long as he is not under the influence of intoxicating liquors. This gravity is peculiarly remarkable in Indian children, who at the age of four or five years display more intelligence and precocity than the children of whites. The Mexican loves to attach mystery even to his most trifling actions; the strongest passions do not display themselves in his countenance; the transition is frightful when it passes suddenly from a state of absolute repose to that of violent and unrestrained agitation."

Slavery with them has engendered guile. They are obstinate in all their habits and opinions; their religion is one of mere ceremonial, justifying the observation of a priest to Mr. Ward, "son mui buenos Catolicos, pero mui malos Cristianos" (very good Catholics, but very bad Christians). Deception in this, as well as in every thing else, is the order of the day; and the Indian Alcalde now oppresses the villagers as much as he himself has ever been.

Humboldt considers the Mexican Indian as destitute of all imagination, though when to a certain degree educated, he attributes to him facility in learning, a clearness of understanding, a natural turn for reasoning, and a particular aptitude to subtilize and seize trifling distinctions.

The music and dancing are as dull as might be expected among beings so full of phlegm. The Mexican has a turn for painting and sculpture; and retains the same fondness for flowers that struck Cortez so forcibly upwards of three centuries ago. The "Indios Bravos," or Wild Indians, are said to display more energy; but our information respecting them is remarkably scanty; for it is impossible to win them to confidence, even now that their independence has been announced to them. Their ignorance, and their entire dependence on the priest, cannot be better illustrated than by the answer they uniformly give to every inquiry made by a stranger: "No se, pero el padresito sabe todo" (I do not know, but the priest knows every thing). It is recorded by one of the most enlightened parish priests in Mexico, that when he asked one of his parishioners for whom he should vote at the approaching election for the Congress, the reply was, "For the Holy Ghost." During the revolutionary contest, various instances have been afforded in proof of what we have here stated. It so happened that an Indian soldier (and we state this on the authority of the Bishop of Puebla) had been sentenced by a court-martial to be shot (*pasado por las armas*); the unhappy wretch, ignorant of the real meaning of the phrase, requested that he might have the sentence carried into effect at an early hour the next day, as he wished after its execution to rejoin his family! It is also a recorded fact, that at Guanaxuato the Indians attempted to draw out the fuses of burning shells with their teeth, not from courage, but from fanatic ignorance; and that, like the Croppies in Ireland, they endeavoured to check the force of the cannonade by rushing up to the artillery and stuffing their *straw hats* into the pieces to prevent their exploding.

Among the active vices of the Mexican Indian, that of drunkenness prevails to a most lamentable extent. In the upper districts, *pulque*, or the fermented juice of the aloe, is the principal

tempter; sometimes a spirit, distilled from the same plant, called *Vino de Mescal*; while, in the hotter districts, the same effects are ensured by the *chinguirito*, a very coarse kind of rum. Combined with this disposition to intoxication, the Indian is constitutionally indolent; and, now that he is a free man, he will rarely work, except to obtain just as much as will afford him the means of enjoying his greatest luxury—that of steeping his senses in oblivion. This last tendency is much to be deplored, as, in the larger towns, we know that every Sunday (which is the day of greatest indulgence) assassinations, to the extent of six or eight each day, are the melancholy consequences of its indulgence. Humboldt states that the police were in the practice of sending tumbrels round, to collect the unhappy victims of intoxication. The punishment was, and we believe still is, three days' labour in the streets; but it does not seem to be very efficacious, for generally within the week the delinquents are again in custody.

There is something characteristic in the indolence of these sombre beings. They will travel immense distances; but to steady labour they are, generally speaking, not prone. It is told of them, that in one of the most fertile districts (the *Baxio*) it is not unusual for an Indian, on receiving his wages, to get thoroughly drunk, go to sleep, and on awakening renew his potations and repose, until the exhaustion of his finances compels him to return to labour. In some parts, however, there are exceptions to this observation.

Soon after the Conquest, the Indians were treated as slaves, even in opposition to the decrees of Queen Isabella. Subsequently, on the establishment of *encomiendas*, the slaves became attached to the soil; and in many instances—as in the Highlands of Scotland and in our own colonies—assumed the names of their *encomienderos*. The gradual extinction of the families of the conquerors, among which this partition had been made, brought back, in the eighteenth century, the *encomiendas* to their original state—that of fiefs, and they were not again distributed. Charles the Third, by a series of wise and beneficent measures, added much to the security of the Indian population. The *Mita* has had no existence in Mexico.

The wealth of these people is very irregularly divided; and one traveller observes, with great truth, that “Mexico is the country of inequality.” It is also impossible to distinguish the wealthy and dignified among them from their poorer neighbours, as the dress and habits of all are nearly the same.

Under the Spanish government, the Indians paid no indirect taxes, and were in fact only subject to a capitation tax, called “*Tributo*,” which was paid by all males between the ages of ten

and fifty, and varied in different parts of New Spain. Since the revolution this impost has been entirely removed; and, in return, they have been invested with all the rights of citizenship, from which they were formerly excluded on account of their supposed incompetence to manage their own affairs. Formerly they could make no contracts above a very trifling amount; and wore their hair cut in a particular fashion. It is doubtful whether the recent changes are favourably regarded by them; for we have understood that the exemption from tribute, and the wearing the hair unshorn, are by no means deemed a compensation for military service, which is exacted from the new citizens. The co-operation of the aboriginal race with the White Creoles was so essential to success at the commencement of the revolutionary contest, that the atrocities of the first conquerors to the former were made matter of grave charge against the Spaniards by the latter,—and the wrongs of Montezuma brought forward as grounds for shaking off the yoke of the mother country. This naturally led to the abolition of castes; all such distinctions, in fact, may be said now to have practically ceased in Mexico. Several of the leading men in the government are of the mixed race; and we have heard that one of the deputies to the first Congress for Yucatan was a negro.

The number of whites (Creoles and Europeans) is estimated, as we have already seen, at above one million; but the latter have been lately much reduced, by the impolitic decree of proscription. Previous to the revolution, the laws afforded equal rights to all persons of the privileged colour; but, in practice, the European was uniformly preferred to the American. This exclusion produced the effect that may be anticipated in all such cases—unbounded jealousy and hatred of each other between the two parties; and those feelings, which at last burst forth with savage fury, and still influence the long-oppressed Mexicans, naturally increased in proportion to the extension of knowledge among them,—the spread of which, with singular contradiction, the Spanish government affected to promote, at the very time it was keeping up the monstrous colonial system; being apparently ignorant that oppression and knowledge can never be co-existent, wherever the physical power rests with the oppressed. It must, however, be confessed, that knowledge has as yet made but small advances any where; but in the remoter districts it was infinitely behind. In these, Spain was considered the mother country of the world, and the whole of Europe as subject to her. Recent events have undeceived them; but still Englishmen, and all foreigners, are considered to be “*Judeas rabosos*”—(Jews with tails). In the capital greater progress had been made, and foreigners would have been preferred if they could have been seen; while, accord-

ing to Humboldt, the inhabitants flattered themselves "that intellectual cultivation had made more rapid progress in the Colonies than in the Peninsula itself." The Emperor Charles V. endowed the University of Mexico; King Charles IV. established the School of Mines, the Botanic Garden, and the Academy of Painting and Sculpture. In the latter there is a collection of casts from the antique, which cost the king between eight and nine thousand pounds sterling.

The physical sciences had been cultivated with most success. Botany, chemistry, mining, mathematics, and astronomy have all been studied with zeal and advantage by many, of whom Baron Humboldt makes honourable mention. One of these, Don José Maria Bustamante, is a man whose moral worth and intellectual superiority would go far to wipe off the imputation, which many have cast on the Americans, of inferiority of mental power. Had this gentleman only possessed the advantages within the reach of every English school-boy, it is impossible to say to what distinction he might not have risen. As it is, although almost self-taught, he would rank very high in the most scientific society in Europe.

Education has been more attended to, by some of the leading personages, than could have been expected in a society that had been so much kept in the shade. We apprehend the advantages are chiefly prospective, and may be well defined in another generation; at present they are but small. The whites have been, and still are, the most educated portion of the Mexicans, owing, no doubt, to their greater opulence, and having access to official rank. The mass of ignorance, however, among all classes, is inconceivable to any one who has only moved in the principal countries of Europe. Nor is it confined to the lower classes, but finds protection among the highest in the community. We heard a reverend canon of the metropolitan church gravely inquire, whether it was possible to reach London except by sailing up the Thames. And we knew a very pretty agreeable young lady, moving in the first circles, who could not write a single letter at the age of seventeen. She has been since married, and has, we are informed, been taught to write by her husband, who is not a Mexican. The religion of all classes resembles too much that of the Indians;—and the practical morality and general tone of society are by no means refined. If one half of the scandalous tales in circulation be true, the former ranks with that of Paris in its worst periods, and the latter is assuredly gross to a degree that would surprise even an inhabitant of Madrid. The familiarity with which *every subject* is treated at first excites emotions in an Englishman of the most unpleasant kind, which gradually subside, from the frequency with which they are discussed by young and

old; by high and low, of both sexes. It is sincerely to be hoped that an improved system of moral and religious instruction will introduce a higher tone of morality and a more refined style of intercourse.

The whites form a great proportion of the dregs of the capital; where, though not so numerous as in 1803, they still abound, under the name of *Leperos, Sarugates, Guachinangos*. They are, in fact, the Lazzaroni of the country—without homes or regular occupation. There are also associated with them many of the mixed races, who are, generally speaking, the most profligate and debased part of the population.

One striking feature of the Mexican nation is, the exceedingly small number of negroes, who have never, it is computed, exceeded ten thousand. Slavery, too, has almost entirely disappeared; and there being no political distinctions of colour, it is probable that in a very few generations the pure black race will disappear, and be amalgamated with their fellow-citizens. Guerrero, who has lately been elected President, has a large portion of negro blood in his veins—which has never been urged against him, notwithstanding the ferocity of his character.

In an extract from his "*Monumens des Peuples indigènes de l'Amerique*," affixed to the second book of the *Essay*, amidst some valuable chronological data, our author states that the Counts of Montezuma and of Tula, who are now in Spain, are the lineal descendants of the Emperor Montezuma. There are also some of his descendants still remaining in Mexico, who receive pensions from the government, in consequence of their origin.

In concluding this branch of the subject, Humboldt asks, what is the influence of this mixture of races on the general welfare of society? and what enjoyment can there be to a man of cultivated mind amid such a collision of interests, prejudices, and feelings? These questions he very imperfectly answers, confining himself to the effects on the individuals, and avoiding the ungracious task of pointing out the inevitable consequences of the state of society he has described. One word, however, amply supplies the void—and that word is, Revolution. How that has been brought about will be seen in another part of this paper.

The third book of the *Essay* is devoted to a statistical account of the twelve Intendancies, as constituted prior to the independence. Under this head is crowded together a variety of matter, no inconsiderable part of which is repeated throughout other parts of the work. Cities, floating gardens, pyramids, areas, population, palaces, consumption of food, rivers, lakes, canals—

are all assembled, but in such a maze as to render any thing like a short analysis impossible. To the book, therefore, we must refer the curious reader—premising, that he must read again and again before he can extract thoroughly distinct ideas from the mass.

As we have already incidentally mentioned, the Confederation of the United States of Mexico is composed of nineteen free and independent states, which we have enumerated. The ecclesiastical divisions that formerly existed are still retained; there being one archbishoprick, that of Mexico, and eight bishopricks, viz. Puebla, Valladolid, Oaxaca, Guadalajara, Yucatan, Durango, Monterey, Sonora; which contain 1073 parishes. The revenues of the clergy were formerly very large, but most unequally distributed. They are now paid by the state.

A supplement to this book contains some very valuable information on the ports of Mexico.

The state of agriculture and the mines occupies the fourth book; and of these we propose to give a very brief outline. The varieties of soil and climate, already alluded to, render Mexico capable of raising the most valuable products of all quarters of the globe; but, what may appear singular, the prosperity of agriculture bears a direct ratio to that of the mines. This has been very clearly pointed out by Humboldt, and must have struck with peculiar force every visitor of New Spain. The causes are obvious; the singular structure of the country renders the miner dependent for his supplies of food on the soil immediately adjacent to the mineral treasures, and not on that of more distant districts more exclusively devoted to cultivation. As soon, therefore, as a mine is established, cultivation begins, and is extended exactly in the proportion of consumers; whose number again is regulated by the success of the enterprise.

The objects of agriculture in Mexico depend on the district; and, according to our traveller, are divided into three classes,—those essential to human subsistence, those necessary for manufactures, and those fitted for export. In the warm districts, the numerous varieties of *maja* (bananas) form the principal vegetable food of the people. Yet it has been asserted that they are not indigenous; the reasons detailed by Humboldt render the truth of this opinion very doubtful. The amount and rapidity of produce of this plant probably exceed that of any other in the known world. In eight or nine months after the sucker has been planted, clusters of fruit are formed; and in about two months more they may be gathered. The stem is then cut down, and a fresh plant, about two-thirds of the height of the parent stem, succeeds, and bears fruit in about three months more. The only

care necessary is to dig once or twice a-year round the roots. According to our author, on 1076 square feet, from 30 to 40 banana trees may be planted in Mexico, which will yield in the space of the year 4414lbs. avoirdupois of fruit; while the same space would yield only 33lbs. avoirdupois of wheat, and 99 of potatoes. The immediate effect of this facility of supplying the wants of nature is, that the man who can, by labouring two days in the week, maintain himself and family, will devote the remaining five to idleness or dissipation. The same regions that produce the banana, also yield the two species of manioc, the bitter and the sweet; both of which appear to have been cultivated before the conquest. The most valuable article is unquestionably the maize, or Indian corn, which is cultivated with nearly uniform success in every part of the republic. It appears to be a true American grain, notwithstanding many crude conjectures to the contrary. Sometimes it has been known to yield, in hot and humid regions, 800 fold; fertile lands return from 300 to 400; and a return of 130 to 150 fold is considered bad—the least fertile soils giving 60 to 80. The maize forms the great bulk of food of the inhabitants, as well as of the domestic animals; hence the dreadful consequences of a failure of this crop. It is eaten either in the form of unfermented bread or *tortillas* (a sort of bannock, as it is called in Scotland); and, reduced to flour, is mingled with water, forming either *atolle* or various kinds of *chicha*. Maize will yield, in very favourable situations, two or three crops per year; though it is but seldom that more than one is gathered.

The introduction of wheat is said to have been owing to the accidental discovery, by a negro slave of Cortez, of three or four grains, among some rice which had been issued to the soldiers. About the year 1530, these grains were sown; and from this insignificant source has flowed all the enormous produce of the upper lands of Mexico. Water is the only element necessary to ensure success to the Mexican wheat grower; but it is very difficult to attain this—and irrigation affords the most steady supply. Various methods are resorted to, as in the plains of Castile, to effect this end. The great corn districts are in Puebla (we speak of the state), in Guanaxuato, Queretaro, Valladolid, Zacatecas, Guadalajara, Mexico, Durango, and the missions in California, —distances too enormous, for a scanty population ever to dream of exporting flour, or any other bulky article. Humboldt has been long since denounced as a theorist, and in nothing has he so thoroughly vindicated his claim to that character, as on the present topic. Perhaps the singular distinction which permitted his inquiries, his admiration of the power from which that per-

mission emanated, and his astonishment at finding some traces of civilization among those whom his imagination had previously regarded as little better than savages, may have led to his extravagant eulogies and expectations. Whatever may have been the cause, the effect has been certain—that his authority has sanctioned infinite folly with regard to the Americans.

In some instances, the returns of wheat are occasionally from seventy to eighty for one. Notwithstanding this facility of production, the price is considerably greater (by one half) than in England or France. Whence this anomaly? We can only understand it by supposing that as the difficulties of communication present a complete bar to export, as well as to trade with places remote from each other, the farmer only looks to raise as much as is required for the consumption of the towns nearest to him. But more of this hereafter. Humboldt asserts that Mexican flour enters into competition with that of the United States at the Havana, and anticipates the period at which it will find a market in Bourdeaux, Hamburg, and Bremen. The first allegation *may* have been true—at present it is utterly false; for, after paying a duty of six dollars in Havana, American flour is sold at eight dollars per barrel, while Mexican flour costs sixteen dollars, without carriage to the coast or freight. The second is an absolute absurdity, as will be apparent to any one who contrasts the immense facilities of transport in the United States with the physical obstacles in Mexico to any thing but land carriage. Not even greater fertility of soil, and lower rates of labour, can counterbalance them.

Barley is cultivated to some extent for home consumption; oats are nearly unknown; their place as food for animals being supplied, as in Spain, by the former.

Potatoes, garden stuffs, and fruits of all climates abound; though we cannot vouch for their very exquisite flavour, most of them being uncultivated. The *Anona Chiramoya* is an exception; its praises are worthy of being sung in all the fervour of poetry. Olives succeed well, but have not been much introduced, owing to their slowness of growth, and the prohibitions of the Spanish court. The vine too has not hitherto been cultivated to any extent for wine, owing to the jealousy of the merchants of Cadiz.

The *Agave Americana*, or Maguey, is an object of great value in the table land of the interior; from this plant is obtained the favourite liquor of Mexico, the *pulque*. At the moment of efflorescence, the flower stalk is extirpated, and the juice destined to form the fruit flows into the cavity thus produced, and is taken out two or three times a day for four or five months; each day's produce is fermented for ten or fifteen days; after which the

pulque is fit to drink, and before it has travelled in skins, it is a very pleasant, refreshing liquor, to which the Mexicans ascribe as many good qualities as the Highlander does to whiskey. The stems of the *maguey* can supply the place of hemp, and may be converted into paper. The prickles too are used as pins by the Indians.

The sugar cane was introduced into Mexico early in the sixteenth century; but it does not appear that sugar became a considerable object of export before 1802, when, as Humboldt fairly observes, the destruction of St. Domingo enhanced its price to three dollars and a half the arroba (of 25 lbs.), which compensated the extra cost of transport to Vera Cruz. The quantities raised progressively fell off with the diminution of price, so that from the year 1814 to 1820 not an ounce was shipped; and it is also certain that some of the plantations were abandoned, in consequence of Vera Cruz being the theatre of civil war. At present, nearly all the sugar cultivation of Mexico is carried on in the vallies of Cuernavaca, and Cuantla Amilpas, on the western side of the Cordilleras, about twenty leagues from the capital. The present price of it is nearly seven pence per lb., and, in the remoter provinces, nearly three times as much. The cultivation is carried on by free labour, and the alleged success has been cited with great confidence as evidence that slave labour within the tropics may be wholly dispensed with. Major Moody, in his last report, has so very satisfactorily discussed the subject, that we cannot do better than refer our readers to that valuable document, and confine ourselves to remarking that we have in the alleged fact (if correctly reported) the greatest anomaly ever known. Mr. Ward, one of the most able and disinterested advocates of this view of the question, describes these free labourers in no very favourable terms. He says—

“A more debauched, ignorant, barbarous race, than the present inhabitants of the sugar districts, it is impossible to conceive. They seem to have engrafted all the wild passions of the negro upon the cunning and suspicious character of the Indian; and are noted for their ferocity, vindictiveness, and attachment to spirituous liquors. When not at work, they are constantly drunk; and, as they have little or no sense of religious or moral duties, there is but a slender chance of amendment. They are, however, an active, and at intervals a laborious race, capable of enduring great fatigue, and apparently well suited in constitution to the dangerous climate which they inhabit.”

A series of details, respecting the proportions of produce in Mexico and other sugar countries, as well as the increase of consumption, has been added to this edition, which are curious; but as they are nearly a repetition of those given in the Essay on

Cuba, to which we adverted in our preceding number, it is unnecessary here to notice them more particularly. We cannot do otherwise than express our regret, that an author of Humboldt's reputation should display so much of the spirit of mere *book-making*, as to swell three or four works, apparently on different subjects, with a repetition of the same matter.

Cotton has been long an object of cultivation for the supply of the home manufactures, the amount of which, according to some of the best estimates, exceeded two millions of dollars previously to the revolution. It has been recently stated, that the low prices of foreign cottons are gradually bringing about the destruction of the domestic fabrics, and that the raw material is likely to become an important object of export. The want of industry, and the scantiness of population in the tropical regions nearest to Europe, would, we apprehend, restrict this. If these desiderata could be supplied, there is no doubt that Mexico might supply all the world with cotton wool.

Coffee is cultivated on a very small scale for internal consumption; though, like cotton, under favourable circumstances, it might be made a valuable object of export. Mr. Ward speaks of one tree as having produced twenty-eight lbs. The utmost we have ever heard named, was nine lbs. per tree; and even that was seriously doubted. The average price is from five to seven dollars per arroba, or about 13½ pence per pound,—a very respectable price for what may be bought in London, after payment of freight and every incidental charge, for half the money.

Cocoa and indigo are chiefly cultivated for home use; some small quantities of the latter are exported; vanilla in greater abundance. Jalap is also supplied from the province of Vera Cruz.

Tobacco forms an important article of internal consumption, not of export, and, from the revenue derived from the duties, is most valuable in a financial point of view.

Cochineal is the last production that comes under this branch of our subject, which need be noticed, and is valuable as an export. Humboldt discusses the animals, &c., which may be made available; but with them it is needless now to meddle, as they form no part of the foreign resources of the country.

The remainder of the fourth book is occupied with details of the mines, which cannot be abstracted. But the subject has engrossed so much public attention, that it will not be unprofitable to say a few words on it. It appears that, on an average of the fifteen years previous to the revolution, about twenty-two millions of dollars were exported, and that there was an accumulation of about two millions. Since the revolution, the exports have ave—

aged 13,587,052 dollars, while the produce has decreased to eleven millions. This change was the natural consequence of the revolution. The favourable accounts of Humboldt excited a spirit of speculation that was wholly regardless of passing events; and the Act of Congress, facilitating the co-operation of foreigners with the natives, produced a mania which has been destructive to numberless individuals, who trusted too much to names. Seven English companies, with a capital of at least three millions, were established, and these were followed by two American, and one German, companies. Such was the rage for mining on the Royal Exchange, that for a time it was only necessary for any one to appear with contracts made with Mexican mine owners to establish a company. Many who were so ignorant as not even to know the difference between a shaft and a level, commenced speculators, not for the purpose of fairly earning a reward for doing some service to those to whom they offered their mines, but to fill their own purses without reference to consequences. Such a system of unprincipled conduct could not last; almost all the minor performers have been driven from the stage, and the respectable associations alone maintain their footing, though the want of returns for the immense sums invested has tended to produce a general want of confidence. It is quite true that the veins of the precious metals have not been absorbed by the revolution; though the works have been in many cases destroyed, and require time to restore them to a proper state: the resources of the country were languishing after a cruel civil war: besides which, the difficulty of reviving suddenly a branch of industry which had been suspended for fourteen years, in some cases for a longer period, has not been sufficiently considered. In addition to these considerations, which never seem to have occurred to individuals, who expected to have leapt into a "*bonanza*" at once, most of the shareholders knew nothing of mining, and all that they did know of Mexico was derived from the *Essai politique*, which described things as they had been in 1803, not as they were in 1823.

Since these enterprises have been undertaken, an immense and fruitless expenditure has been incurred by sending out machinery, which could be of no earthly use—by despising the native processes, and substituting others that have been found wholly inapplicable—and by introducing British labourers, who when abroad reverse all the good qualities for which they are valuable at home. A reform in this system we believe to have been generally adopted, and we are sure that a reduction of expense, a management purely European, and native labour, with only such modifications in working, smelting, or amalgamating as experience will prove to be advantageous, will, in a moderate time, return the capital

already expended, with a commensurate advantage. But these things can only take place provided the public tranquillity be maintained, and the government keep their engagements with foreigners inviolate. The insecurity arising from the domestic feuds now disturbing this fine country, must, if it continues, finally annihilate its best resources.

The fifth book embraces domestic manufactures and trade. Cotton, cloth, woollens, cigars, soda and soap, powder, and coinage, were manufactured under the old as well as the present government. Formerly all the external trade was carried on through the ports of Vera Cruz and Acapulco; of late years Tampico, Alvarado, and some other small ports on the Atlantic, and San Blas on the Pacific, have been opened. The whole trade with Europe was formerly centered at Vera Cruz, from which the imports found their way to the interior. Now they follow different routes, according to the point of disembarkation; while San Blas, Guaymas, and Acapulco maintain the intercourse with the eastern world. The historical account of the progress of the various manufactures is interesting and curious.

As we have already noticed, the peculiar structure of Mexico presents formidable, if not insuperable, obstacles to free communication. The Rio Bravo del Norte, the Rio de Santiago, the Guasacualco, and the Alvarado may be rendered navigable; but they would be of no avail in the table-lands, through which, indeed, canals might traverse, but not beyond their bounds. The only certain mode of conveyance is by roads, which have been traced in various directions; that from Vera Cruz to Xalapa was a most magnificent work: all of them, however, are now in a state of dilapidation, and it will be long, we fear, before the country will be sufficiently recovered to appropriate funds for the completion of these indispensable works. Mules are employed to convey every thing, and even if waggons could be used, still the distances of place are too great, with the present amount of population, to render them available for bulky articles. We apprehend that the population of the central plains must become so very dense as to be fully peopled, in which case the surplus produce of the extreme boundaries, which as it were overhang the ports, may find a vent below. We must not omit to mention one of the reasons gravely urged in the Congress of 1824, to which a proposal for establishing a road from Vera Cruz to Mexico was made by an enterprising English house. It was seriously alleged, that such a road, with its concomitant carriages, would be a serious national evil, as it would injure the trade of the muleteers; and such was the state of knowledge in that enlightened assembly, that the objection was found good, and the project abandoned, not, we suspect, to be soon re-

newed, as the spirit of enterprise has been considerably damped by the severe practical lessons it has received.

In the enumeration of the produce of New Spain, we have conveyed some idea of the objects of export. In these we have omitted some most important matters, to which it is necessary we should now refer. The entire value of the import and export trade of Vera Cruz was estimated by Humboldt to average no less than 37 millions of dollars; by Mr. Ward at 30,586,273. But both these statements are inaccurate, as they include the amount of the precious metals remitted on the King's account to Spain; which, being the produce of a tax levied in Mexico, can never be considered a part of the regular trade. If this sum be deducted, (and it is no less than 8,340,667 dollars,) with some other erroneous assumptions, the real annual average will not be found to exceed, on a period of twenty-five years, 21,545,606 $\frac{1}{3}$ dollars; of which the exports of the precious metals (exclusive of the King's remittances) amounted to 8,391,088 dollars, and of other produce to 2,790,280 $\frac{1}{3}$; making a total of 11,181,368 $\frac{1}{3}$; while the imports of European manufactures amounted to 8,977,885, and other matters from Cuba and the other Spanish colonies to 1,386,352 $\frac{1}{3}$, forming a total of 10,364,237 $\frac{1}{3}$. Above nine-tenths of both the import and export trade were monopolized by the mother-country, which, however, only contributed about four-tenths from her own manufactures—the remaining six-tenths, though shipped from Spain, being the manufacture of other countries. The amount of internal manufactures during this period is said to have averaged 10 millions of dollars, an amount nearly equal to that of all the supplies derived from abroad. In our account of the produce of Mexico, we have said that there are very few articles of agriculture that can be exported: the official documents prove that the whole of the exports from Acapulco, and five-sixths of those from Vera Cruz, were in the precious metals; and that cochineal, vanilla and indigo, in very restricted quantities, completed the amount. These facts sufficiently attest the correctness of our opinion as to the impossibility of exporting the more bulky produce of the soil.

As soon as the insurrection had made some progress, the restrictions on trade began to be relaxed, until 1821, when the expulsion of the Spanish authorities threw it entirely open. Since that, however, the average amount of the whole trade has fallen below that of preceding years: in 1821 it amounted to 17,244,569 dollars; in 1822 to 14,030,478; in 1823 to 6,259,209; and in 1826 to 16,774,587. And the great bulk of the exports consisted, as before, of gold and silver.

The principal change that has taken place in the imports is in the description of goods. Formerly silks were largely consumed;

they are now supplied by cottons. Spanish wines and brandies are now supplanted by those of France.

Without entering upon the numerous topics that Humboldt and others have elaborately discussed, we shall shortly inquire how far the trade is likely to increase. Our opinion is decidedly that there will be an increased demand for certain articles, such as cottons, on account of their comparative cheapness; but we do not apprehend that the aggregate trade can be rapidly augmented, both because the returns are in a great measure limited to the precious metals, and because there is a decided want of consumers. We are satisfied that the moral and physical wants of the Indians, and the mixed races, must be greatly increased, before they can become large consumers. These classes amount, as we have seen, to nearly five millions of people, or about five-sevenths of the entire nation. The more this subject is investigated, the more correct, we think, our conclusions will be found. Mr. Ward takes a different view of it, but, as we apprehend, on erroneous grounds. His details are, however, well worthy of consideration, as he has applied himself to the subject with diligence and zeal.

As the duties are very exorbitant, smuggling is carried on with the most unblushing impunity. Many most impolitic regulations have been adopted in the zeal for legislation which has characterised Mexico in common with all the new states of America; but it is to be hoped that a little more experience will open the eyes of the government to the true interests of their country.

As the "vomito prieto," or black vomit, rages on the coast, and materially affects the trading community, Humboldt has discussed the nature of the disease at some length. Its progress is rapidly fatal, but fortunately it is by no means contagious; so soon, indeed, as the fatal bounds are passed, the foreigner, unless he should have already absorbed the seeds of the malady, may consider himself safe, though in immediate contact with an individual in its last stages.

The revenue of Mexico was very considerable under the old government, being estimated at twenty millions of dollars, eight or nine of which, as we have already remarked, found their way to Spain and other colonies on the King's account. The sources from which it was derived were, according to the tables formed by the Viceroy Iturrigaray in 1803:

	Dollars.
Alcavalas, Capitation Tax, and duties on Gold and Silver	10,747,878
Tobacco monopoly, Cards, Powder, and Quicksilver	6,899,830
Sale of Bulls, &c. &c.	530,425
Revenue from Land	1,897,128

Total . 20,075,261

which was thus expended—

Colonial Administration	10,500,000
Remittances to Cuba, &c.	3,500,000
Ditto to Spain	6,000,000
Total	<u>20,000,000</u>

The revenue during the progress of the revolution became necessarily embarrassed, and its amount is not supposed to have then exceeded four or five millions. Iturbide's plan of finance was unsuccessful, and the picture of the two first finance ministers of the Republic is most deplorable—no money, and infinite debt. It became indispensable to reorganize this branch of the public service as soon as the government assumed a settled form, and accordingly the successive congresses since 1823 have devoted their earnest attention to it. Various decrees have been enacted, determining the sources from which the supplies are to be derived, as well as regulating the machinery of collection, &c. It appears from Esteva's report, that the expenditure amounted in 1825 to very nearly eighteen millions, and the actual revenue was little more than ten millions and a half, leaving a deficit of above seven millions, exclusive of the interest of the various loans contracted. By a singular confusion in the estimate, the then loan was taken as a part of income; and as the balance applicable to the service of that year was about 1,317,443 dollars, the addition of that sum would swell the positive deficiency of income to very nearly nine millions. Esteva, who originally kept a chocolate-house at Vera Cruz, is a man of very narrow views, and the plans he suggested for remedying these deficiencies were finely illustrative of his powers of intellect. He proposed the re-establishment of the tobacco monopoly in its most oppressive form; the closing of most of the ports, to counteract smuggling; and the raising the duties on the precious metals, which had been reduced in order to induce foreigners to engage in this branch of national industry. And the reasons for this were excellent—duties which had been paid in 1801 could be equally well paid in 1825, and besides, if any loss should occur, it would fall on foreigners!

The Committee of the Congress appointed to examine this precious document detected its fallacies, and despising the miserable policy in which they originated, pointed out, that by economy in expenditure, and a proper attention to the really productive sources of revenue, the "receipts might be made to cover the expenditure, without crippling for ever the resources of the state, by striking, as Mr. Esteva proposed to do, at the very roots of its prosperity." The projected alterations were rejected *in toto*, and

the minister was obliged to confine himself to the organization of his department under the controul of the Congress. It has since been calculated by this same mirror of finance, that after payment of all charges, interest included, there would be last year a balance in favour of income of more than 300,000 dollars. But that this is fallacious is rendered evident by the fact of the non-payment of the dividends on the loans. Whatever improvement there may be hereafter, (and the present state of convulsion does not encourage very sanguine hopes,) this fact seems to be certain, that none has as yet taken place, and equally certain that debt to a large amount has been incurred. In 1823 a loan was made to the Mexican government, through Messrs. Goldschmidt and Co., for £3,200,000; but as it was taken at £50, only one half was available to the Mexican government, and out of this half, £419,936 was reserved to cover interest, commissions, and other charges; so that for little more than £1,000,000 advanced more than £3,000,000 is to be repaid; and as interest at 5 per cent. is payable on the whole, it amounts in other words, to 15 per cent. on the sum actually advanced. A second loan was effected for a similar amount, through Messrs. Barclay, at an interest of 6 per cent. This was sold by commission at 86½, and produced £2,776,000 sterling; but of this sum £1,405,502 : 9s. 3d. was retained for commission, first year and a half's interest, sinking fund, former advances, and other charges; and latterly the contractors have not made good £291,699 : 5s. 8d. : so that the Republic has only received £1,370,497 : 10s. 9d. And the interest is largely in arrear. From the above facts it is quite clear, that, however badly matters may have been managed in Mexico, there is no small ground for dissatisfaction in that quarter, at the share which the British public has had in the transaction. Such very inordinate profits are ruinous to the borrower, and in the end must be equally so to the lender. A great deal has been said of the bad faith of the new governments in America, and there is much to censure; but before we condemn them indiscriminately, we should look to the way in which they have been dealt with.

The most important item of expenditure is that of the army and navy, which, in 1827, was estimated at 10,382,977 dollars; of which 9,073,932 were devoted to the former. Various projects have been made for the reduction of both, but how far any of them have been realized we are not prepared to say; though the practicability of reducing the expenditure to 7,000,000 has been strongly asserted. The number of troops of the line, composed of artillery, infantry, cavalry, presidial companies, &c. amounted, in 1827, to 22,788 men, and the militia under arms to 9373, making altogether an active force of 32,161 men—all of whom are de-

scribed as well-clothed, fed, and paid. On these points we cannot speak with any precision, but we have reason to know, that long after the establishment of the Republic, they were ill paid, badly clothed, and infamously fed. Besides these, there is a reserve of 96,794, that may be called out if required. The whole of this force is under the orders of the minister of war, who regulates all matters connected with it. Connected with the army there is an "estado mayor general," which combines a variety of functions, such as those of the quarter-master general, and of engineers. General Orbegoso, whom we have already mentioned, General Terau, and Colonel Iberri are among its most active members. It may be invidious to speak disparagingly of the Mexican army, when we consider the elements out of which it has grown. We therefore beg to quote the description given by one who has shown himself a zealous apologist for every thing connected with the infant state.

"Nothing," says Mr. Ward, "could be more deplorable than the state of the army in the autumn of 1824. *The revolution had destroyed all discipline and all respect for the civil authorities*; and the soldier, accustomed to the license of a camp, was ready to follow any leader that could promise him plunder in lieu of his arrears of pay."

He adds, however, that this state of things had ceased. Of this, however, we may be permitted to entertain serious doubts, if there be truth in the account of the recent outrages committed at the seat of government, by the military and their chiefs. The troops are in general bad, and the subaltern officers of the lowest description—mere reckless adventurers, whom the fury of the revolution has thrust forward. It is quite "en règle" for a Mexican officer to accept a dollar or two a day from any foreigner whom he is escorting, besides pilfering a portion of what may have been allotted to his men. Among the higher ranks there are some ruffians, and a few intelligent men, but the former predominate, though, to the honor of Mexico, they are not all natives.

The navy is in a most deplorable state. The difficulty of reducing the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa led to the collection of some gun-boats, a couple of sloops of war, and two or three armed schooners. This number has since received the addition of a line of battle ship, two frigates, and some other vessels of war. Some English and American officers were engaged, but we believe that all the former have left the service, and that very few of the latter remain. Commodore Porter, of vain-glorious memory, (who once wrote a book of Voyages,) was, and may be still, the marine commandant, and distinguished himself by threatening to blockade Cuba, and by being obliged to skulk at Key West, to avoid destruction by the gallant Laborde. The Mexi-

cans require no navy, and cannot maintain one: the sooner, therefore, they restrict it to a very few revenue cutters the better. The nature of the country and the destructive climate of the coast, diminish greatly the necessity for keeping up a military establishment for *external* defence. Foreign invasion can do little; more is to be dreaded from internal dissensions.

With these observations we close all that may be deemed immediately connected with the "*Essai Politique*." Before we proceed, however, to the "*Resumen Historico*," it may be well to take a brief survey of the effects of the Spanish colonial system in New Spain, and of the chief causes that conspired to excite the revolutionary movements, which ended in establishing her independence.

The original policy of Spain as to her colonies was unquestionably mild, but the practice was widely different. This observation applies equally to all of them. New Spain was governed by a viceroy, endowed with all the prerogatives of royalty, having the only immediate check in the *Audiencia*, which had the right of direct communication with the sovereign at home, and with the powerful council of the Indies. So great, we have understood, was the veneration with which the Indians regarded the representative of majesty, that at no very remote period they were in the habit of prostrating themselves whenever he appeared in public. The "divinity with which he was hedged" was in a great degree kept up by the policy of the Spanish court, which, among other means, prohibited him, as well as the members of the *Audiencia*, from marrying a Creole, engaging in traffic, or holding property in the country over which they presided. In the event of the death of the viceroy, the government was held by the chief oidor.

Although the *Recopilacion de los Leyes de las Indias* was originally simple enough, yet the multitude of decrees that have been progressively added to it rendered it a rare mass of contradiction and confusion, and consequently an admirable instrument for the corrupt administration of justice. Especial privileges too, of endless multitude, which were chiefly enjoyed by Europeans, furnished abundant grounds of complaint. The chief, if not the sole protection of the great mass of the people, was afforded by the local municipalities, which maintained a larger share of independence than their prototypes in the mother country.

In the ecclesiastical establishments the Pope was nothing compared with the King of Spain, everything being done by the authority of the latter, as the head of the American church, formally recognized by a bull of Alexander VI. To the King, therefore, all looked, as the only source from which honour and wealth

could flow. And the distinctions of caste, as well as those of European and Creole, were sedulously kept up. From the situation of viceroy, down to that of the lowest custom-house officer, creoles were practically excluded; and it was only very shortly before the revolution that the door to preferment was opened to them. In fact the European Spaniards formed a privileged caste, who enjoyed every advantage that could be commanded, among which the profits of corruption did not rank in the least prominent situation. The viceroys, with some few honourable exceptions, set the example of enriching themselves, without the least regard to the means employed; while the select few who could thus profit, by forming a separate and commanding interest, set inquiry or correction at defiance.

The operations of the Inquisition, too, had their full share in upholding the system of exclusion, ignorance, and oppression. While these political distinctions excited violent heart-burnings, the commercial monopoly exercised by the old Spaniards, and the imperious orders to restrict the industry of the colony to such productions as could not interfere with those of the parent state, produced a restless irritation, which could only have been kept down by the most soothing and conciliatory measures. Such was the state of affairs when the invasion of Spain by Napoleon took place, in 1808. A succession of events had lessened the almost superstitious veneration with which the Americans had regarded their sovereign, who was in fact the only link that connected them with Europe. The assumption of authority by bodies of which they knew nothing (the Cortes), and the ill-judged and inconsistent proceedings of these bodies,—at one moment extending the rights of Spanish citizens to all their transatlantic brethren, at another revoking those acts of wisdom and justice,—all tended to loosen the bonds of a connexion which had previously been mainly upheld by the force of opinion. Mr. Ward has traced with much ability the progress of these feelings. In speaking of the formation of juntas in the different governments in America, professing attachment to the parent state, he well observes, that.

“ it is difficult to ascertain how far these professions of attachment, on the part of the new governments, were sincere. Many of their members undoubtedly aspired to independence from the first; but the majority would have been satisfied with moderate reforms; and it was, perhaps, the necessity of conciliating these, as well as the great mass of the people, (who certainly were not prepared to throw off their allegiance at once,) that forced the bolder spirits to temporize, and to disguise their real designs under the mask of devoted loyalty.”

The same causes appear to have had almost simultaneous effects throughout the whole of the Spanish colonies, although so widely

apart, and each in a state of entire ignorance as to what was going on in the others. The truth is, that the oppression was the same in all, and the effects were only modified by the diversity of temperament on which it acted. Each therefore, individually, pursued its object, unconnected with the rest; and each was obliged to cope singly with whatever force Spain could bring to bear against it. Mexico appears to have retained her attachment nearly to the last;—but she, too, laboured under the excitement of the period, and although in some instances peculiarly favoured, had enough to complain of, at the time of which we have been speaking. Such was the feverish state of Mexico in 1808, when Iturrigaray succeeded to the viceroyalty. The distracted situation of Spain produced a burst of loyalty from the native Mexicans; and as their interests were supposed to be protected by the Viceroy, the *Audiencia*, regardless of the signs of the times, determined to arrest and depose him; a resolution which was carried into effect by a number of European Spaniards. Various reasons were assigned for this rash measure; but the Creoles considered it rightly as an indication of their continued vassalage. This conviction, confirmed by the intemperate conduct of the Spaniards, excited some slight commotions, which, though repressed, were only the prelude to a more formidable explosion.

Don Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, Parish Priest of Dolores, was the first who lighted the train. He had been considerably irritated by the check given by the government to some improvements he had introduced in his neighbourhood, and he viewed the measures of the Spanish party as part of an infamous system of Creole debasement. He is described as a man of considerable reading, strong understanding, and great firmness of character. He does not, however, appear to have been very circumspect in his proceedings, for his schemes became known to the government in the city of Mexico, and orders were received by the Intendant, on the 15th September, 1810, to arrest him, with Allende, Aldama, and Abasolo—three Creole officers then at Guanajuato—in consequence of its having transpired that it was their intention to surprise the whole of the Europeans on the 1st of October, and that they had seduced some non-commissioned officers to join them. Being apprised of the intentions of the Intendant, on the 16th September Hidalgo and his confederates, with ten followers, arrested seven Europeans resident in Dolores. This trifling success led such numbers to his standard, that, in an incredibly short space of time, he took possession of San Felipe and San Miguel el Grande; and with the plunder of the Europeans he satisfied the wants of his tumultuary followers. He

next summoned Riaño, the Intendant in Guanajuato; but that magistrate shut himself up in the public granary, and defended it with great vigour until he was killed, when the gate was forced and a most merciless carnage made. Mr. Ward mentions that he knows an individual (whom we also knew), of whose family no less than seventeen perished on that fatal day. It is impossible to convey a more adequate idea of the ruthless destruction effected by the Indians, than by stating the fact, that although the capture was not completed until five o'clock on Friday evening, not one house belonging to any European was left standing on Saturday morning.

Hidalgo is supposed to have encouraged these atrocities, to render the contest one that could never terminate amicably. The Viceroy, D. Francisco Xavier Venegas, had been at first disposed to treat this insurrection of the natives with contempt; but he was soon disabused, and forces were collected from all points to put down what he considered an audacious rebellion. While these important proceedings were going on, the aid of the spiritual arms was also called in, and Hidalgo was excommunicated, both by his Diocesan and the Metropolitan. Regardless of these fulminations he proceeded, with a large accession of force, to Valladolid, where he received fresh reinforcements, and the invaluable co-operation of Don José Maria Morelos, the Priest of Necupetaro, whose talents place him in the first rank of Mexican patriots.

Hidalgo continued his advance to the capital, and overthrew a hostile body, in which Iturbide held a command, on the road from Toluca. But after advancing within sight of Mexico, he retired without an effort. In his retreat he encountered Calleja, the Spanish general, who had pressed on his rear with a considerable regular force. In the plain of Aculco, on the 7th November 1810, Calleja was completely victorious, and Hidalgo hastily fell back on Valladolid, while Allende, his second in command, took the road to Guanajuato. On being compelled to abandon this town, a series of atrocious murders was commenced by the insurgents, which led to most terrific retaliation on the part of the Spaniards. Two hundred and forty-nine Europeans were murdered in cold blood on the very morning that the Spanish general entered the town. He immediately issued orders to give no quarter; but he soon retracted them, and eventually contented himself with decimating the inhabitants. Hidalgo retired to Guadalajara, where he, too, murdered between seven and eight hundred Europeans, with a secrecy that rendered the act more revolting. A second battle, at the bridge of Calderon, was equally unfortunate for the insurgents with that of Aculco,

although the Indians fought better. The levies were then left under the command of a new chief, Don Ignacio Lopez Rayon; and Hidalgo, with his three original colleagues, determined on entering the United States, for the purpose of completing their military stores. On the 21st March, 1811, when on the road, they were apprehended, through the treachery of a former associate, Don Ignacio Elizondo. Their trial, which was protracted till July, terminated in their conviction and subsequent execution. Rayon retained his command, and while insurrectionary movements were making in various quarters, proceeded to establish a Junta of Government, which was effected, at Zitacuaro, on the 10th September, 1811—within less than twelve months after Hidalgo's first rising. This Junta professed a readiness to acknowledge Ferdinand VII. as their sovereign, provided he would establish himself in Mexico; but there is reason to believe that the professions thus made were "false and hollow." One of the most memorable acts of this body was to draw up and transmit a manifesto to the Viceroy, containing proposals either for peace or war; but it was unavailing, and the capture of Zitacuaro on the 2d January, 1812, by General Calleja, then Conde de Calderon, obliged the members to make a hasty retreat to Soltepec.

While these proceedings were going on in the north, as has been already said, Morelos, the Parish Priest of Necupetaro, who had been brooding over the wrongs of his country, had declared in favour of the insurgents; and in October, 1810, left Valladolid with a commission from Hidalgo as Captain-General of the South Western Provinces, for which he set off, accompanied by a few servants armed with six muskets and some old lances. His forces were strengthened by the accession of a body of African slaves, and the declaration of two brothers, José and Antonio Galeana, for the cause of independence. Within a month, his small army was increased to a thousand men, with whom he had advanced to and invested Acapulco, so long the resort of the galleons from Manilla. A victory obtained on his way thither, in a night attack, over the Spanish commandant, inspired his raw levies with confidence, and made him master of a most seasonable supply of the munitions of war, and of a considerable sum of money.

Fresh adherents flocked to his standard; among whom were the two Bravos and the Priest Matamoros, who afterwards made a distinguished figure during the short but brilliant career of his chief. Success crowned his arms during a succession of engagements; so that by the month of January, 1812, the insurgents had arrived at and captured Tescuo, within twenty-five leagues of the capital. In another month, the advanced guard arrived at Chalco, distant not more than three leagues from it.

Calderon having been recalled from the north, where he had succeeded in re-establishing the Spanish supremacy, prepared to attack this formidable assailant. Morelos determined to encounter him at a small open town, Cuantla Amilpas, about twenty-two leagues from the capital. Calderon's first attack was made on the 19th February, and successfully repelled; but after maintaining a gallant though unavailing defence till the 2d May, being pressed by famine and disease, Morelos conducted his troops in safety between the Spanish batteries, and after dispersing them, ordered a rendezvous of the whole at Izucar; this last feat was achieved with a loss of only seventeen men—but, unfortunately, in that number was Don Leonardo Bravo, whose fate excited pity for himself, and admiration of the chivalrous generosity of his son, the present General Don Nicolas Bravo. According to the usual practice at that time, Don Leonardo was sentenced to die: his son offered in exchange for him 300 Spaniards, then his prisoners; his offer was refused, and the unhappy parent suffered his punishment. His son instantly liberated his captives, for fear he should be tempted to retaliate in the same spirit that had influenced his enemies.

Morelos, having recruited his forces, successively defeated some Spanish corps, occupied Tekuscan and Orizava, and by the month of November was on his way to Oaxaca. We have omitted to state in the proper place, that at the commencement of the siege of Cuantla Amilpas, General Victoria, afterwards first President of the Republic—at that time named Don José María Fernandez—became known. Hereafter we shall have occasion to say something more of him. Morelos, on arriving before the city of Oaxaca, immediately invested it; and his artillery was directed with great success by Don Manuel Mier y Teran, one of the most able among the native officers, though envy and jealousy have hitherto conspired to keep him in the shade. The capture of the city, which was followed by that of Acapulco, facilitated the formation of a National Congress—which was always an object very near to the heart of the revolutionary leader. This assembly, which was composed of the members of the Junta of Zitacuaro, the deputies elected in Oaxaca, and others selected by them to represent the other provinces, opened its sittings on the 13th September, 1813, in the town of Chilpanzingo—by which title it has been distinguished. In two months after the first meeting, the absolute independence of Mexico was formally declared.

While the chief was thus employed, his lieutenants, Bravo and Matamoros, were actively pushing the interests of the cause in the eastern provinces; but the former being at last forced to

abandon Vera Cruz; rejoined Morelos in Oaxaca. Matamoros too, whose progress had been marked by the most brilliant success, was at last obliged to rejoin his leader, who was then concentrating his forces at Chilpanzingo, in order that he might move on Valladolid, where his communications would be facilitated with the insurgents of the south and the interior, among whom Guerrero (the president elect) had distinguished himself even at that early period. The expedition to Valladolid was most fatal, for there Iturbide, afterwards the liberator of his country, was stationed, and, after a severe contest, completely routed the insurgent army. Morelos retreated to Puruaran, where he was again beaten. Matamoros was taken and shot. After this, the bloody system of reprisals was unrelentingly carried on. This was the commencement of a long series of misfortunes to the republican cause. Another Bravo and Galeana perished by the hands of the executioner; the congress was dispersed; but, undismayed, re-assembled in the forests of Apatzingan, and sanctioned the constitution known by the name of their retreat. Iturbide's activity surprised and nearly annihilated this body.

Morelos, in attempting a junction with Teran and Guerrero, his own force having been reduced to 500 men, was surprised by Don Manuel Concha, an active Spanish officer, and after vainly seeking death, was taken prisoner. He was brutally used by the soldiery, but Concha behaved to him with the kindness due to a brave man in adversity. He was conveyed to San Augustin de las Cuevas, where he was examined by the Oidor Bataller, who had long rendered himself odious to the Creoles, by declaring, that "so long as there was a Manchegan mule or Castilian cobbler in New Spain, no Creole was fit to govern it." With such a magistrate little ceremony was used, and Morelos was shot on the 22d of December, 1815, dying, as he had lived, with a most dignified firmness. His dying address to his Creator was brief and touching. "Señor, si he obrado bien, tu lo sabes; y si mal, yo mi acojo a tu infinita misericordia." (Lord, if I have done well, thou knowest it; and if ill, I trust in thy infinite mercy.)

Morelos had anticipated that the formation of a congress would, by forming a point of union, have ensured concert among the insurgents scattered over remote parts of the country. And he was right, if the congress could have maintained its authority. After its escape from Iturbide, it was safely conducted by General Bravo to Tehuacan, where Teran had his head-quarters; disputes between its members, however, so soon began, that that officer dissolved it so early as the 15th of December, seven days before Morelos's death. Each of the insurgent chiefs now acted independently, so that the Viceroy was enabled to crush

them successively; and availing himself of these successes, wisely proclaimed an amnesty, which was joyfully accepted by many. Teran, after a series of brilliant operations, was obliged to avail himself of this lenity. Rayon was made prisoner as well as Bravo. Victoria retired to the mountains, and lived without intercourse with human society for eighteen months; and, we believe Guerrero alone maintained a small but respectable force among the fastnesses of the south.

The affairs of the revolution were thus languishing, when the gallant Mina landed, on the 15th of April, 1817, with a small but determined band of foreigners to aid the cause of independence. The moment was a most unpropitious one, for the only co-operation on which this young hero could calculate was that of a few predatory bands that ravaged the country, under chiefs of the degraded character of Padre Torres, of whose infamy and atrocities Robinson has given a lively portrait in his account of this ill-fated expedition. In addition to this, Mina was a Spaniard, and the Creoles doubted his sincerity in establishing that independence to which all of them still fondly clung.

Mina landed with only 359 men and officers, of whom fifty under the command of Colonel Perry abandoned him shortly afterwards. One hundred were left to garrison a small fort at Soto de la Marina, under the orders of Major Sarda, while the enterprising chief himself determined to make the attempt to traverse the continent, in order to effect a junction with one or other of the insurgent corps in the very centre of Mexico. On his march he first defeated 400 cavalry, and afterwards a force of 960 European infantry and 1100 Creole cavalry. His whole force in this last action amounted only to 172 men, yet the route of the royalists was so complete, that the cavalry were not heard of for four days. Marching on, he effected, on the 22d of June, a junction with an irregular corps. Another victory crowned his valour; but it was unfortunate that he seized the property of the Marques Jaral, and that his depot at Soto de la Marina was carried by assault. The tide of fortune now turned, failure followed close upon failure, and his followers were reduced, chiefly by death, to fifty. With this little corps he attempted to assault Guanajuato at night, was unsuccessful, and having been surprised at a *hacienda*, in which he had sought refuge, was taken prisoner, and after the most brutal treatment from Orrantia, the Spanish commandant, was shot, in July, 1817, in his twenty-eighth year. All the other insurgent chiefs were either destroyed or pardoned by July, 1819, except Guerrero, whom we have already mentioned; so that there was the most confident hope among the royalists that the legitimate government, as they deemed it, would

be re-established. But this confidence showed that the Viceroy Apodaca and his friends were much less conversant with the subject than his predecessor the Conde de Calderon, who appears to have watched the progress of revolutionary principles with infinite acuteness, and to have traced with rare dexterity the secret springs of action that had produced the successive convulsions he had unavailingly essayed to counteract. Apodaca was not, however, altogether wrong; there certainly was a strong *prestige* in favour of the mother country, and had that been dexterously turned to account, it is impossible to say how far the projects of the revolutionists might not have been counteracted, possibly with benefit to Mexico.

We have already seen that by the middle of 1819 the insurgent cause was reduced to its lowest ebb. Shortly after this period, the decrees of the Cortes arrived respecting the sale of church property. Apodaca, it is said, wished to avert their execution; but having received imperative orders, he was obliged to enforce them. Mr. Ward states, that being desirous of effecting a counter-revolution, he employed Iturbide to show that by upholding the king in opposition to the constitution, religion and all that was valuable would be secured. We have always understood, however, that it was with the utmost reluctance Apodaca executed the orders, judging very correctly that at the first moment of pacification it was most imprudent to excite the hostility of the clergy; but having no alternative, he obeyed his instructions. To destroy the elements of insurrection, he also determined on crushing its last resource in Guerrero; and, we believe, that it was for this object, and not for that of overturning the constitution, that Don Augustin Iturbide was sent by the Viceroy. Be that as it may, Iturbide, probably seeing the road to distinction open, did not attack Guerrero; but, as we have understood, employed himself with the Curate of Iguala in drawing up the celebrated *Plan of Iguala*; after which, uniting himself with Guerrero, he proclaimed, on the 24th of February, 1821, the independence of his country. This declaration, however, was by no means received, at first, with the enthusiasm that might have been anticipated. Apodaca was deposed by the dominant party in Mexico, and Novella, an officer of artillery, succeeded to him, but his authority was not generally recognised. In the further progress of Iturbide and his army, the movements in their support are described as almost simultaneous; so that by the month of July the whole country (with the exception of the capital) had embraced his cause. In this career of success he had reached Queretaro, on his way to the capital, when the intelligence of the arrival of the constitutional viceroy, Don Juan O'Donoju, at Vera Cruz, diverted his progress to

Cordova, whither the latter was permitted to proceed, and there the two chiefs, on the 24th of August, 1821, concluded the treaty of Cordova, founded on the Plan of Iguala; by which it was agreed that the evacuation of the Mexican territory by the Spanish army should take place, and all the other arrangements in the Plan of Iguala should be carried into full effect. As the objects proclaimed were the independence of New Spain as a separate monarchy, the maintenance of the Catholic religion, and the union of all classes, the army, which was to uphold them, was denominated the "*Army of the three Guarantees*," and to it the capital was surrendered on the 27th of September, 1821, the Viceroy (Novella) and his troops being sent to Havana at the cost of Mexico. O'Donoju was associated with Iturbide and others in the actual government, which was to await the decision of that of Spain. It was also determined to appoint a congress to fix the principles of the constitution. At this point the labours of Señor Bustamante and his epitomizer terminate.

The Congress met on the 24th of February, 1822, and the discordant elements of which it was composed soon developed themselves. The strict adherents to the Plan of Iguala, who wished, in conformity to it, to have a constitutional monarchy, with a Bourbon prince at its head, were called "*Borbonistas*." The republican party struggled for a republic, though of what kind was undefined; while a third party arose who desired to adhere to the plan of Iguala in all things except the selection of the monarch, whom they wished to be Iturbide; these were termed "*Iturbidistas*." Previously, however, to the meeting of the Mexican Congress (on the 13th of February) the Spanish Cortes had decreed that the groundwork of all these proceedings was null and void—which annihilated the first of the parties enumerated, and left the contest between the two last. Violent disputes having arisen between the legislative and executive bodies, on the subject of money and of a standing army, intrigues were set on foot by the adherents of Iturbide, and he was proclaimed Emperor on the 18th of May, 1822, by the non-commissioned officers of the garrison of the capital, under the title of Augustin the First. This tumultuary election was sanctioned by the congress, and confirmed by the provinces without opposition. Fresh struggles with the legislature for greater powers followed, which were abruptly terminated by the dissolution of that body by a military force. A junta of forty-five persons was formed by the Emperor out of his most compliant followers. Forced loans, and other vexations, excited a fresh insurrection, which, though repressed in the north under Garza, blazed with

great fury in Vera Cruz, which, under Santana, the governor, had declared in decided opposition to the existing government.

Echavari, a Spaniard, high in Iturbide's confidence, was sent with a considerable force to repress this revolutionary ebullition; but that officer finding that Guadalupe Victoria had joined Santana, and that defection was general, with an apostasy too common in Mexican annals, declared, with his whole army, against the Emperor, and signed the Convention of Casa Mata. The revolt spread rapidly, and finding himself deserted by those who had most largely benefited by his elevation, on the 8th of March, 1823, the latter assembled the original congress and tendered his abdication. This was not accepted; but he was permitted to quit the country with his family, with an annual pension of 25,000 dollars. He was escorted to the coast by General Bravo, who had been one of his most determined opponents, but was selected by the fallen chief, no doubt from a recollection of the high-minded principles of that genuine patriot and gallant man. As soon as Iturbide had abandoned the reins of government, a new executive was formed with the title of "*Poder Ejecutivo*," consisting of Victoria, Bravo, and Negrete, whose three deputies, or "*suplentes*," were Guerrero, Michelena, and Dominguez. The republican government being thus established, a constitution was proclaimed, the different states enacted their local laws and confederated for general objects, and such was the apparent progress to a regular form of government, that in October, 1823, the British government was induced to send out agents to Mexico, as well as to all the newly-declared independent states. The recognition of their independence, and treaties with each of them, were the consequence. It has, of late, been the fashion with a certain class of politicians to decry these measures, merely because they have thought fit to regard them as the individual acts of Mr. Canning. The opinion of the inexpediency of maintaining political relations with the new states is founded in ignorance of the subject, and the assertion that they owe their entire existence to the late illustrious premier marks a total disregard of passing events. The attention of the British government had been long and loudly called to the subject by capitalists, who had, prior to our sending out missions, embarked large sums in commercial and mining speculations in the new states. The measure had been some time determined on, and Mr. Canning only selected the moment of adoption as well as the method of execution. Whoever investigates these points (which have now become matters of history) will find that in all respects the greatest judgment was displayed, and that our minister was fully justified in his

manly exultation at "having called the Americas into existence." We cannot enter into the narrow views of those who blame the measure solely because many speculators have been ruined. The fault is their own, not that of the government. Though advantages (if any existed) were secured to them, there was no obligation to risk any thing.

But to return; after the banishment of Iturbide the government was occasionally disturbed by tumultuary movements, such as that of Lobato in 1824, of Andrade, Quintana, and others in the same year, and by the return of the ex-emperor himself on the 8th July, almost immediately after the defeat of his partisans, just named. He was conducted on the 16th of the same month to Padilla, in the state of Tamaulipas, identified before the Congress, and in three hours afterwards shot. The real story is, we believe, little known in Europe. It is this: Garza, whose life had been spared by Iturbide, as we have already stated, had been the medium of communication between him and his friends in the Northern States. Whether he had become so with the intent to betray him, or was led to do so by the failure of the rising under Quintana, we cannot pretend to decide; but thus much appears certain, that Beneski, a Polish adventurer, who accompanied Iturbide, had conferences with him (Garza,) under some plausible pretext. Iturbide landed in disguise, as Garza states in his official report, but as we have been assured on good authority, on the invitation of that officer to put himself at the head of the troops and lead them to redress the wrongs of his country. That Iturbide acted under this conviction is to our minds certain, for we are sure, that with his resolution of character he would never have submitted to be led to Padilla like a bull to the stake. He entered Padilla with the assurance of a victorious chief, but death in a few hours dispelled the illusion. Every fact that has come to our knowledge respecting his last moments is confirmatory of this: and he died as he had lived, bold and undaunted. It is impossible to reconcile this atrocious act of the Mexican Authorities with the commonest principles of justice. It has indeed been attempted to defend it, on the ground that as he was outlawed, it was allowable to hunt him down like a wild beast. Let us look to facts. On the 28th April, 1824, the Congress, labouring under the apprehension of his invading the country, pronounced his outlawry. He sailed from Southampton on the 11th May, so that he could not by any possibility know of the decree, and he arrived at Soto de la Marina on the 8th of July, *without having touched at any place on his voyage.*

In 1827 there were insurrections in various parts of the

north, and even in the capital. The last and the present years have been distinguished by the proceedings of Bravo, Barragon, Santana, and Guerrero; the two last have effected an entire revolution of men, if not of principles, which, if peace and unanimity be not established at home, may soon give place to other changes, brought into action by the now (we apprehend seriously) threatened Spanish invasion from Cuba, at the expense of the Cadiz merchants. That the Spanish domination has passed away for ever, cannot be soberly doubted; but with such materials as exist in Mexico, any hostile force on the coasts might rekindle furious animosities, that would require the soothing influence of many years to allay.

A very few words may suffice respecting the existing government of Mexico. As we have already seen, the federal form of republic has been chosen, and the constitution of the United States adopted as the model. The legislature consists of a Senate and House of Representatives. A president and vice-president are elected for four years, and the former is ineligible for re-election for four years more. The powers of the president are very considerable. Provision is made for the exercise of the legislative and judicial functions in detail. The government of each state depends on the particular constitution which it has adopted. This, however, must be in conformity with certain general principles recognised by the central congress, and must not be in opposition to the general constitution. For a fuller account of the latter, we cannot do better than refer to Mr. Ward's work, which contains the only details of it we have yet seen, distinct from the original constitutions of the several states and the acts of congress.

Victoria* and Bravo were the first elected to fill the office of president and vice-president. The latter was banished last year for some revolutionary attempt; Gomez Pedraza was chosen to succeed Victoria, and Guerrero to fill the vice-presidential chair. This was resented by the muleteer chief, and after a severe struggle, commenced by that incessant intriguer Santana, Pedraza has been expelled, and Guerrero chosen in his stead.

* Victoria, whom we have already mentioned as Don José Maria Fernandez, was much distinguished during the revolutionary contest. He joined Morelos, and afterwards, it is said, associated himself with the Conde de St. Jago's coachman, who headed a predatory party on the plains of Apan. He was driven from thence, and occupied the fastnesses of Vera Cruz, during which he either gained, or fancied he gained, some advantages over the roynlists on the 12th of December, a day dedicated to Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, the patroness of Mexico, and to commemorate the event, as well as to do all honour to the Virgin, he abandoned his titles, styles, and designation, and adopted that of Guadalupe Victoria, honouring the saint, by making the 12th of December his own natal day. Such absurdities excited admiration in Mexico, and Victoria is there deemed a hero.

Party spirit runs high, and this has been fostered by the establishment of two masonic lodges; the first, which is composed of the intolerants, emanated from New York, and its members are denominated "Yorkinos." To this the present president and his party, as well as the North American faction, belong. The members of the other, consisting of moderate men, opposed to the expulsion of the Spaniards, are called "Escoceses." It has been said that since the ascendancy of Guerrero, the aspect of affairs has become more settled. This is possible, for Guerrero, though a semi-barbarian, is a man of firmness and strong natural talents, and possesses the confidence of the majority, being one of themselves. Besides which, his continued hostility to Spain throughout the struggle for independence has acquired for him the reputation of its most devoted defender. He is, however, grossly ignorant, incapable, we believe, of reading any writing, but his own *griffonage*, and excessively obstinate. Every thing will depend on the selection of his advisers; if he happen to take a right course, his pertinacity will be useful; if, on the contrary, he should be wrong, the mischief will be irreparable. The scenes that preceded his election in the capital itself have afforded but small hopes of a moderate administration. The sacking of the first city in the republic, the butchery of its peaceful inhabitants under the eyes of the then president, and the range given to the licentiousness of the military, open but a melancholy prospect, and afford but small encouragement for the realisation of the splendid anticipations which so many have entertained. Let us hope, however, now that personal ambition has been gratified, that a sense of the true interests of his country, will influence the new president and direct his councils.

It was a favourite opinion with many, that it was only necessary for Mexico to throw off the Spanish yoke, in order that she might enter the lists of improvement with the United States of America. The advocates of this opinion, even to a modified extent, appear to have overlooked some most important considerations; on the one hand they forget that Mexico was a degraded colony of degraded Spain—that its inhabitants were plunged into a state of extreme moral darkness—that, in fact, they were what Lemaire, the gallant defender of San Juan de Ulloa, designated them, "*hijos malcriados de los malos Españoles*" (ill-bred sons of bad Spaniards);—that, on the other hand, the founders of the United States were Englishmen, who carried the liberal spirit and enlightened institutions of their father-land with them across the Atlantic; and that all they had to do, after shaking off the yoke of England, was to govern themselves in the way best fitted to their local interests. The Mexican, however, has had not only to throw off his allegiance

to Spain, but to divest himself of all the miserable institutions, habits, customs, and propensities entailed upon him by his parentage. He has to effect not only a political, but a moral regeneration; and with the most ardent hopes for his success, we cannot discard from our minds the impression that such a regeneration can only be the result of time and experience, and not of a mere change of name or of master. Society in Mexico is evidently in a disorganized state at present, and the prosperity of the people must necessarily sympathise with it. Agriculture cannot be very vigorously pursued, while the husbandman is uncertain of reaping his harvest in security. Commerce must be limited, so long as the wants of the consumer are small, and his means still smaller; and the violent expulsion of the most intelligent and wealthy individuals in the Republic, although it may gratify vindictive feelings, must at the same time weaken the confidence of foreigners in the wisdom of the government, and disincline them to expose their property to the risk of similar measures. The physical configuration of Mexico also obstructs her rapid progress, although it affords a strong guarantee of her independence. A nation far behind most of its contemporaries cannot be made sensible of its defects without a comparison with others. The great bulk of the Mexicans, from the unhealthiness of the coasts, crowd to the central plains, to which the distance precludes few but resident foreigners from penetrating; hence their intercourse with the natives is restricted, and the improvement arising from intercourse and collision with them necessarily checked. Added to all these disadvantages, it must be confessed that the course of policy pursued by the government from the establishment of independence up to the present moment, has been, with few exceptions, of a kind neither fitted to inspire its own subjects with confidence and attachment, nor to command the respect of foreign powers. Unless the present rulers show a determination to use the power they have acquired by such doubtful means for purposes of acknowledged public benefit—for the security of persons and property by a strict administration of justice—for the honest, however tardy, fulfilment of engagements for which the national faith has been pledged, and for laying the foundation of a system of popular education—unless, we say, they do this, their reign, we hazard nothing in predicting, will be of very short duration. In the hope, however faint, that such may be their dispositions, we now close these cursory observations.

ART. VII.—1. *Odes et Ballades*, par Victor Hugo. Cinquième édition. Paris. 1829. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *Les Orientales*, par Victor Hugo. Paris. 1829. 8vo.

3. *Cromwell*, drame. Par Victor Hugo. Paris. 1828. 8vo.

4. *Han d'Islande*. Troisième édition. Paris. 1829. 4 vols. 12mo.

5. *Bug Jargal*. Par l'auteur d'Han d'Islande. Troisième édition. Paris. 1829. 3 vols. 12mo.

6. *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*. Par Victor Hugo. Seconde édition. Paris. 1829. 12mo.

THE opinion in England that French poetry is not poetry at all, that it is at its best prose in metre, and at its worst a pompous jingle of big but unmeaning words, is so firmly rooted, and national opinions commonly are made of such inveterate stuff, that we fear it is but lost time to inform the mass of our countrymen, that even in our sense of the word, the French are beginning to produce poetry and poets. Yes! poetry of the heart, of the imagination—poets of profound thought—aspiring, delicate, fanciful—drawing their recollections from remote epochs, gilding the past with the venerable hues of romantic association, painting the future in the brightest colours of hope and tenderness. If we were to say that perhaps no poets, even of our country, better understood the delicacy of sentiment—sentiment! the genuine Briton would be prepared to exclaim, French sentiment!—and he would consider the mere designation of the quarter from whence it came as an all-sufficient argument to prove the hollowness of its pretensions. We shall, however, enter into no disquisition on the value of modern French poetry in general, beyond giving the more bigoted portion of our countrymen notice, that revolutions take place in literature as well as in government, and that no class of men is more likely to be affected by the fortunes of a country than the race of poets, who are the most excitable of good subjects, and catch the inspiration of events even before the politicians. It is far more likely to conduce to a change of opinion or an abandonment of prejudice, if we take a French fashionable poet, and show by a few examples what he is made of. Our northern contemporaries, we remember, have already preceded us in this task: they have already given the English reader to understand that all French poetry is not *detestable*, a favourite expression on such occasions. To the names of De la Martine and De la Vigne we propose to add that of Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo is still, we believe, a very young man: he has, however, already established a reputation in France, both as a novelist and a poet. His works in both kinds have passed through

many editions, and have received the stamp of popular approbation. The mass of rising genius in that country is enormous: Hugo is one who has taken the lead of it, and he may be quoted as a standard example both of what are at present, and what will probably be for some years to come, the tone and quality of the national sentiments in poetry.

The poetry of Hugo has appeared in various forms at various times: the reader has now, however, all the trouble of collection saved him, by the appearance of a beautiful and complete edition, in which he has arranged it in a new order, and put the last hand of the author to many pieces with which time had led him to be dissatisfied. The two first volumes are entitled "*Odes et Ballades*," the third is named "*Les Orientales*;" over these three our approbation is very unequally divided.

The first volume of *Odes* is almost entirely political, that is to say, each celebrates some national event. It is generally agreed that this is a most difficult style of composition; to try it is to enter the lists with Pindar and Horace, and to tread upon the failures of a whole catacomb of extinct poet-laureats and triumphal bards. Perhaps, therefore, our small relish for this portion of M. Hugo's labours may be, first, our repugnance to his subjects in particular, and next to the whole class of laureate hymns; for we ought to avow in candour, that we have in vain, and in fear of great authorities, endeavoured to detect intelligible matter of admiration in the sublime Theban himself, and that we never like Horace so little as when he sings of Roman victories, and the praises of imperial conquerors. M. Hugo is an ardent royalist of a class little understood here. Chateaubriand in his earlier works is one of its most brilliant examples: *De la Mennais* is its apostle. Their religion is royalism; God is the king of heaven,—the French king for the time being is his priest on earth,—St. Louis is his principal saint. Loyalty and monarchy are passions with them; they invest them with imaginary beauties, they apotheosize their representatives—they do not obey but venerate—they are not subjects but worshippers. The principles of Christianity are shown to be the foundation of their monarchy, and their monarchy is proved to be the firmest support of Christianity. This is not the vulgar respect which women and children are said to have for kings, it is the creation of both a devout and an imaginative mind. The *Odes* on royal subjects are consequently sacred poems—they are hymns. Chateaubriand was as good a subject of Napoleon as he is of Charles; and the course of our author's own life has been such as to prevent us from believing that with him this unconstitutional notion of kings, is anything but the offspring of the imagination.

It serves, however, for a halo to grace that which these sublime geniuses think too ordinary and common-place; we may further observe, that it stands in the stead of a far more genuine Christianity, which reaches heaven without ascending by a hierarchy whether of apotheosized kings or saints. Be this as it may, the loyalty of Hugo, as shown in his poems, is of a kind which does not flourish in England, and we shall give some specimens of the exotic. Any of the Odes of the first volume will serve our purpose: we select that on the death of Louis XVII. with the motto,

Capet ! Leve-toi.

The ode opens with a description of the entry of this boy's soul into heaven: "The golden gates of heaven opened; its fires were unveiled for an instant, and the luminous phalanxes of the elect beheld a youthful soul, surrounded with young angels, arrive under its starry porticoes." "His blue eye bore the austere mark of misfortune; his fair hair floated over his pallid features, and the virgins of heaven, singing over him their festival hymns, crowned him with the crown of the Innocents combined with the wreath of martyrdom." Now comes a stanza which, profanely to our tastes, exhibits the sentiments of this school towards a king—not the king of a constitution, but the god-king of a nation of slaves and Jesuits.

"On entendit des voix qui disaient dans la nue :
 "Jeune ange, Dieu sourit à ta gloire ingénue ;
 Viens, rentre dans ses bras pour ne plus sortir.
 Et vous, qui du Très-Haut racontez les louanges,
Seraphins, prophètes, archanges,
Courbez vous, c'est un roi—chantez, c'est un martyr !"

It is true that the unhappy boy asks "where have I reigned then?" and he proceeds in a style much more becoming a poor mortal than is this address.

"Où donc ai-je régné, demandait la jeune ombre ?
 Je suis prisonnier, je ne suis point un roi.
 Hier je m'endormais au fond d'une tour sombre,
 Où donc ai-je régné ? Seigneur, dites-le moi.
 Hélas ! mon père est mort d'une mort bien amère :
 Ses bourreaux, O mon Dieu ! m'ont abreuvé de fiel,
 Je suis un orphelin : je viens chercher ma mère,
 Qu'en mes rêves j'ai vue au ciel."

This strain has its beauty, and it would be a pity not to quote another stanza in the same spirit of amiable simplicity.

"Et pourtant, écoutez : bien loin dans ma mémoire,
 J'ai d'heureux souvenirs avant ces temps d'effroi :
 J'entendis en dormant des bruits confus de gloire,
 Et des peuples joyeux veillaient autour de moi.

Un jour tout disparut dans un sombre mystère,
 Je vis fuir l'avenir à mes destins promis :
 Je n'étais qu'un enfant, faible, et seul sur la terre,
 Hélas ! et j'eus des ennemis !

The titles alone of these political hymns, such as the "Birth of the Duke of Bourdeaux," the "Funeral of Louis XVII." &c., will show the writer's loyal inclinations; but it is only a perusal of them that can make the reader understand the extraordinary *unction* with which he treats such topics—an unction least to be expected from the son of a general of the Revolution and the Empire, himself a *quondam* page of King Joseph. We are sorry for this turn of the poet's enthusiasm, not merely because such notions are inconsistent with free and enlightened monarchical institutions; but because they shut against the author a most copious source of noble inspiration. To a man who has brought himself to regard all dead Bourbons as martyrs and saints, and him who reigns as "pretre et roi infallible," necessarily the Revolution is nothing but anarchy and atheism—to his mind its consequences are deplorable, and the great men developed by it are regicides and traitors, or worse. But did not the Revolution itself force into existence great men and great virtues, as well as great crimes? Does not its history disclose energies in France which every Frenchman must be proud of? Have not its results been charged with blessings for the land? Surely then the writer who can consent to see nothing in all this but darkness—no æras but the blank years of the reign of Louis XVIII. before he came to the throne, or at least, nothing heroic, nothing virtuous, but the heroism and virtue of La Vendée—is wilfully blind in his character of bard and in his character of citizen—the tool of a party, or the victim of a dogma. Napoleon is the only figure permitted to show itself in the great chasm between the Revolution and the Restoration, and *he* appears rather in the form of a *dæmon* fulfilling his mission as a scourge to the nations, than as a great historical character—a wonderful example of human power and human weakness. It must, however, be allowed that the different allusions to Bonaparte are made in the spirit of a poet, and that, perhaps, few finer things have been said of him than by Victor Hugo.

"Qu'il est grand là surtout! quand puissance brisée,
 Des porte-clefs Anglais misérable risée,
 Au sacre du malheur retrempe des droits,
 Tient au bruit de ses pas deux mondes en haleine,
 Et mourant de l'exil, gêné dans St. Hélène,
 Manque d'air dans la cage où l'exposent les rois."

The composition of these historical odes extends over a period

of ten years (1818—1828), and each one bears its date. The author tells us that he prefers correcting one work by another to effacing or changing the same, and he invites his reader to trace the course of his improvement in political as well as poetical thinking. The only difference we can detect between the Hugo of 1818 and him of 1828, is that he has become somewhat milder in his monarchical devotion, somewhat more disposed to join the idea of the charter with that of king; while at the same time he has made an inconsistent, but a very lively movement towards feudalism. It is now a *Roi-Chevalier* that watches over France: it is the relics of the barbaric ages of his country that seem now entwined with his most loyal recollections; and the scutcheons, banners, towers, helmets, tourneys, that once made the pride of the land of the Trouver, are represented in his later verses as the signals and emblems of her greatness. The direction of French literature at this moment is decidedly antiquarian; the historians and men of letters have been zealously labouring to restore in their pages the spirit of the ruder ages of French history; and the poet it seems has caught the same passion. He and several of his brethren are precisely in the position of Thomas Warton when he apologized in some beautiful lines for his love of the mouldering ruin, and his preference of the barbaric pomp of the olden time, as it is affectedly called, before the more civilized pleasures of later times. We might carry the parallel further: it is, perhaps, true that the French are about as far advanced in the modern school of poetry, absurdly termed the romantic, as the English were when Warton wrote. They have undoubtedly commenced writing ballads, which was one of the signs of those times: they may, however, be expected to advance at a much more rapid rate; for, little as it might have been anticipated, they are assiduous students of Wordsworth, and Byron enjoys a higher reputation among them than even in his native land.

Although we have freely expressed our dislike to the outpourings of M. Hugo's political devotion, we are far from denying that even these pieces are in many instances written in a strain of real, though misguided, enthusiasm, and that in the midst of an exaggeration incidental to the celebration of public events, many thoughts of great beauty are to be found. The author closes them with an ode which he entitles *FIN*. With considerable elevation of manner, he, in this final ode, describes the task he has performed, and the motives which led him to it. These are the two first stanzas; they appear to us dignified and imposing.

“Ainsi d'un peuple entier je feuilletais l'histoire!

Livre fatal de deuil, de grandeur, de victoire,

Et je sentais frémir mon luth contemporain,
 Chaque fois que passait un grand nom, un grand crime,
 Et que l'une sur l'autre, avec un bruit sublime,
 Retombaient les pages d'airain.

Fermons le maintenant ce livre formidable.
 Cessons d'interroger ce sphinx inabordable
 Qui le garde en silence, à la fois monstre et dieu !
 L'énigme qu'il propose échappe à bien des lyres,
 Il n'en écrit le mot, sur le front des empires,
 Qu'en lettres de sang et de feu."

A much pleasanter part of our task awaits us: we take up the second volume, which contains the odes of fancy, and the odes of personal experience. In this division, and in the manner in which the author discusses the arrangements of his poems, the reader will detect an imitation of Wordsworth's preface to his collected poems. These two divisions of the work, as well as the ballads forming the latter portion of the second volume, cannot be read without the highest gratification by any one susceptible of the pleasures of the imagination. There may be failures among so numerous a collection; there may be parts of comparative flatness; there may even be conceits which to some may appear cold; but in general every lover of poetry must dwell with delight on the harmony of their tone, calm and peaceful as a summer's evening—on the delicate tenderness of the affections they develop—on the amiable play of the imagination in which the author dresses up the objects of his regard, whether they be simply the golden dreams of former happiness, or the more real charms of existing loveliness. The poet here is in his true character—pensive and wayward, sensitive and contemplative, alive to the brilliancy of the world, easily affected by the recollections of the past, desponding for the future, but showing in his pride and his high-mettled fierceness the unbroken spirit of youth, and in fact proving that his melancholy and his sorrow are rather the reaction of an over-wrought temperament than the bitterness of the heart, torn and bruised by a life of care and sad experience. It would be easy to load our pages with proofs of our good opinion; we prefer, however, to send our readers to the volume. In such passages as we shall select for more especial notice, we shall be under another difficulty. In an English Review we know that there is an objection to the introduction of a foreign language, even in the review of foreign subjects; whereas it frequently happens that the idea or the passage in question is clothed with that nicety of expression, that it may be next to an impossibility to preserve its character in a translation. Translations in general are a complete *hortus siccus*; substance, colour, life and look are absent: there

remains the material rubbish to libel the living production of nature. Allowances must be made in all translations of poetry, even the best; and in fact so imperfect are translations in general, that ordinarily speaking that mode of translation is the best for which the greatest allowance is made, and where the least pretensions are advanced. In the examples we shall give of Hugo's poetry, where the beauty is in the style, we shall quote the original; where it is in the idea alone, a rare case, we shall throw it into plain prose. It is only a poet that can translate a poet, and then his work, to speak *Hibernice*, is very rarely a translation at all. Ideas give birth to others in a fertile mind, and while the imagination is conceiving the images of others, or moulding them in appropriate language, it is not idle in the work of proper conception; so that it generally turns out that the poet translator, having a natural affection for his own offspring, gives us two of his own bantlings for one of the adopted children of his original.

Of the many poems in these volumes of the tender and sentimental class, our favourite is the piece which bears the title of "Her Name." It is a most elegant specimen of amorous eloquence.

" Le parfum d'un ks pur, l'éclat d'un aurole,
 La dernière rumeur du jour,
 La plainte d'un ami qui s'afflige et console,
 L'adieu mystérieux de l'heure qui s'envole,
 Le doux bruit d'un baiser d'amour,
 L'écharpe aux sept couleurs que l'orage en la nue
 Laisse, comme un trophée, au soleil triomphant,
 L'accent inspiré d'une voix reconnue,
 Le vœu le plus secret d'une vierge ingénue,
 Le premier rêve d'un enfant,
 Le chant d'un chœur lointain, le soupir qu'à l'aurore
 Rendait le fabuleux Memnon,
 Le murmure d'un son qui tremble et s'évapore,—
 Tout ce que la pensée a de plus doux encore,
 O lyre, est moins doux que son nom !
 Prononce le tout bas, ainsi qu'une prière.
 Mais que dans tous nos chants il résonne à la fois !
 Qu'il soit du temple obscur la secrète lumière !
 Qu'il soit le mot sacré qu'au fond du sanctuaire
 Redite toujours la même voix !
 O, mes amis ! avant qu'en paroles de flamme,
 Ma muse, égarant son essor,
 Ose aux noms profanés qu'un vain orgueil proclame,
 Mêler ce chaste nom, que l'amour dans mon âme
 A caché, comme un saint trésor,

Il faudra que le chant de mes hymnes fidèles ..
 Soit comme un de ces chants qu'on écoute à genoux ;
 Et que l'air soit emu de leurs voix solennelles,
 Comme si *secouant ses invisibles ailes*,
Un ange passait près de nous."

Lord Byron's several stanzas to Thyrsa, which were published at the end of his first part of Childe Harold, are acknowledged as the purest as well as the most beautiful of his poems of sentiment: we suspect they are favourites with M. Hugo. The poems here in the same vein are numerous; one of them, entitled *Regret*, commences thus—

" Oui, le bonheur bien vite a passé dans ma vie !
 On le suit ; dans ses bras on se livre au sommeil.
 Puis, comme cette vierge aux champs Crétois ravie,
 On se voit seul à son réveil.
 On le cherche de loin dans l'avenir immense ;
 On lui crie : ' oh ! reviens, compagnon de mes jours,'
 Et le plaisir accourt ; mais sans remplir l'absence
 De celui qu'on pleure toujours.
 ..
 " Moi, si l'impur plaisir m'offre sa vaine flamme,
 Je lui dirai : ' Va, fuis, et respecte mon sort ;
 Le bonheur a laissé *le regret* dans mon ame ;
 Mais toi, tu laisses *le remord*.' "

Those who are acquainted with the prose writings of our author will not be surprised to find, that in verse as well as in prose, the *grotesque* is a style in which he indulges with pleasure and success. The poor and harmless *bat* would be mightily astonished to hear itself addressed in the terms of the ode from which these stanzas are drawn. But this cultivation of the antipathies is the ground-work of a vast deal of modern poetry. It at any rate gives ample room for the wildest vagaries of the imagination.

La nuit, quand les démons dansent sous le ciel sombre,
 Tu suis le chœur magique en tournoyant dans l'ombre.
 L'hymne infernal t'invite au conseil malfaisant.
 Fuis ! car un doux parfum sort de ces fleurs nouvelles :
 Fuis ! il faut à tes mornes ailes
 L'air du tombeau natal et la vapeur du sang.
 Qui t'amène vers moi ? Viens-tu de ces collines
 Où la lune s'enfuit sur de blanches ruines ?
 Son front est, comme toi, sombre dans sa pâleur.
 Tes yeux dans leur route incertaine
 Ont donc suivi les feux de ma lampe lointaine ?
 Attiré par la gloire, ainsi vient le malheur !
 Sors-tu de quelque tour qu'habite le Vertige,
 Nain bizarre et cruel, qui sur les monts voltige,

Prête aux feux du marais leur errante rougeur,
Rit dans l'air, des grands pins courbe en criant les cimes,
Et chaque soir, rôdant sur le bord des abîmes,
Jette aux vautours du gouffre un pâle voyageur."

The ballad called *The Giant* is in such a glorious strain of exaggeration, that we have purposely put it into English, in order to extend the circle of the amusement it must afford. It is an adumbration of some popular lines in English on the same subject. We allude to him

Who baited his hook with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale.

"O, warriors! I was born in the land of the Gauls. My ancestors bounded over the Rhine as if it had been a rivulet. My mother bathed me, infant as I was, in the snow of the Poles, and my father on his sturdy shoulders bore my cradle of three great bear-skins.

"For my father was strong! He is now bowed down by age: his white hairs fall over his wrinkled brow. He is weak—he is old. His end is so near, that he can scarcely tear up an oak to support his trembling steps.

"It is I who will replace him; and I have his javelin, his oxen, his iron bow, his axes, his collars. I, the successor of the declining old man, who can put my feet in the valley while I sit upon the hill; I, who with my breath can bend the poplars:

"I was scarcely grown up, when among the rugged Alps I opened my own path from rock to rock. My head, like a mountain, would stop the clouds, and often watching the flight of the eagles in the air, I have caught them in my hands.

"I fought the storm, and my roaring breath would extinguish the lightning in its flashing transit; or, in my moods of merriment, I would chase a whale. The ocean before my feet opened its vast plains, and my passage troubled the seas more than did the hurricane.

"I would ramble; I pursued with unfailing grasp the shark among the waves, and in the air the hawk. The bear in my embrace expired without a wound, and in the winter I have often broken in their bite the white teeth of the lynx.

"These infantine pleasures have no longer any charms for me. I now love war, and its manly accompaniments. The curses of families in tears, camp soldiers bounding in their arms, the cry of alarm, is the sound that I love to wake me.

"When the flaming onset, rioting in smoke and blood, rolls and confounds an army in its clamorous whirlwinds, I arise, I follow its ruinous course, and as a cormorant plunges into the troubled waves, I plunge among its battalions.

"Like a reaper among the ripe corn, I stand upright; I appear above the broken ranks. Their shouts are lost in the sound of my voice—they are but as a murmur. My unarmed hand batters their armour better than a knotted oak chosen in the forest.

"I am naked. My sovereign valour laughs at the soldiers of iron in

your peopled camps. I carry to the combat but my ashen spear and this light helmet, which half a score of yoked bulls could drag with ease.

"I use no scaling ladders to besiege a castle. I break down the chains of their bridges: better than with a battering-ram I crumble their fragile walls. Body to body I wrestle with the towers of their towns; with their battlements I fill up their moats.

"O! when it shall be my turn to follow my victims,—warriors! leave not my remains for the crow. Bury me among lofty mountains, that the stranger, when he looks among their tops, may ask what mountain my tomb is."

Of the more playful and fanciful pieces, we would point out the stanzas on the *Sylph*, who is petitioning for shelter, like Anacreon's Cupid, and who thus accounts for his light hours:

Ce soir un couple heureux, d'une voix solennelle,
Parlait tout bas d'amour et de flamme éternelle;
J'entendais tout; près d'eux je m'étais arrêté:
Ils ont dans un baiser pris le bout de mon aile,
Et la nuit est venue avant ma liberté.

Helas! il est trop tard pour rentrer dans ma rose!
Chatelaine, ouvre-moi, car ma demeure est close.
Recueille un fils du jour, égaré dans la nuit;
Permits, jusqu'à demain, qu'en ton lit je repose;
Je tiendrai peu de place et ferai peu de bruit.

The poem on Retirement, which is written in a true Horatian spirit, will justify our remarks on the harmonious tone of feeling displayed by the majority of the pieces.

L'horizon de ton ame est plus haut que la terre,
Mais cherche à ta pensée un monde harmonieux,
Où tout, en l'exaltant, charme ton cœur austère,
Où des saintes clartés, que nulle ombre n'attire,
Le doux reflet suit tes yeux.

Qu'il soit un frais vallon, ton paisible royaume,
Où parmi l'eglantier, le saule et le glayeur,
Tu penses voir parfois, errant comme un fantôme,
Ces magiques palais qui naissent sous le chaume,
Dans les beaux contes de l'aïeul.

Qu'une tour en ruine, au flanc de la montagne
Pende, et jette son ombre aux vagues d'un lac d'azur.
Le soir, qu'un feu de pâtre, au fond de la campagne,
Comme un ami dont l'œil de loin nous accompagne,
Perce le crépuscule obscur.

Quand, guidant sur le lac deux rames vagabondes,
Le ciel, dans ce miroir, t'offrira ses tableaux,
Qu'une molle nuée, en déroulant ses ondes,
Montre à tes yeux, baissés sur les vagues profondes,
Des flots se jouant dans les flots.

Que, visitant parfois une île solitaire,
 Et des bords ombragés de feuillages mouvans,
 Tu puisses, savourant ton exil volontaire,
 En silence épier s'il est quelque mystère
 Dans le bruit des eaux et des vents.

Qu'à ton reveil joyeux les chants des jeunes mères
 T'annoncent et l'enfance, et la vie et le jour.
 Qu'un ruisseau passe auprès de tes fleurs éphémères,
 Comme entre les doux soins et les tendres chimères
 Passent l'espérance et l'amour.

Qu'il soit dans la contrée un souvenir fidèle
 De quelque bon seigneur, de hauteur depourvu,
 Ami de l'indigence et toujours aimé d'elle,
 Et que chaque vieillard, le citant pour modèle,
 Dise : ' Vous ne l'avez pas vu ! ' "

The *Grandmother* is worthy of the author of "We are Seven." We are grievously mistaken if Mr. Wordsworth does not rank M. Hugo among his ardent admirers. The following are some of the stanzas, and they at least contain the story :—

' Dors-tu ? reveille-toi, mère de notre mère,
 D'ordinaire en dormant ta bouche remuait,
 Car ton sommeil souvent ressemble à ta prière ;
 Mais, ce soir, on dirait la madone de pierre ;
 Ta levre est immobile et ton souffle est muet.
 Pourquoi courber ton front plus bas que de coutume ?
 Quel mal avons-nous fait, pour ne plus nous chérir ?
 Vois, la lampe pâlit, l'âtre scintille et fume ;
 Si tu ne parles bas, le feu qui se consume,
 Et la lampe et nous deux, nous allons tous mourir !

* * * * *

Donne-nous donc tes mains dans nos mains rechauffées,
 Chante-nous quelque chant de pauvre troubadour ;
 Dis-nous ces chevaliers qui, servis par les fées,
 Pour bouquets à leur dame apportaient des trophées,
 Et dont le cri de guerre était un nom d'amour.

* * * * *

Ou montre-nous ta Bible et les belles images,
 Le ciel d'or, les saints bleus, les saintes à genoux,
 L'Enfant-Jésus, la crèche, et le bœuf, et les pages,
 Un peu de ce latin qui parle à Dieu de nous.

* * * * *

Dieu ! que tes bras sont froids ! rouvre les yeux. Naguère
 Tu nous parlais d'un monde où nous mènent nos pas,
 Et de ciel, et de tombe, et de vie éphémère ;
 Tu parlais de la mort—dis nous, ô notre mère !
 Qu'est-ce donc que la mort ? Tu ne nous réponds pas !

Leur gemissante voix longtemps se plaignait seule,
 La jeune aube parut sans reveiller l'aïeule,
 La cloche frappa l'air de ses funèbres coups,
 Et le soir, un passant, par la porte entr'ouverte,
 Vit, devant le saint livre et la couche déserte,
 Les deux petits enfans qui priaient à genoux."

The *Orientales* form a separate volume of poems. They are dedicated, as the name implies, to Eastern subjects, and are treated in somewhat of an Eastern spirit; at least as far as gaiety and lightness of heart are peculiar to the East. The shepherd in the Arcadia is said to pipe as if he would never grow old; it is the character of such Eastern writings as we are acquainted with, that their poets sing as if death had no terrors, and as if men had no souls. This species of reckless hilarity is conspicuous in the *Orientales* of M. Hugo, though on the whole we think he has rather hit the tone of Moorish song than that of the genuine East. The cause of Greece is a source of inspiration to Frenchmen: in no country has so much popular feeling been excited for that unhappy country; Byron is immortalized in Paris, perhaps even more for his supposed sacrifices to Greek liberty, than as a poet of stupendous talents. We must not therefore be astonished to find a considerable part of the *Orientales* occupied by Greek topics, and the reflection of Lord Byron's genius upon them. Canaris, the captain of the fireship, is generally the poet's hero: he celebrates his exploits repeatedly, and on occasion of a false rumour of his death, he writes the singular piece called *Les Têtes du Serail*. Three heads find themselves perched upon the wall of the seraglio; each successively opens his mouth and utters his sentiments in a style of becoming dignity. Before they speak, however, a description is given of the scene: it begins with a general view of Stamboul.

"Le dôme obscur des nuits, semé d'astres sans nombre,
 Se mirait dans la mer resplendissante et sombre;
 La riante Stamboul, le front d'ombres voilé,
 Semblait, couchée au bord du golfe qui l'inonde,
 Entre les feux du ciel et les reflets de l'onde,
 Dormir dans un globe étoilé." &c. &c.

Arriving at the seraglio, the quiet and peaceful tone of the piece changes,

"Le serail! . . . Cette nuit il tressaillit de joie.
 Au son des gais tambours, sur des tapis de soie,
 Les sultanes dansaient sous son lambris sacré;
 Et, tel qu'un roi couvert de ses joyaux de fête,
 Superbe, il se montrait aux enfans du prophète,
 De six mille têtes paré!

Livides, l'œil éteint, de noirs cheveux chargées,
 Ces têtes couronnaient, sur les créneaux rangées,
 Les terrasses de rose et de jasmins en fleur,
 Triste comme un ami, comme lui consolante,
 La lune, astre des morts, sur leur pâleur sanglante
 Répandait sa douce pâleur."

Three of these heads are distinguished above the rest by their position; the first is that of Canaris, who, in a voice like the sound

"Du vent qui s'endort dans les bois,"

thus opens—

"Où suis-je ? mon brulot ! à la voile ! à la rame !
 Frères, Missolonghi fumante nous reclame,"—

And he continues to dream aloud of battle and victory till distant voices recall him to a sense of the position of the remainder of his person and the disagreeable elevation of his cerebral organs—

"Qu'entends-je au loin ? des chœurs . . . sont-ce des voix de femmes ?
 Des chants murmurés par des âmes ?

Ces concerts ! . . . suis-je au ciel ?—Du sang . . . c'est le sérail !"

The head of Botzaris then takes up the strain.

"Oui, Canaris, tu vois le serail et ma tête
 Arrachée au cercueil pour orner cette fête.
 Les Turcs m'ont poursuivi sous mon tombeau glacé.
 Vois ! ces os desséchés sont leur dépouille opime :
 Voilà de Botzaris ce qu'au sultan sublime
 Le ver du sépulcre a laissé !"

He gives the history of the spoliation of his own tomb at the storming of Missolonghi; after which the third head—that of Joseph, the Bishop of Rognous, who was killed, when that place was taken, fighting as a common soldier—tells his story, and concludes this extraordinary trio with a denunciation of the infidel Turk.

Le Feu du Ciel is another singular poem. The cloud charged with pestilential fire passes along the sky under celestial guidance: it stops over each region over which it arrives: a general sketch is given of its appearance—a sort of bird's-eye view—at the end of which a voice from the clouds demands whether it is *here* the vengeance is to fall?—the answer is negatived until the land of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah comes into view.

"C'est alors que passa le nuage noirci,
 Et que la voix d'en haut lui cria :—*c'est ici !*"

Some of these passing sketches—the plan of which, not to be profane, reminded us of that ingenious device of the pantomimes in which the tour of Europe is performed by persons sitting in the pit—are executed with considerable vigour. Sodom and

Gomorrhah are painted with a grandeur and magnificence worthy of Martin himself. How near the resemblance may be to those unhappy cities, we cannot say, and for this reason we prefer giving, by way of specimen, a portion of the view of Egypt, which may be verified.

“ L’Egypte !—Elle étalait, toute blonde d’épis,
 Ses champs, bariolés comme un riche tapis,
 Plaines que des plaines prolongent ;
 L’eau vaste et froide au nord, au sud le sable ardent
 Se disputent l’Egypte: elle rit cependant
 Entre ces deux mers qui la rongent.
 Trois monts bâtis par l’homme au loin perçaient les cieux
 D’un triple angle de marbre, et dérobaient aux yeux
 Leurs bases de cendre inondées ;
 Et de leur faite aigu jusqu’aux sables dorés,
 Allaient s’élargissant leurs monstrueux degrés,
 Faits pour des pas de six coudées.
 Un sphinx de granit rose, un dieu de marbre vert,
 Les gardaient, sans qu’il fût vent de flamme au desert
 Qui leur fit baisser la paupière.
 Des vaisseaux au flanc large entraient dans un grand port.
 Une ville géante, assise sur le bord,
 Baignait dans l’eau ses pieds de pierre.
 On entendait mugir le semoun meurtrier,
 Et sur les cailloux blancs les écailles crier
 Sous le ventre des crocodiles.
 Les obélisques gris s’élançaient d’un seul jet.
 Comme un peau de tigre, au couchant s’allongeait
 Le Nil jaune, tacheté d’îles.”

The Favourite Sultana is a very pretty poem, and we ought in justice to quote it as a true specimen of the Orientales, which neither the Three Heads of the Seraglio nor the Fire from Heaven can be said to be; it is, however, too long for that purpose;—we recommend it to English versifiers who can catch its spirit. It turns upon the cruel caprices of a favourite Jewess, who chose to prove her power over the sultan, by inducing him to sacrifice the lives of her rivals. He is introduced asking her complainingly—

“ N’ai-je pas pour toi, belle Juive,
 Assez dépeuplé mon sérail ?
 Souffre qu’enfin le reste vive :
 Faut-il qu’un coup de hache suive
 Chaque coup de ton éventail ?”

He dreads to find her in a complacent mood, lest she should be preparing to beg that one of his ladies should be packed up in a sack, and disposed of.

“ Quand à ce penser tu t'arrêtes
 Tu viens plus tendre à mes genoux ;
 Toujours je comprends dans les fêtes
 Que tu vas demander des têtes
 Quand ton regard devient plus doux.

He finishes his persuasive against the punishment of death for rival beauties by saying, in a tone of complimentary expostulation which we fear the gentle Jewess did not deserve—

“ N'appelle donc plus la tempête,
 Princesse, sur ces humbles fleurs ;
 Jouis en paix de ta conquête,
 Et n'exige pas qu'une tête
 Tombe avec chacun de tes pleurs !

“ Ne songe plus qu'aux frais platanes,
 Au bain mêlé d'ambre et de nard,
 Au golfe où glissent les tartanes . . .
 Il faut au sultan des sultanes ;
 Il faut des perles au poignard !”

The claims of Hugo as a romancer will be more easily admitted than as a poet:—whether it be that the standard is higher, or that the readers and judges of poetry are more fastidious than the admirers of the romance or novel—the modern epopœa. His productions in this branch possess those striking features which arrest the attention of the most regardless persons; while the more cautious examiner cannot fail to detect the evidences of a powerful imagination. He forsakes the beaten path, and adds the charm of novelty to the attractions of moving accidents, extraordinary character, and vividly described scenery. The English writer to whom we should most unreluctantly compare the author of *Han d'Islande*, is Maturin;—this would be but slender justice, however; for with Maturin's power of working upon the passion of fear, and of conceiving situations of great horror, he possesses a taste and a knowledge of art which save him from overstepping the mark, and, consequently, producing sensations of a nature entirely opposed to those intended. The scene of *Han d'Islande* lies in Norway. The hero, who gives his name to the novel, is an indescribable animal, who, though of human descent, has much more in common with the brute creation than his fellow men. Violence gave him birth, and violence marks the whole of his career. His formidable strength is matured by the rudeness of his life—and nature seems to have hesitated while forming him between the monster and the man. He dwells in caves; his person is covered with hair; his nails are hooked like those of a bird of prey; his wrath is signified by a roar; his diet is salt-water of the sea mixed with the blood of his victims, and he

takes this delicate food in a vessel formed of a human skull. Assassination is his principal pastime; he appears to have pursued it without object for a time, but the accidental death of his son (for the creature has propagated his race, by an imitation of the conduct of Pluto towards the lady gathering flowers in the valley of Enna) leads him to prosecute murder from motives of a capricious vengeance. The monster's strength in mastering his victims, his facility of escape, and his reappearance at various and distant points, give a character of marvellousness to his exploits;—his natural gifts are of a complexion to bestow on it still further currency; and rumour, by exaggeration and invention, at length succeeds in filling the whole country with the fearful name of Han d'Islande. The contrivance of the author mixes up this extraordinary bandit in a popular insurrection, and by connecting him with the persons concerned, whether in fomenting or suppressing it, succeeds in finding him sufficient food for his sanguinary appetite. Now, although Han d'Islande is the most conspicuous personage in his own novel, he is neither the character which produced the greatest impression on our minds, nor that which is most significant of the author's talents. The most original, and the happiest of his conceptions—if such epithets can be applied to such lugubrious subjects—are the characters of Spiagudry, the guardian of the Spladgest (or Morgue) at Drontheim, and that of Orugix, the state executioner. When such personages are selected for praise, the reader will not be at a loss to understand the complexion of the whole romance. The charnel-house, the gibbet, the miner's den, and the robber's cave, are in fact its grand scenes; but let it not be supposed that they are drawn with the rude hand of our Leadenhall Street manufacturers of the Black Assassins and Fatal Forests of the marble cover. The author has, indeed, pursued humanity to its last retreats—but it is still humanity; and the reader will tremble as he follows him from the sympathy of a common nature. We have as little taste as any body for mere fee-faw-fum histories, but that author is nevertheless deserving of thanks who shows us the rare and more remote combinations of mortal experience. The character of Spiagudry, the naturalist and charnel-house keeper, is one of the most perfect and consistent characters ever drawn; and the interest he excites can be likened to nothing else, in our imaginations, than the grinning convulsions of one of his own galvanized subjects—he would be laughable if he were not horrible. All our readers will remember the jocularly of Petit André, in Quentin Durward, the provost marshal's deputy, who used to caress the wretched subject of his care, and love him for the pleasure he afforded him by falling into his hands; they will

therefore be able to form some notion of Orugix. The finisher of the law every where, but more particularly in Norway, is banished from all human sympathy; his dwelling is accursed, and the very sight of him fills the breast with disgust and horror. The king and the executioner are the two extremes of society; both at an interval from the mean—the one for honour, the other for disgrace. In Norway the distinction is made more plain, for they give robes of scarlet not only to the first magistrate of the state, but to the lowest executive minister of the realm. Orugix wore the king's livery of red. He was well aware that his touch was defilement, and he hated his kind in return: one must love something—so he loved his profession. He handled a halter as a soldier his sword, or a lawyer his brief; he was proud of being necessary to the well-being of the state; he looked on every one with an eye to his figure for the gallows; he played with his pincers, his branding irons, and the instruments of torture, with the luxurious feeling of conscious power. He was debarred from giving pleasure, but he was authorized to give pain;—he did not stand for nothing in the world, which is the most mortifying reflection for an ambitious character. The relish for the trade of a hangman is perhaps as inverted a taste as human nature ever enjoyed; nevertheless, we recognise the truth of the principles on which the phenomenon is founded. It will be suspected that the professional ardour of this person is carried to a grievous length, when we record that he is made to hang his own brother with most especial satisfaction. Kindly feelings had long been dead in him;—this brother, Musdæmon is his name, was not a person to relume them; he is perhaps a blacker villain than his brother, who, after all, only gives the pain accorded by law; and, worse than any moral imperfection in the eyes of Orugix, this very brother, by an exertion of power when he happened to be in a kind of under authority as secretary to the Premier, had prevented him, with the view of removing a relative one does not like to own, from becoming the royal executioner of the capital of the kingdom—for Orugix, it must be told, is only a provincial operator. This stoppage in his career to bad eminence was never forgiven; and the recollection of it gave a peculiar sweetness to the secret execution of Musdæmon, his brother, far beyond the ordinary entertainment afforded him by the scaffold. We fear that we but very imperfectly transfer our impressions of this strange character, and we will therefore quote, for the better understanding of it, a scene in which he performs a principal part, and in which all the personages we have mentioned happen to meet.

At the Spladgest, the son of Han d'Islande, who has been

drowned, is exposed under the guardianship of Spiagudry; Han d'Islande pays the keeper a visit in order to bear off the skull for a drinking-horn. Spiagudry in vain resists his formidable visitor; they are, however, interrupted in the act of severing the head from the body, but not before the corpse has been mutilated. The mangling of a corpse under these circumstances is considered a sacrilege by the law of Norway, and punished with death. The guardian of the Spladgest is compelled to fly; he is accompanied in his flight by the person who had interrupted the operation, Ordener, the son of the viceroy, *incognito*, whose object it is to encounter Han d'Islande. Spiagudry consents to be his guide for a reward, and he takes the opportunity of gratifying a three-fold passion—escaping his doom, pocketing cash, and botanising in the mountains. A storm overtakes the travellers, and they put into a lonely habitation on the road, which, most unluckily for Spiagudry, turns out to be the dwelling of the executioner Orugix, the very man from whose fatal hands he had fled. The disguise of Spiagudry is, however, so complete a metamorphose, that he escapes undetected, by Orugix at least. The place is called the Cursed Tower, and appears to have been the remaining part of an extensive building, at the era of the history in ruins. The wife of the executioner admits them with difficulty, as her good man is not at home; but the violence of the storm induces them to press an entrance, in spite of several suspicious circumstances, which might have repelled them under a less urgent necessity. They had, in fact, been left, for a short time, by the woman who admitted them in an outer apartment, where they detected a complete gibbet, pillory, pincers, and a whole stock of murderous apparatus, such as axes, knives, clubs, &c.

"The great red woman re-appeared, and taking up the iron lamp, made a sign to the travellers to follow her. They ascended, with cautious step, the narrow and ruinous staircase pierced in the massive wall of the tower. At every loop-hole a gust of wind and rain menaced the trembling flame of the lamp, which their hostess protected by the shade of her long and bony hands. After stumbling more than once over the loose stones of the staircase, which the imagination of the older traveller took for human bones scattered on the steps, they arrived at the first story of the building; it was a large round room like that on the ground floor. In the middle, according to the old gothic plan, a great fire burnt on the hearth, the smoke from which escaped by an opening in the roof, not without increasing very sensibly the thickness of the atmosphere: it was this light which, shining through the interstices of the building, had directed the route of the travellers to the Tower for a considerable distance. A spit turned round before it; it was laden with a considerable portion of meat still untouched by the fire. A large table was placed at some distance from the hearth, and here the woman invited the strangers to sit down.

" 'Strangers,' said she, in placing the lamp before them, 'supper will soon be ready, and my husband will arrive before long, for fear the spirit of midnight should whip him up as he sweeps past the Cursed Tower.'

"Then, and not till then, was Ordener (for the reader has divined that it was he and Benignus Spiagudry) in a situation to observe the extraordinary disguise for which the latter had exhausted all the resources of his imagination, stimulated by the apprehension of being recognised and taken. The poor fugitive guardian of the Spladgest had exchanged his dress of rein-deer leather for a complete suit of black, long since left at the Spladgest by a celebrated grammarian of Drontheim, who had drowned himself in despair from not being able to discover why Jupiter made Jovis in the genitive. His sabots of hazel had been superseded by the jack-boots of a postilion who had been killed by his own horses; in these the feet of the guardian were so entirely at liberty that it was only with the assistance of half a bottle of hay that he was able to walk at all. The stupendous perruque of a young and elegant French traveller who had been assassinated by highwaymen at the gates of Drontheim, concealed his baldness, and floated over his sharp and crooked shoulders. One of his eyes was covered with a plaster, and, thanks to a pot of rouge he had found in the pockets of an old woman who had died for love, his pale and hollow cheeks were clothed in unwonted vermillion; a charm in which the rain had caused his chin to partake. Before he seated himself, he carefully placed under him the packet which he carried on his back, and wrapped himself about in his old mantle; while he himself engrossed the entire attention of his companion, his own was wholly concentrated on the roast meat which the hostess was tending, and at which he glanced from time to time with looks of anxiety and horror. Broken sentences, such as 'human flesh! *horrendas epulas!* Anthropophagi! Supper of Moloch! *Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.* Where are we? Atreus . . . Druidess. Immensul. The devil has struck Lycaon.'

"At last he cried out—

" 'Just heaven! God have mercy!—I perceive a tail.'

"Ordener, who, having watched and listened to him attentively, had nearly followed the train of his ideas, could with difficulty restrain from laughing, observed, 'there is nothing so certain in the tail; it may be a quarter of the devil.'

"Spiagudry heard not the joke; his attention was fixed upon the lower part of the room. He started, and inclining to Ordener, he whispered in his ear—

" 'Master, look there at the further end, on that heap of straw in the shade.'

" 'Well?' said Ordener.

" 'Three naked and motionless bodies—three corpses of infants.'

" 'Somebody knocks at the door,' cried the red woman, bending over the fire.

"A knocking, louder and louder, was in fact heard in the intervals of the storm. 'It is Nychol at last,' said the woman, and taking the lamp, descended precipitately."

It was not Nychol, but two other travellers, whom the storm had driven in for shelter; the one was a minister, and the other apparently a hermit. The author does not inform us at the time, but we have no reason for concealing that the latter is Han d'Islande in disguise. Neither shall we occupy any farther space in relating what passes before the arrival of Nychol himself, with whom our business chiefly lies. Another knocking is heard, and Nychol appears.

" 'Nychol,' answered his wife to something that had passed on the stairs, 'I could not help'

" 'And what matters the strangers being here, provided they pay—money is just as good got by harbouring a traveller as choking a high-wayman.'

"The person who spoke stopped at the threshold of the apartment, where the four strangers could contemplate him at their ease. He was a man of colossal proportions, dressed, like his wife, in scarlet serge. His enormous head looked as if it was immediately placed upon his gross shoulders, which contrasted strikingly with the long and bony neck of his gracious spouse. His brow was low, his nose flat, his eyebrows were thick, and underneath his eyes a deep line of purple, in the centre of which the eyes themselves glistened like fire in the midst of blood. The lower part of his face was occupied by a tremendous mouth, the lips of which, eternally separated by a hideous grin, looked like the black edges of an incurable wound. Two tufts of grisly whiskers hanging from his cheeks upon his neck, gave his face, viewed in front, the appearance of a perfect square. He was surmounted with a large hat of felt, down which the rain ran in streams, and the brim of which his hand had never approached in sign of respect for the strangers.

"As soon as he saw him, Benignus Spiagudry uttered a cry of affright, and the Lutheran minister turned away, struck with horror and surprise, whilst the master of the house, who recognised him, addressed himself to him:—

" 'What you here! Sir Minister; in truth I did not expect the fun of seeing you again to-day, with your lamentable face and your look of dismay.'

"The priest repressed his first movement of repugnance; his features became grave and serene.

" 'But I, my son, welcome the chance that has led the pastor to a strayed sheep, that without doubt the sheep may be brought back to its fold.'

" 'Ah, by the gallows of Haman,' replied the other, bursting into laughter, 'this is the first time I was ever compared to a sheep: believe me, father, if you would flatter the vulture, don't call him pigeon.'

" 'He by whose power the vulture becomes a dove, my son, flatters not. You think that I fear you, and I only pity you.'

" 'You must have then good store of pity, master; for I should have thought you had exhausted it all on the poor devil, to whom you showed the cross to-day to keep my gibbet out of sight.'

" 'That unfortunate man was less to be pitied than you are, for he wept, and you laughed. Happy is he who acknowledges at the moment of expiation that the hand of man is less powerful than the word of God!'

" 'Well said,' cried the host, with an ironical laugh. 'Happy he who weeps! Besides, our man of this morning had committed no crime beyond that of loving his majesty so well that he would take his likeness in metal. The king was not behindhand in gratitude, for he made him a present of a fine knot of hempen cord, which, be it known to all men, he was this day invested with in the market-place of Skongen, by me, Grand Chancellor of the Order of the Gallows, assisted by the gentleman here present, chaplain of the same.'

" 'Wretch, desist,' interrupted the priest. 'How he who chastises forgets the chastisement! Listen to the thunder.'

" 'Well, what is thunder?—the devil's laugh.'

" 'Great God! he is just come from death, and he blasphemes!'

" 'Peace, old fool,' cried the host, in a half-angry voice which made all ring; 'and if you cannot curse the angel of darkness, who twice brought us together under the same roof in twelve hours, imitate the silence of this hermit here, who holds his tongue.—I thank you, brother hermit, for the benediction you give every morning as I see you on the top of the hill, to the Cursed Tower; but how is it the hermit of Lynrass always looked to me tall, and this black beard looked white? You are the hermit of Lynrass, are you not? the only hermit in all the province.'

" 'I am in truth the only one,' said the hermit, in a low dull voice.

" 'We are then,' said the other, 'the two solitaires of the country.—Holla! Bechlie; get on with that quarter of lamb, for I am hungry. I have been detained at the village of Burlock by that accursed Doctor Manryll, who would not give me more than twelve ascalins for the body, when they give forty to that infernal keeper of the Spladgest at Drontheim.—Hey! what is the matter with the gentleman in the wig! are you going to tumble backwards?—Apropos! Bechlie; have you finished the skeleton of the prisoner Orgivius, the famous magician? He is wanted at the Berghen Museum. Did you send one of those young cubs to Lœvig, to ask him for what he owes me?—four double crowns for boiling one sorcerer and two alchymists, and for taking down the chains from the beams in his justice-room, which they disfigured; besides twenty ascalins for hanging that Jew my lord the bishop complained of, and also a crown for a new arm to the city gibbet.'

" 'The money is still with the syndic,' said the woman in a vinegar tone, 'because the boy who went for it forgot to take the wooden spoon to receive it in, and none of the judge's servants would put it into the lad's own hand.'

" The man knit his brow.

" 'Oh that their necks would only fall into my hands! they would see whether I wanted a wooden spoon to touch them. We must, however, keep terms with the syndic; it was he who rejected the petition of the robber Ivar, who complained of the question being inflicted, not by an official torturer, but by me, alleging that not being sentenced, he

was not till then to be defiled. By the way, wife, do not let these children play with my pincers and nippers—they have spoilt all my instruments? I could not get on at all to-day.—Where are they, the little monsters?' continued the host, as he approached the heap of straw where Spiagudry imagined he had seen three corpses;—'There they are, fast asleep, in spite of the news—the carrion!'

"'It is *Nychol Orugix!*' whispered Spiagudry to his companion, 'the hangman of Drontheim.'"

We cannot afford to present to our readers the edifying conversation which passed at the supper-table of these worthies; we will, however, continue the pleasant remarks of Nychol himself, who growing talkative under the inspiring influence of good cheer and good company, gives an account of the manner in which his ambitious prospects in life have been unluckily crossed.

"'Yes, gentlemen,' continued Orugix, without regarding what this old madman says, (Spiagudry in his fear had been paying some extravagant compliments to the hangman,) 'it is true that I have been stopped in my career. I am at this moment but a petty provincial executioner. I ought to have cut as brilliant a figure as Stillson Dickey, the famous executioner of Muscovy. Would you believe that I am the man who was appointed, four-and-twenty years ago, to execute Schumacker?'

"'Schumacker, Count of Griffenfeld!' exclaimed Ordener.

"'Ah! you are astonished, Signor Silent. It is, however, true—that same Schumacker whom an odd chance puts again under my hands, in case it should please the king to raise the reprieve. Let us finish the jug, gentlemen, and I will tell you how it has happened, after commencing with so much eclat, that I finish so lamely. In 1676 I was the deputy of Rhum Stuald, royal executioner of Copenhagen. When the Count of Griffenfeld was condemned, my master being sick, I was, thanks to my patrons, chosen to replace him on this honourable occasion. The 5th of June (I shall never forget the day) I began at five in the morning, with the assistance of the master of the underworks (the scaffold-builder), to erect on the square of the citadel a great scaffold, which we covered with black, out of respect to the rank of the condemned. At eight o'clock the guard-noble surrounded the scaffold, and the hulans of Slesvig kept in order the crowd that flocked to the place. Who in my place would not have been beside themselves? Upright, sabre in hand, I waited on the platform: the eyes of all people were upon me. At that moment I was the most important person in the two kingdoms. My fortune, said I, is made; for what can those great lords who have sworn the death of the chancellor do without me. I saw beforehand my title made out for the place of royal executioner. I had my deputies; my privileges. Listen! The clock of the fort strikes ten. The condemned leaves the prison, crosses the plain, mounts the scaffold, with a firm step and a tranquil air. I wish to tie up his hair: he repulses me, and sets himself to work to perform this last service. "It is now a long time since I have dressed my own hair," said he, smiling, to the Prior of St. André. I offered him the black band: he turned his

eyes away from it with disdain, but without treating me with contempt. "My friend," said he to me, and the words will never be driven from my memory; "my friend, perhaps this is the first time that a few feet have contained the two extreme officers of the judicial order—the chancellor and the hangman." He refused, however, the black cushion which I wished him to kneel upon, embraced the priest, and kneeled down, after having declared in a loud voice that he was innocent. I then broke with a blow of my mace the escutcheon of his arms, crying, according to custom—*This is not done without just cause*. This affront moved the count's composure; he grew pale; but soon said, "The king gave them, and the king can take them away." He rested his head on the block, his face turned towards the east, as I—I raise my sabre with both my hands—listen well! at this moment a cry reached me of "Pardon, in the name of the king; pardon for Schumacker." I turned round; it was an aide-de-camp, who was galloping toward the scaffold, waving a parchment in his hand. The count raised himself with an air, not of joy, but of satisfaction. The parchment was put into his hands. "Just Heaven!" he cried; "perpetual imprisonment: this pardon is worse than death." He descended as much cast down as a thief; whereas he mounted calm and serene. As for myself, it was the same thing to me. I did not apprehend for a moment that the salvation of this man would be my ruin. After having taken down the scaffold, I return to my master's house, still full of hopes, although a little disappointed at having lost the golden crown, the price paid for the fall of a head. That was not all. The next day I received an order to leave, and a diploma for the place of provincial executioner at Drontheim. Hangman of a province, and that the last province in Norway! Now see, gentlemen, how small causes produce great effects. The enemies of the count had arranged everything, in order to throw an air of clemency over his execution, that the pardon should arrive a moment after his death—only a minute was wanting. They laid hold of my slowness, as if it were decent to prevent an illustrious person from amusing himself a few instants before his last; as if a royal executioner, who beheads a lord chancellor, were to perform his office with as little dignity and decorum as a country hangman who hangs a Jew. There was malice too in the affair. I had a brother; indeed, I believe, I have yet: he had got somehow or other, changing his name, into the house of the new chancellor, the Count d'Ahlefeld. My presence at Copenhagen was not agreeable to this fellow. My brother despises me, because one day or other it may happen to me to hang him."

The eloquent narrator here interrupted himself with a burst of gaiety, after which he continued—

"You see, dear friends, I have taken my part. I' faith, let ambition go to the devil, I exercise an honest calling here; I sell my bodies, and Bechlie makes skeletons, which are purchased by the Anatomical Museum at Berghen. I laugh at everything, even at this poor woman here. She was a gypsy, and solitude has made her mad. My three heirs are growing up in fear of the devil and the gallows: my name is the terror of all the little children of Drontheim: the syndics find me

in costs and in scarlet clothes: the Cursed Tower serves for shelter as well as the bishop's palace: the old priests driven here by the storms preach to me, your philosophers scoff at me: in short, I am as happy as anybody; I drink, I eat, I hang, I sleep.'

" 'He kills and he sleeps,' murmured the minister—' the unhappy wretch! ' "

Bug-Jargal is an episode from the history of the insurrection of the negro slaves of Haiti. It is remarkable, like *Han d'Islande*, for the vigour with which its scenes are supported, and the boldness with which its characters are drawn; while the framework of description is even more accurately and vividly set before the mental eye than in the Norwegian romance. Works of fiction, in which negro slaves have been principal figures, have been not unfrequent in England; so that Bug-Jargal would not be the novelty in our own country that it appeared to the French: neither are the forms in which the black character show themselves in M. Hugo's conceptions extremely unlike the forms in which our own writers have represented them. We have read before of a noble self-denial in a virtuous negro—of deep passion, heroic courage, and a readiness to make the most painful sacrifices: these are in fact, the qualities of a hero, and heroes have been painted black before Bug-Jargal. The grotesque cruelty, the undignified tyranny, the ridiculous aping of European vice and folly in Biassou, another of the principal rebel leaders, are drawn in the most striking colours: neither, perhaps, does this complexion of atrocity meet us with the air of novelty, because, being drawn from nature, a copy has been attempted before. The character of Habibrah, the buffoon, is one of those horrible monsters, both in form and mind, that Hugo loves to paint: he is a compound of all that is mean, absurd, and horrible: he is an Obi black, a soothsayer, a mock Catholic priest who mumbles and parodies the sacred mummeries of that church, a dwarf, a buffoon, a murderer: he is animated by one passion, the passion of revenge, and utterly dead to every other sense of pleasure or pain. These three persons are those upon whom the events of the story turn, though there are numerous other characters introduced, to play a considerable part in the conduct of its incidents. The groundwork of most historical novels is a kind of interlacing of love and rebellion. Rebellion, or at least some great national commotion, troubles the waters of the state, on which the author places a little private bark of true love, which serves to show how the storm rages, and which, after being well buffeted about by the wind and waves, is sure to make a safe harbour at last. In addition to the serious interest of Bug-Jargal, the author has contrived to turn a tolerable vein of ridicule upon the democratic

mania of the times to which the rebellion of the blacks is to be attributed. He does not spare the philanthropic whites, who preached the wild doctrines of equality till they began to take effect, and who then showed the extraordinary want of analogy observable between the words of the mouth and the rules of man's conduct. If we were able to extract from *Bug-Jargal* the scene of the examination of the three white prisoners in the camp of Biassou, which terminates by one of them consenting to accept life on condition of putting a fellow-prisoner to death in the presence of Biassou, we should leave little doubt in the minds of our readers of Victor Hugo's power of making a deep impression on the imagination. We may, perhaps, be able to quote the description of the dreadful struggle that takes place; previously to which we must, however, introduce the reader to the tent of Biassou, that he may understand the nature of the *locale*.

"We arrived at last at the entry of the cavern, which was formed by nature at the foot of one of those immense elevations of rock, with which the whole savannah was surrounded, as by a wall. A large curtain of cashmere stuff was hung before its mouth, and prevented the eye from penetrating into its recesses. It was surrounded by several double ranks of soldiers, equipped after the manner of those who had me in custody. After the exchange of the pass-word, the chief of the posts raised the curtain, and we entered.

"A brass lamp with five branches, suspended by chains from the roof, threw a dubious light over the humid walls of the subterraneous cavern. I perceived a man of colour, between two lines of mulatto soldiers, sitting upon an enormous log of mahogany half covered by a carpet made of parrots' feathers. He evidently belonged to the class of *sacatras*, separated from the negroes by only a single remove; and the difference is frequently undiscernible. His costume was absurd. A magnificent belt of plaited silk, from which hung the cross of St. Louis, seemed to keep up as high as his middle a pair of blue drawers of coarse cloth: a waist of white dimity, which was too short to meet the girdle completed his dress. A pair of grey boots, a round hat surmounted by the red cockade, and epaulettes, one of which was of gold, with the two stars in silver, borne by adjutants-general, the other of yellow worsted. Two stars of copper, which had been the rowels of a pair of spurs, had been fixed upon the latter one, doubtless in order to render it worthy of figuring by the side of its brilliant companion. These two epaulettes not being confined to their proper position by cross loops, hung down on each side of the chief's chest. A sabre and pistols, richly inlaid, were placed by his side on the carpet seat of feathers.

"Behind his seat were two children clothed in the trowsers of slaves, who stood up motionless and silent, each bearing a large fan of peacocks' feathers. These two infant slaves were whites.

"Two squares of crimson velvet, which looked as if they had belonged to the pulpit of a chapel, marked two places on the right and left

of the block of mahogany. One of them, that on the right, was occupied by the Obi, who had snatched one from the fury of the *griotes*. He was sitting down, his legs crossed, holding a wand in his right hand, motionless as an idol in a Chinese pagoda,—except that across the holes in his masque I saw a pair of flaming eyes constantly fixed upon me.

“On each side of the chief were bundles of colours of banners, and standards of every kind; among others the white flag and its fleurs-de-lis, the tri-coloured flag, and the Spanish colours. The rest were fanciful designs. There was the great black flag. At the bottom of the apartment, above the head of the chief, another object attracted my attention. It was the portrait of the mulatto Ogè, who had been broken on the wheel at the Cape, with his Lieutenant Jean Baptiste Chavanne, and twenty other blacks or people of colour. In this portrait Ogè, son of a butcher at the Cape, was represented, as he had been accustomed to cause himself to be represented, in the uniform of a lieutenant colonel, with the cross of the order of St. Louis, and the order of merit of the Lion, which he had bought in Europe of the Prince de Limbourg.

“The *sacatra* chief, before whom I was introduced, was a person of middle stature. His mean countenance presented a strange mixture of cunning and cruelty. He caused me to be brought near to him, and considered me some moments with attention: at last he began to rattle and chuckle in his throat like a hyæna:—‘I am Biassou,’ said he.

“I was prepared to hear this name, but I could not listen to it from such a mouth, in the middle of a ferocious laugh, without an inward trembling. My countenance, however, remained calm and proud—I answered nothing.

“‘Well,’ said he, in tolerably bad French, ‘have you just been impaled, that you cannot bend the back in the presence of John Biassou, Generalissimo of the Conquered Countries, and Adjutant-General of the Armies of his Catholic Majesty?’ (It was the policy of the rebels to pretend at one time that they were acting on the part of the King of France, at another, of the King of Spain.)

“I folded my arms upon my breast, and looked at him fixedly. He began again to chuckle—this kind of rattle was a habit.

“‘Oh, oh!’ said he, ‘you appear to be a man of courage. Are you a Creole?’

“‘No; I am a Frenchman.’

“My assurance made him knit his brow.—He began to chuckle again.

“‘So much the better. I see by your uniform that you are an officer. What age are you?’

“‘Twenty.’

“‘When did you become so?’

“At this question, which awakened a crowd of painful recollections, I remained for an instant absorbed in thought. I answered him—‘The day when thy companion Leogri was hung.’

“His countenance grew wrathful—his chuckle was prolonged—he however contained himself.

" 'It is twenty-three days since Leogri was hanged,' said he; 'tell him to-night, from me, Frenchman, that you lived four-and-twenty days after him. I wish to leave you this one day in the world, that you may be able to inform him of the situation in which his emancipated brethren are, and of what you have seen at the head-quarters of John Biassou, Adjutant-General, and how far the authority of this generalissimo extends over the people of the King.' "

The person who recounts this narrative is Captain D'Auverney, the hero of the story; he remains in the cavern, a witness of the multifarious proceedings of the day. Among others is the infernal struggle between two of the prisoners, to which allusion has been made. One is a celebrated negrophile, who had been, previous to the breaking-out of the rebellion, one of the noisiest friends of the blacks; he was, however the first to propose harsh measures—massacred his own slaves, and proposed, as the best means of defence, that the walls and gates of the town should be garnished with black heads. He accidentally falls into the power of the rebels, and attempts to avert his fate by every species of meanness. A fellow in distress is a colonist with a tinge of black blood in his veins—a circumstance which hitherto he had proudly denied, but which he now strenuously urges as a ground of reprieve; his negro origin he would prove even by his very nails, which he holds out for examination;—yet he had actually fought duels, in better times, to show the falsehood of the charge; and it happens singularly enough that D'Auverney, who was now standing in a similar situation to himself, had been on one of the occasions his antagonist. Biassou repulsed the hand the colonist was now so willing to show, and said—

" 'I have not the skill of my chaplain here, who can tell what you are by looking into your hand. But listen—my soldiers accuse thee, some of being a white, others of being a false brother; if this be true, you must die. You maintain that you belong to our caste, and that you have never denied it. There remains for thee but one means of proving what you say, and of saving yourself.'

" 'What?—what is it, general?' cried the colonist with eagerness; 'I am ready.'

" 'This is it,' said Biassou, coldly: 'take this stiletto, and poignard these two white prisoners.' Saying this, he looked towards us, and pointed us out with his hand. The colonist started back with horror from the stiletto that Biassou presented to him with an infernal sneer.

" 'Oh, ho!' said the chief, 'you hesitate. It is, however, the only way left for you to prove to me, as well as to my army, that you are not a white, and belong to us. Come, decide!—do not waste my time.'

" 'The eyes of the prisoner grew wild; he made a step towards the poignard, and then let his arms drop and turned his head away from it. A violent agitation seemed to take possession of his whole frame.

" 'Come, then!' cried out Biassou in a tone of angry impatience;

'I am in haste; choose, either to put them to death, or to die with them.'

"The colonist remained motionless, as if he had been petrified.

"'Very well,' said Biassou, turning to the negroes, 'if he will not be the executioner, he must be *executed*. I see he is a white—take him, you there.'

"The blacks advanced to seize the colonist. This moment decided his choice between giving and receiving death. The extreme of cowardice has its courage. He rushed towards the poignard, and then, as if he would not give himself a moment for reflection, the wretch threw himself like a tiger on citizen C***, who was lying by my side.

"Then commenced the horrible struggle. The negrophile, who had been thrown by the result of his examination by Biassou into a state of sullen and stupid despair, had looked upon the scene between the chief and the planter with a stare of apathy, and was so absorbed by the terror of his own approaching punishment, that he did not appear to comprehend what had been taking place; but when he found the colonist leaping upon him, and saw the steel shining over his head, he was in an instant awakened to the real state of circumstances. He rose upright, and laid hold of the arm of his murderer, crying out, with a piteous accent—'Pardon! pardon! What do you mean? What have I done to you?'

"'You must die, sir,' said the planter, attempting to disengage his arm, and fixing his bewildered eyes upon him. 'Let me alone, I wish not to give you pain.'

"'Die by your hand!' said the economist; 'why is that? Spare me! spare me! You have a grudge against me, because I used to say you were a mixed-blood. But let me live—I promise you that I will always recognise you for a white. Yes! yes!—you are a white! I will declare it everywhere—but pardon!'

"The negrophile had chosen a very unlucky ground of defence.

"'Hold thy tongue! silence!' cried the mixed-blood in a fury of alarm lest the negroes should hear this declaration. But the other, without listening to him, continued howling out that he knew he was a white, and of an excellent family. The mixed-blood made a last effort to silence him, and strike off the hands that held him—he pushed the dagger among the clothes of citizen C***. The unhappy man perceived the point of the poignard, and bit the arm that was forcing it, with rage. 'Monster! wretch!' he cried, 'would you assassinate me!' He cast a look towards Biassou. 'Assist me,' he cried, 'avenger of humanity.' But the murderer pressed powerfully on the dagger—a stream of blood sprang upon his hand and into his face. The knees of the unhappy negrophile suddenly bent under him, his arms dropped, his eyes glazed, he uttered a low groan—and fell dead.

"This scene, in which I was expecting soon to play my part, had completely transfixed me. The 'avenger of humanity' had contemplated the struggle of his two victims with perfect composure. When it was ended, he turned towards his frightened pages, and said, 'Bring me some more tobacco—and quietly recommenced his chewing. The

Obi and Rigaud never moved a muscle; but the negroes themselves looked bewildered at the horrible spectacle.

"There remained, however, one more white to poignard—it was myself—my turn was come. I cast a look on the assassin who was to be my executioner. He excited my compassion; his lips were purple—his teeth chattered; a convulsive movement had seized his whole frame, which made him stagger; his hand went and came to his head incessantly and mechanically, to wipe away the traces of blood from his face, as he stared with a look of stupidity on the smoking carcass extended at his feet. His haggard eyes were never raised from his victim.

"I waited the moment when he would finish with me. I was in a singular position towards the man; he had already missed killing me, to prove that he was white—and now he was going to put me to death to prove that he was a mulatto.

"‘Come,’ said Biassou, ‘this is very well; I am pleased with thee, friend.’ He cast a look at me, and said, ‘I let you off from the other; go, we pronounce you a true brother, and hereby appoint thee the executioner of our army.’”

“The Last Day of a Prisoner condemned to Death,” is the latest of M. Hugo’s publications. It is the supposed record of the thoughts that agitate the breast of a person in this awful position, together with a description of the few but important incidents which occur to the inmate of a solitary dungeon. It is an affecting picture, and too beautifully drawn to resemble closely the coarseness of nature. It is the last day of a malefactor—but that malefactor is Victor Hugo, a man, assuredly, who would not commit murder, and whom no just tribunal would condemn;—it is the last day of a man of a fine imagination, of a tender and amiable disposition—in short, of a gentleman and a poet. Several French critics have denounced the perusal of the “*Dernier Jour*,” as productive of the most melancholy gloom on the mind of the reader; and have gone so far as to accuse the author of a malignant outrage upon the feelings of society. We have seen that Hugo loves to transgress a little beyond the limits prescribed by persons of taste to the decently horrible, but we must say that it is not in his last work that we should look for his offences of this nature. The pleasure arising from contemplating the workmanship of the weapon diverts the mind from considering its deadly purposes. The play of the writer’s fancy divides the attention of the reader of the “*Dernier Jour*,” and relieves the painfulness of sympathy. To listen to the censures of some of the French critics, it might be supposed that it was the same thing to read the “*Condemned*” and to witness an execution—we can only appeal to experience. For our parts, whether we are not made of such sensitive stuff as our Parisian contemporaries, or possess more of the kindred gloomy spirit of the north,

we must declare that we read the book with satisfaction, with as much interest as a work of art can excite, but with none of the soul-sickening sensations which either a pendent halter or a falling axe would not fail to produce. It is a strange thing for a man to set himself to paint a dungeon *en beau*—and yet this is the task of M. Hugo; he has reduced the awful interval between judgment and doom to a kind of metaphysical experiment. The author rather says to himself, what is such a person likely to think of under the circumstances? than sets himself energetically to conceive and to pourtray all the horrors or all the apathy of the dungeon. In short, the “*Dernier Jour*” is the waking dream of a poet, who chooses to fancy himself condemned to death. The poet, being a man of genius, cannot fail sometimes to strike a chord of truth, which makes the whole frame to vibrate; he however, naturally enough, more frequently succeeds in sketching pleasing compositions on the subject, which as nearly resemble reality as the exquisite line engraving of a fashionable plate resembles the strength and boldness of nature. Of such elegant imitations of truth are the beautiful trial scene, on a fine morning in August; the examination of the writings on the wall, by lamp-light; and the prisoner's interview with his child. Of a touch of the more essential kind is the description of the ride in the car from the Bicêtre, with the ordinary and the gens d'armes; and, above all, the ceremony of cutting off the hair by the executioner, when an accidental contact of the cold steel with his neck makes the poor wretch almost leap from his chair. The dissatisfaction the prisoner expresses with the consolations of the ordinary, are somewhat highly wrought, though, on the whole, true; and his ardent ejaculation for a less hackneyed comfort is one of the most beautiful things we ever read.

“No; low as I may be fallen, I am no unbeliever. God is my witness that I believe in Him. But what is it that the old ordinary has said to me? I felt nothing, I was not affected, I never wept; nothing laid hold of my soul; nothing came from his heart to mine—nothing which was his and then mine. On the contrary, all was vague, monotonous, applicable to all and everybody; emphatic where he ought to have been impressive, flat where he should have been simple; a sort of sentimental sermon or theological elegy. Here and there a Latin quotation; St. Augustin, St. Gregory, or what not. And then he had the air of repeating a lesson for the twentieth time—of running over a theme obliterated from his memory by the mere force of familiarity. Not a glance in the eye, accent in the voice, or gesture in the hands. And how should it be otherwise? This priest is the official clergyman of the gaol. His business is to console and exhort, and he lives by so doing. The prisoners, the patients, are the wheels on which his eloquence runs. He confesses them, and supports them, because it is his

place to do so. For a long time he has been habituated to that which would make another shudder: his well-powdered hair never stands erect: the galleys and the scaffold are every-day circumstances for him. He is blunted. Perhaps he keeps a book—on one side the service for those who are to be transported, and on the other for those who are to be executed. He is informed in the evening who is to be consoled at such an hour; he asks whether he is to be transported or to suffer death—and he reads the page, and then he comes. Thus both they who are going to Toulon, and they who go to the Grève, are but a commonplace for him, and thus he is but a commonplace for them.

“ Oh! let them go seek for me some young curate, or worthy vicar, as it may chance, in the first parish they arrive at; let them take him from the corner of his hearth, reading his book, and little expecting that he is about to be told that ‘ There is a man who is going to die, and it is you who must console him—you must be there when they tie his hands behind, there when they cut off his hair—you must go with him in the cart, and hide the executioner from him with the cross—you must converse with him the horrid and bloodthirsty crowd, embrace him at the foot of the scaffold, and remain till his head is here and his body there.’ When they have addressed him thus, then let them bring him to me—palpitating, shuddering from head to foot: let me throw myself into his arms, on his knees—and he will weep, and I will weep; and he shall be eloquent and I shall be consoled; my bursting heart will subside into his, and he will take my soul and I will take his God!

“ But this good old man—what is he to me? what am I to him?—an individual of an unhappy class, a shadow such as he has seen many, a unit to add to the number of his executions.”

We have thus run over the whole of the published works of our versatile author, with the exception of his long tragedy of *Cromwell*—and the extent of this article forbids us to enter upon the consideration of it at present.* M. Hugo will not fail to give us frequent opportunities of resuming the discussion of his merits, either in this or any other department. If he should want encouragement, we invite him to cast an eye over our partial view of his labours; he will see the honest reflection of the feelings a perusal has excited in us. We could have entertained him, like our contemporaries on the other side of the Channel, with a pleading in the frivolous suit of *Classic* versus *Romantic*; we have thought it preferable, and we believe he will agree with us, to give a leaf or two (we trust it may not prove a sheet or two) out of our own Diary of a Constant Reader.

* It has been already noticed in our Second Volume, page 715.

ART. VIII.—*Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches, grossentheils aus bisher unbenützten Handschriften und Archiven, durch Joseph von Hammer.* (History of the Ottoman Empire, chiefly from original Manuscripts and Archives. By Joseph von Hammer.) Vol. I. II. III. Pest, 1827, 1828. Large 8vo.

NEARLY five centuries have now elapsed since the Turks obtained a footing in Europe, and since that time their insolence and warlike spirit have given abundant occupation to their neighbours. Yet we are still but imperfectly acquainted with them, and little progress has been made in the study of their history, literature, and manners. The early accounts of this singular people describe them in terms of execration or panegyric, according as religious bigotry or martial enthusiasm predominated in the mind of the writer, and effusions of this kind have subsequently been made to supply the materials of history. Few nations indeed have been the theme of so many writers, and few after all have been so inadequately treated; very few of the Europeans who have written the history of the Turks ever approached the original sources of information, or had even any acquaintance with the native historians. This last circumstance is the chief cause of the deficiencies to which we allude. It is not surprising that a subject so popular should have fallen into the hands of many superficial writers, but even those who have engaged in the task with industry and talent wanted the rare qualifications and still rarer opportunities which were indispensable to its due execution. The Turks themselves are but little communicative; the works of their historians are hard to be procured, and contain very partial information; and finally, their history requires to be written by one who unites to the ordinary qualifications of a historian, an intimate acquaintance with the Oriental languages.

M. von Hammer devoted himself at an early age to the study of the eastern tongues. His proficiency soon attracted the notice of the celebrated Jenisch, whom he assisted in the arduous task of editing Meninski's Lexicon. He afterwards resided a few years at Constantinople, in the train of the Austrian embassy, visited the Levant and Egypt, where he served for some time as interpreter to the British army, and again repaired to Constantinople on a special mission. The literary reputation of M. von Hammer has been since established by a variety of works alike distinguished by taste and erudition. To Orientalists he is known by the *Miscs de l'Orient*, of which he was the editor, and the greater part of which was written by himself. His history of the Assassins is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the East. Essays

on the Literature of Persia, and on the Constitution of the Ottoman empire, with many curious papers in the *Wiener Jahrbucher*, have proceeded from the same fertile pen. All these labours, however, were only preparatory to the composition of the work now before us. To write the history of the Ottoman empire has been the ambition of M. von Hammer, from the very commencement of his literary career.

"Thirty years have elapsed," says our author, "since J. von Müller pressed me to devote myself to the study of history, particularly to that of the East, and above all to the history of the Ottomans, and to render my knowledge of languages subservient to the higher object of historical research. I promised to comply, after having first duly weighed the importance of the subject, the extent and variety of the material, the length of the labour, the difficulty of the preparatory studies, and of procuring the necessary supply of books and manuscripts."

The nature of the difficulties here alluded to, and the successful perseverance with which they were overcome, may be learned from his own words.

"Of two hundred Turkish, Arabic and Persian works extant, relating to the history of the Ottomans, not more than a dozen were known to the great English orientalist, Sir W. Jones, and in the public libraries of Constantinople there are not, at the utmost, above two dozen historical volumes to be found. For the space of thirty years, I have spared neither trouble nor expense to search out and purchase every original authority; and where this has not been possible, at least to have the use of them. For this end I have not only diligently examined myself every library and book-shop while on two occasions I resided at Constantinople, and during my voyage in the Levant, but I have since unceasingly sought and procured historical works by means of correspondents in Constantinople, Bagdad, Cairo, and Aleppo. To the same end I have carefully examined the oriental collections in the several great libraries of Europe. Without possessing any income besides my salary, without the aid of oriental academies or Asiatic societies, without the support of the rich and great, I have been able to collect, by the perquisitions and expenditure of thirty years, a body of authorities on Ottoman history, to which no library in Europe or in Asia can offer any thing equal in completeness."

The possession of resources so abundant and so new has not induced M. von Hammer to neglect the weighty testimony of the Byzantine historians; he has sifted the evidence on both sides, and impartially confronts the Turkish writers with their Grecian contemporaries. The little use made of the native historians by the Europeans who have hitherto written on Turkish history may be partially excused by their ignorance of the Oriental languages; but it is not so easy to explain why the writers of the lower empire, who, if not always accurate, are in general eloquent

and interesting, have been so carelessly consulted. Who would believe that Cantemir and Petit de la Croix, who have hitherto been esteemed the best European writers on Ottoman history, should have paid so little attention to the Byzantine historians, that the former was ignorant of the siege of Constantinople by Murad the Second, and the latter was equally unacquainted with the conquest of Thessalonica by the same sultan, although these important events are noticed by Ducas and Phranza, and form the subjects of particular works by Joannes Canano and Anagnosta? While mentioning the various sources from which M. von Hammer has derived the copious materials of his history, we must not omit to particularize the archives of Austria, of Hungary, and Venice, in the examination of which he has enjoyed peculiar advantages. These are the countries which had the earliest, and have always maintained the most intimate, correspondence with the Sublime Porte; by the diligent examination of their archives our author has been able to give a very minute and curious account of their first diplomatic intercourse; and the characters of the men who swayed the Divan after the commencement of those relations, he has been able to delineate, in most cases, from the correspondence of the Venetian envoys.

From the statement we have already made, we feel justified in asserting, that M. von Hammer is the first who has conscientiously undertaken to write the History of the Ottoman Empire. He knew the importance of the subject and made adequate preparation; he knew its difficulties, and has surmounted them with a success which he could hardly have at first expected. The Turks may now read a history of their nation from the pen of a Frank, in which they will find the enlightenment of a European united to an acquaintance with Oriental writers, such as few, if any, among themselves can boast. The three volumes now before us bring the history of the empire down to the death of Selim II. The important reign of his predecessor Soliman the Great occupies by far the greater portion of the third volume, and will be the chief object of our attention. To the history of the Ottomans is prefixed a general account of the Turkish nations as they issued from the mountains of Central Asia. We should have been glad if this portion of the work had been more amply treated, so as to allow us a closer view of the primitive habits and characteristics of so singular a people.

We will not inquire whether Turk, the grandson of Japhet, (who gave his name to the nation,) was or was not the Targitaos of Herodotus, and the Togarmah of Scripture. But it is more certain and more curious, that the name of the people found its way into the language of the Greeks, in a sense prognosticating evil.

The ancient Persians, who called their own country *Iran* and every other country *Aniran*, gave to the land beyond the Oxus the name of *Turan*; the inhabitants of this country were proverbial among the Persians for their rudeness and ferocity, as the Scythians and Thracians among the Greeks and Romans; from thence the Asiatic Greeks borrowed the word *Tύραννος*, so that the word *tyrant*, traced to its primitive signification, means a *Turk*. When the victories of Gengis Khan had put into agitation the Chorasman tribes, Solomon Shek migrated into Armenia, at the head of fifty thousand souls. Seven years afterwards, while leading back his tribe, his horse fell, and he was drowned in the Euphrates. His son Ertogrul wandered towards the west with four hundred families. While pursuing his course along the Alps of the Karadshatag, or Black Mountains, he descried two armies in hostile array. The sight provoked his high spirit, and not brooking to be a neutral spectator of the battle, he embraced at once the chivalrous determination to join the weaker party. His timely aid decided the victory. The conquered were the invading horde of Mongolian Tatars, and the conqueror was Aladdin, the Sultan of the Seljukian Turks; from his gratitude Ertogrul received an assignment of the Alps of Temnos and Moriene for his summer encampment, and of the rich plains round Sogud for his winter abode. His valour displayed against the Greeks was afterwards rewarded with the gift of a district, called on that occasion Sultan-Oni, or the Sultan's frontier, the name which it still retains. This petty territory, on the borders of Phrygia and Bithynia, which cradled the independance of the Ottoman dynasty, formed afterwards only one of the seventeen Sandjacks, or fiefs, which composed one of the five-and-twenty provinces into which the whole empire was divided. Osman, the son and successor of Ertogrul increased his patrimonial estates by numerous petty conquests. Placed between the Greek empire and the Seljukian dominions, he profited by the weakness of both, and on the death of Aladdin, in the year of the Hegira 699, (A.D. 1299,) Osman assumed the exercise of an independent sovereignty.

While European historians endeavour to discover the moral and political causes which buoyed up so rapidly and uniformly the fortunes of the family of Osman, the Ottomans themselves derive their title to greatness from the decrees of heaven. The appearance of Osman, or rather his assumption of sovereignty at the beginning of the eighth century, is a circumstance of the greatest importance in the eyes of the Turkish historians. Every preceding century of their era had been ushered in by the appearance of some great man, whose brilliant superiority entitled him to the homage of his contemporaries. The first person in this splendid

band is the prophet himself, the founder of Islam. The beginning of the second century witnessed the power and wisdom of the Caliph Omar Abdolasis. The enlightened Mamoun adorned the beginning of the third. At the commencement of the fourth century, Obeidollah Mehdi founded the Fatimite dynasty in Africa. The reign of Kadirbillah, the last great caliph of the Abassides, shed half its lustre over the commencement of the fifth, and the opening of the sixth century was still more strongly marked by the appearance of Gengis Khan. These were the great men who stood like towers before the avenues of time; and the historians of the East, willing to trace forward this beautiful scheme of providence, suppose Osman, whom Gibbon designates a freebooter of the Bithynian hills, to have been the predestined luminary of the seventh century. The name of Osman, too, which signifies the *bone-breaker*, sounds auspiciously to an oriental ear, the more so as it is an epithet of the royal vulture, the bird which, in the East, is regarded as holding the dominion of the air. Thus the modern Ottoman sees in the founder of his nation not the bold chieftain of a band of Turkmans, uniting the occupations of a shepherd and a robber, but a fate-conducted hero, marked out by heaven to be the boast and glory of his age.

"The glory of Osman," says Gibbon, "is chiefly founded on that of his descendants;" but the Turkish historians take care to supply by legends and romantic tales the deficiencies of his history. He was instructed in a dream of the future greatness of his race. Mahomet and Homer have both declared that dreams are from God, and it is hard to reject such united authority. Osman saw in a dream the moon rising from the breast of the Sheik Edebali, the father of his beloved Malchatun, and waxing from a crescent to a splendid orb till it set in his own person; immediately there sprung a tree from his loins, the branches of which took root in Europe and in Asia, and overshadowed the whole world with their spreading foliage. When legends of this kind are incorporated in the history, and become mingled with the prejudices of a nation, they acquire a degree of importance far beyond their intrinsic merit. During two years the young prince pined for the fair Malchatun, and nothing but the interpretation of the above-mentioned dream, which promised his posterity the dominion of the earth, could have overcome his father-in-law's objections to the marriage.

The particulars of Osman's first exploit in arms makes us acquainted with the simple manners of his people, and the state of society in the provinces of the empire. A Greek chieftain, possessing a castle on the flanks of Olympus, molested the Turks as they periodically migrated from the plains to the mountains and

back again. Osman, in consequence, applied to the lord of Biledshik, a Greek with whom he was on a friendly footing, requesting that the horde, when departing to the mountains, might be allowed to deposit their goods and property in his castle for greater safety, till their return in the winter. The lord of Biledshik assented, on condition that the goods should be brought to the castle by the women and children of the horde, and not by armed men. This was agreed to; the property was, on every occasion, faithfully guarded and restored, and Osman, as often as his people came down from their summer encampments, presented to the friendly Greek, rich carpets, such as the Turkmans make at the present day, cheeses, skins filled with honey, and other offerings of pastoral gratitude. The hostile lord of Angelokoma was then attacked and vanquished by a troop of seventy horsemen; his castle was taken, and the plunder of it stimulated rather than satisfied the cupidity of the captors. The band of Turkish marauders continually increased, and year after year Osman extended his conquests over the petty chieftains in his neighbourhood, unconnected with one another, and separately incapable of making any resistance.

Osman was buried in Brusa, in the mosque called the silver dome, the ancient cathedral of the castle. Till the beginning of the present century, his rosary was preserved there, as well as the great drum with which he received from Sultan Aladdin the investiture of Karadsha. These curious relics were destroyed, together with the mosque and the castle, by the fire which ruined the city of Brusa in the first year of the present century. The silver dome which covered the remains of Osman, the founder of the empire, was then reduced to a heap of rubbish. His standards and double-pointed sword are said to be still preserved in the imperial treasury; but the account of the property he left behind has more to interest the mind of the historian. The founder of the Ottoman dynasty left behind him no insignia of pomp, no treasures of gold or silver; his property consisted of a spoon, a saltcellar, an embroidered coat, a new turban, several red standards, a stud of fleet horses, some herds of cattle, and flocks of excellent sheep, from which are descended the sultan's flocks, which at the present day feed on the hills round Brusa. From this simple statement we may judge with what correctness Gibbon could remark, "that Osman renounced the pastoral life for the baths and palaces of his infant capitals." The successful freebooter, in the decline of life, may have preferred the village to the encampment, but there is no reason to insinuate that he departed from the simplicity of pastoral manners; and the habits

of his people, we may add, remained long unchanged after their princes had acquired a relish for the luxury of the towns.

Urchan, the son and successor of Osman, pushed forward his conquests with extraordinary rapidity. Under him the Ottomans first ventured to extend their incursions into Europe. There is no part of the history of the Turks involved in so much obscurity as their first conquests in the European provinces. It is here, as Gibbon justly observes, that Cantemir gives the most miserable idea of his Turkish guides. The industry of M. Von Hammer has collected the particulars of twenty expeditions across the Hellespont, from the year 1263, when Michael Palæologus fixed a colony of Turkish auxiliaries on the shore of the Black Sea, to the taking of Callipolis in 1357. The eighteenth of these invasions is the first taken notice of by the Turkish historians. The circumstances of the nineteenth, when the Ottomans obtained their first firm footing in Europe, are highly characteristic: Soliman Pasha, the son of Urchan, reclined one evening among the ruins of the ancient Cyzikus, while the moon shed its full splendour on the fair bosom of the Propontis. The temples of Jupiter, Proserpine, and Cybele, stood before him, their stately porticos and colonnades reflecting the silver beams. The Turk gazed with awe and admiration on these marble edifices. He saw in them the remains of a palace of the Queen of Sheba, built for her by the fairies at King Solomon's command, in the same manner as the palaces of Persepolis and Palmyra. While sunk in this reverie, he saw long rows of columns, towers, and arcades, rising from the surface of the waters, so as to join together the opposite shores. The circle of light round the moon at the same time dilated, as if embracing both continents. The dreams of imagination and the suggestions of ambition mingled together in the mind of Soliman Pasha, and he immediately formed the resolution to try his fortune on the European shore. With a chosen band of forty, he crossed the channel the following night on a raft hastily constructed, and seized on the castle of Tzympe. From this time forward the acquisitions of the Ottomans increased with a rapidity which it is difficult to follow.

The seizure of the Castle of Tzympe was soon succeeded by the fall of Callipolis; the elements seemed to war against the Greeks; violent earthquakes shook the walls of the towns, and the terrified inhabitants, while flying into the fields, were massacred by the Turks. The narratives of the Byzantine historians are frequently clouded with gloomy bodings, such as seldom arise from the fear of a foreign enemy, unless when a disease in the vitals of a state begets a consciousness of decay. Our author carefully records the petty battles and unavailing struggles of the Greeks,

but we have no doubt that the silent unresisted progress of the Turks was no less important than that which was signalized by victories. We picture to ourselves the hordes of Ottoman warriors, wandering undisputed masters of a deserted country, and meeting resistance only when they approach the towns and villages. But how are we to explain the numbers of these invaders? Are we to suppose that the ten thousand horsemen who crossed the Hellespont to the conquest of Callipolis were the descendants of the four hundred families who, only a hundred and twenty years before, had settled on the heights of Temnos and Moriene? It is a more reasonable conjecture, that the onward current of Ottoman invasion or intrusion was swelled by bands of Phrygian and Ionian Turks, and that the successors of Osman owed their pre-eminence to their fortunate position, which placed them in the vanguard of the advancing multitude.

The conquest of Constantinople completed the arch of Ottoman triumph. The inevitable fall of the imperial city was fixed in the popular conviction and current prophecies of both parties. The Hungarian ambassadors in the camp of Mahomet maliciously assisted him in planning his besieging operations, relying on a prediction that victory would be denied to the arms of the Christians till the Greeks were destroyed. The superstitious dejection which prevailed in the city may have completed the disorder of public principles and private morals, from which it arose. A nun, to the great scandal of the faithful, and particularly of the historian Ducas, who relates the anecdote, embraced the religion of Mahomet, prayed to the Prophet of Mecca, wore the Turkish garb, and neglected to observe the Lent. The care and means of repairing the walls had been intrusted to two monks, who buried the money, instead of expending it in the public service; and the treasure of seventy thousand ducats, afterwards dug up by the conquerors, exposed their blind avarice and wanton perfidy. To the Moslims the conquest of the city was expressly promised in the Koran—"Know ye a city encompassed on two sides by water and on the third by land; the last hour shall not come, before it be taken by sixty thousand of the faithful." In another passage the prophet is more explicit—"They shall conquer Constantinople; the army that conquers it is the best of armies." These words had encouraged the Arabs seven times to attempt its siege, and on one of these occasions to remain seven years encamped before its walls. Their failure threw no discredit on the discreet vagueness of prophetic language; but there were not wanting in the Ottoman camp some sheiks and fanatics who attempted to fix with human presumption the precise day and hour when the city was to fall. Their inspiration or sagacity proved false; the dying

light of the Roman name relumed in a manner worthy of its former splendour, and a feeble garrison of seven thousand men, excited by the example of the heroic Palæologus, withstood for fifty-three days an army of a hundred and twenty thousand. "Thus," says M. Von Hammer, "fell the city of seven names, seven hills, and seven towers, taken from the seventh of the Palæologi, by the seventh sultan of the Ottomans." The seven names here alluded to are Byzantium, Antonina, Roma Nova, Constantinople, Farruk (an Arabic word signifying the earth divider), Islambol (the fullness of faith), and Ummeddünja (or mother of the world). Our author, in the true oriental spirit, pays a superstitious attention to these and similar coincidences. He tells us that the fall of Constantinople was foreshown by that of Adrianople, which was also built on seven hills; and he might have added that the ensign of the crescent, which the Ottomans adopted from the Seljukian Turks, had blazed on the standard of ancient Byzantium, and now only resumed its old dominion.

A reverence for particular numbers has at all times distinguished the nations of the East, and as their historians are careful to record and to adorn whatever illustrates their mystic doctrine, oriental history abounds in these arithmetical anecdotes. The life of Timur, which is ably sketched by M. Von Hammer, exhibits most completely this play of fortune and of figures. The number nine is held in the highest respect by the Tartars, and it measures almost all the turns and events of that great conqueror's life. He began his career at the age of twenty-seven, or three times nine, waged eighteen wars, won twenty-seven crowns, returned nine times to his palace at Samarcand, had nine wives, and married the ninth in his sixty-third year, reigned thirty-six years, and lived seventy-two, *minus one*. It is certainly a peculiar fate, which brings a man to marry nine wives, and to wed in his grand climacteric; but as to the wars and the conquests, the enumerations may be in some measure arbitrary; at all events, where a predilection to certain numbers is known to exist, we must view the historians with suspicion. We smile at the tasteful fancy of Herodotus, who divided his history into nine books in compliment to the Muses; but Abulgazi Khan, in making a similar division, through an abstract preference of that number, betrays a weakness that may occasionally lead him into error. It is the duty of a historian to understand, but not to adopt the peculiar sentiments of the nation he describes; M. von Hammer, however, collects all coincidences of dates, names and numbers (which the breath of scepticism would in most cases easily disperse) as seriously and as studiously as if he thought that he thereby contributed to the philosophy of history, or unveiled

the plans of Providence. We are willing to believe, that all things here are measured, but certainly not by the meshes of an arbitrary system, to which it is impossible to ascribe an object or design, save that of nourishing the errors of the superstitious.

It is curious to contemplate the rapidity with which the Ottoman Turks became a great and formidable nation; seventy years after this petty tribe first wandered from the highlands of Armenia, while occupying the hills on the southern borders of Bithynia, they became an independent community under Osman; in little more than half a century afterwards they had made themselves masters of Adrianople, and the greater part of Romania. Another half century witnessed the battle of Nicopolis, in which the Hungarian army and the flower of European chivalry fell before the sabres of this new and overwhelming enemy. Again, another half century brings us to the taking of Constantinople, and an equal period intervenes till the conquest of Egypt and the subjugation of Hungary. Let us now endeavour to observe by what gradations this people laid aside the habits of nomadic life, and imperceptibly assumed the organization of a more advanced stage of society.

The shepherd warriors who acknowledged Osman for their chief submitted only to the temperate controul of patriarchal authority. The captains who attended him in his predatory expeditions were viewed as his comrades and not as vassals. There might perhaps have been no limits to his power, but those arising from the danger of abusing it, because in a primitive state of society there is no law but that of usage; yet in a small pastoral community, connected by the strong sentiments of kindred, and where all bear arms, the sway of the chieftain must rather resemble that of a father than of a despot. While the Turks still wandered with their flocks and herds, their hereditary usages might suffice for their government; but with the possession of towns and the commencement of a scheme of conquest, new laws and institutions were required.

Urchan, too busily employed in conquests to engage in making laws, consigned that important task to his brother Aladdin. He is the first legislator and vizir, or *burden-bearer*, in the Ottoman history, but he differed essentially from those who succeeded him in the latter capacity; he shared with his brother the cares of administration, while future vizirs, though possessing undivided power, were at the same time slaves depending on the nod of a despotic master. The objects which engaged the attention of Aladdin were the coining of money, the regulation of dress, and that of the army. The right of coining money is in the East one

of the two special prerogatives of sovereignty; the other is the right of naming the prince in the public prayers on Friday. The form of the head dress likewise has been at all times a matter of importance in the East, where it served in ancient times, as it does at the present day, to distinguish different ranks and people. Aladdin fixed the shape of the white felt hats, by which the Turks were to be discriminated from the Greeks and neighbouring nations. Since the first assumption by Osman of sovereign power, the style of the Ottoman rulers has thrice been changed, and each time with the accession of a more splendid title. Bajazet I. exchanged the title of Emir for that of Sultan. Cantemir indeed supposes Osman to have been elected Sultan, and to have formally proclaimed himself the Emperor of the Turks; but that historian, who follows without criticism his Turkish guides, and never leaves them but to commit new errors, was too ignorant of geography to detect the absurdity of this story by a reference to the narrow domains over which Osman's rule extended. After the conquest of Constantinople by Mahomet II., the Sultan was also styled the Lord of two Continents and of two Seas; and, finally, when Selim I. had carried his conquering arms into Egypt and Arabia, the Lord of Two Continents took the more glorious title of Defender of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

We now proceed to consider the military institutions of Aladdin, which, connected as they are with the rise, and perhaps with the downfall of the Ottoman empire, are entitled to the most patient attention. The early victories of Osman and his successor were not won by superior tactics, or by numerous and well disciplined armies. The Turks, who descended from the heights of Temnos to the conquest of Brusa and Nicomedia, were little better than marauding parties, whose whole strength lay in their hardy habits and their fidelity to one another. The numerous parties that afterwards crossed over into Europe in the hope of pillage, were in many instances beaten, a proof that the Greeks had still some advantages in arms or discipline, which compensated their want of courage. The Turks, however, attacked a crumbling empire, in which the principles of dissolution were rapidly at work, and whose want of any effective government or spirit of union made it an easy prey.

Urchan, who achieved his conquests with his cavalry, was desirous to introduce an equal firmness and combination among his foot soldiers. He first instituted a corps of infantry called *Jaja*, receiving pay, and marshalled in tens, hundreds, and thousands, with a regular gradation of officers. The fierce Turkmans, however, though kept together by this institution, could not be easily brought to submit to military subordination. Urchan consulted

with his brother, the Vizir, and with Kara Chalil Chendereli, the judge of the army. The latter, well acquainted with the unruly spirit of the Turkmans, conceived the design of rearing up in the doctrine of Islam the children of the conquered Christians, and enrolling them in a separate corps; the Prophet declares that every new-born child comes into the world with a disposition towards the true faith, so that religion as well as policy concurred to recommend the plan which rested the military strength of the Ottomans on the triple abandonment of friends, country, and religion. "This black invention," says M. Von Hammer, in very characteristic language, "was due to the black (Kara) Chalil Chendereli, and has a diabolical complexion much blacker than the powder almost contemporaneously discovered by Schwartz (Black) in Europe."

The *Jeni-cheri* (Janizaries), or new troops, received their name and the distinguishing form of their caps from the dervise Hadgi Begtash, who blessed them, and promised them victory in the name of heaven. The liberality with which their wants were supplied was recalled to their attention by the names of their officers, and by other contrivances. The colonel, or head of a regiment, was called the *tshorbadgi*, or *soup-maker*; the officers next in rank were *chief cooks* and *water drawers*; the soldiers carried a wooden spoon in front of their caps instead of a tuft or feather, and the kettle or cauldron was the sacred standard and rallying point of every regiment. These singular forms remained unchanged among the Janizaries to the last, and institutions which select the cravings of the stomach as the passion to be appealed to, throw a curious light on the civilization of the people among whom they originated. The number and the pay of the Janizaries were much increased under Mahomet II., and the corps continued to be recruited by children of captives taken in war, or by those of Christian subjects, till the reign of Mahomet IV., when the custom began of admitting into the regiments the children of the soldiers themselves. After this innovation the Janizaries became a sort of military caste, transmitting from father to son the profession, if not the exercise, of arms. The Turkish historians are unanimous in the praises they bestow on this wise and pious institution, which made so many warriors on earth, and won so many souls for heaven. The number of the corps, originally one thousand, was raised under Mohammed II. to twelve, under Solymán to twenty, and by Mohammed IV. to forty thousand, so that, in all probability, the number of Christian children forcibly converted to Islam, trained to fanaticism and military servitude, could not have been less than five hundred thousand.

After the incorporation of the Janizaries, the *Jaja*, or Turkish infantry, received grants of land, on condition of clearing the roads for the army in campaigns. In this sort of service no great evil could arise from their impatience of strict discipline. This corps of *pioneers*—for we have borrowed both the name and thing from the Ottoman army—was gradually increased from one to twenty thousand. The cavalry also underwent a partial regulation by Aladdin. The standing troops amounted at first to two thousand four hundred, and, under the name of *spahis*, or horsemen, were soon the terror of Europe as well as of Asia. The *spahis* received gifts of land, and represented in all respects the chivalrous companions to whom Osman and his successor owed their earliest victories.

The creation of the Janizaries took place in the year 1330, or thirty-three years earlier than the date assigned to it by Cantemir, and copied from him by all the European writers. Here we have an instance of a standing army, a full century before that of Charles VII. in France, which is the first example recorded in European history. The establishment of a permanent military force must form a remarkable epoch in the history of any country; but constituted like that of the Ottoman princes, and opposed to the ill-combined forces of Eastern Europe, it must have possessed an overwhelming superiority. Indeed, laying out of the question the numbers and the hardihood of the troops, it is probable that the Ottoman army was better constituted in the fourteenth century than any army in Europe; the English, who in that age appear to have had a great superiority in infantry, at least, could alone perhaps have successfully opposed it.

The institution of the Janizaries is in general considered merely in a military point of view, and the effect which it had on the character of the Ottoman government is wholly overlooked. Yet the relations subsisting between the prince and the people visibly altered from that time forward. The Janizaries, in their pristine vigour, were allied with the Turks only by religion and loyalty; there existed between them no ties of kindred, no sympathies of common origin; the new troops made the sultans independent of the intractable spirit of the Turks, who had not yet quite forgotten the equality of the pastoral life; they were in truth not only the means of conquest, but the instruments of despotism. We see no reason to believe that Osman himself possessed a greater share of power among his people than is usually exercised by the chief of a Tartar tribe, who may be more properly called the centre of his community than the head of it; but after the appointment of a standing army we see victory and arbitrary sway advancing hand in hand. Body guards of slaves and foreigners are familiar in the

histories of every despotic government: The guards of the caliphs were recruited from the roving Turkmans, the children of Georgians and Circassians were reared up in the ranks of the more modern Mamelukes. To divide the soldiery from the people is more the object in all such cases, than the formation of an obedient and disciplined army. Those who are in possession of absolute power find instinctively the means by which it may be upheld. When Cephalonia was first conquered by the Turks under Mahomet II., the wretched inhabitants were carried off to Constantinople; the married couples were torn asunder, and the men forced to marry negro women, the women negro men, in order that a mulatto progeny might be reared for the service of the seraglio.

The prejudices of mankind, no less than the policy of society, favours the transmission of rank and property by inheritance, and it was natural that Osman and his followers, while rewarding the companions of their arms, should contemplate the continuance of dignities in the families of those on whom they were bestowed. That they soon ceased to be hereditary we must ascribe to the want of a fixed law of succession, as much as to the jealousy of the sultans. Aladdin, the brother and vizir of Urchan, had also the title of Pasha, that is, *foot* of the shah, a title probably of great antiquity in the East; for Xenophon tells us that the ministers of the Persian king were called the king's hands, feet, eyes, or ears, according to the nature of their respective offices. Indeed, the title may be obscurely discerned in the *Bessus* of Arrian. After the death of Aladdin, Soliman, the son of Urchan, succeeded to the office of vizir; and to this high rank he united, like his uncle, the titles of pasha and beglerbeg, or prince of princes. Soliman was the last prince of the royal family who united so many titles, or held the office of vizir. This post remained vacant for ten years after his decease, and was then bestowed on Kara Chalil Chendereli, never more to be discontinued. The author of the standing army and of the institution of the Janizaries was thus rewarded at the age of eighty by the first dignity in the state; but what is more remarkable, the office remained in his family for four generations, till the taking of Constantinople. Immediately after that event, Chalil Pascha, the grand vizir, was executed by the order of the sultan, who suspected him of a secret understanding with the Greeks. This is the first instance in the Ottoman History of the execution of the grand vizir, and the bloody example has been in the issue one-and-twenty times repeated. With the execution of the Vizir Chalil by Mahomet II. was extinguished the hereditary title to that high office, and in the series of grand vizirs who succeeded for many years, the great majority were Greeks or Albanians by

birth, reared perhaps in the ranks of the Janizaries, and more devoted to the cause of despotism than the proud and generous Turks could possibly have been.

Some posts in the Ottoman court and in the army appear to have continued in the same families for two or three centuries. The Akindshi, or light horse, who scoured the plains of Germany, as far as Ratisbon, at the time of the first siege of Vienna, were led by their hereditary Hetman, Michalogli, a descendant of Köse Michal, the valiant comrade of Osman. "This unalterable fixedness of primitive institutions," says M. Von Hammer, "we meet with at every step in the history of the Ottomans, and often aids the labour of the historian in connecting the past with the present." But he might have added, that this permanence of hereditary rights is more remarkable where it does occur, because it is an exception to the general rule; and more interesting because, proceeding from the foundation of the empire, as we approach more modern times we find its traces continually diminishing.

We have already observed, that the brother and the son of Urchan shared in the administration of the state, and that after them no princes of the royal blood were allowed so large a share of influence. No rule of succession was fixed, and the right to the throne being doubtfully balanced between the appointment of the reigning sultan, the choice of the troops, and the abilities of the candidate, jealousies and dissensions rapidly multiplied in the family of the prince. Bajazet was the first to set the example of fratricide, and commenced his reign by putting to death his only brother Jacob, "remembering," says the Turkish historian Seadeddin, "the text of the Koran, that disturbance is worse than execution." This stern act of state expediency has been magnified by European writers into the murder of seven brothers. But executions of this kind are of too frequent occurrence in the history of Eastern nations to excite surprize; an enactment, however, like that of Mahomet II. which stamped with formal legality this barbarous practice, is unique in the annals of mankind. "The lawyers have decided that those of my posterity who succeed to the supreme power may, in order to secure the peace of the world, put their brothers to death. Let them deal accordingly." Such are the terms of a law made in Europe in the fifteenth century, and by a people whose earlier history affords no traces of such outrageous ferocity.

By another law of Mahomet, it was provided that the descendants of the Sultan's daughters should receive only rich Sandjacks, and not the domains of a Beglerbeg. Thus none of the imperial family, except the sons of the reigning prince, could aspire beyond the honours of a single horse tail. But this law can in reality affect only grandsons of the sultan's daughters, since

their male children are all destroyed at the moment of their birth. This barbarous practice also is supposed to have commenced in the reign of the conqueror, but no law is extant by which it is established. The practice of putting female infants to death was common among the Arabians at the time of the prophet's appearance, and one of his greatest services to humanity was the complete abolition of that inhuman custom. It has nevertheless been since revived by the commanders of the faithful, and the voice of the Ulema gives to it the sanction of religion.

While we are tracing historically the growth of the Ottoman constitution, it may be worth while to survey the disposition given by the conqueror to the administrative departments. The state is metaphorically considered in the East as a house, or rather as a tent, the most conspicuous part of which, the door, or *Porte*, may be poetically taken for the whole. These figurative expressions appear singular to us in a strange language, while they escape observation in our own. But yet there is obviously a near relation between the *court*, which among European nations is taken to represent the political edifice, and the *gateway*, or *porte*, which serves the same purpose in the East. Among the Latins, the expressions *atrium* and *limen*, or court and gateway, though not applied to the state, were yet employed to signify the whole building; the former rarely, the latter more frequently, and both in a poetic and elevated sense. The word *Porte*, however, being once employed to signify the government, is naturally transferred, in its new sense, to the various departments of administration, each of which is thus denominated a *Porte*, and then the chief or central department takes the name of the Sublime *Porte*. As the tent is supported by four props, so it was right that the temple of the state should also rest upon four pillars. Mahomet accordingly established four ranks of officers, viz. the *vizirs* or ministers, the *kadiaskers* or judges of the army, the *defterdars* or treasurers, and the *nishandshis* or secretaries, who are styled, in their ranks collectively, the pillars of the state. The number four, we must observe, appears to have been originally held in great esteem by the Turks, and accordingly we find it recurring frequently in their earliest institutions. There was at first but one vizir; the number, however, was afterwards increased to four, to preserve the harmony of the edifice. The chief of them then took the name of grand-vizir, with all the authority of the empire. The other vizirs are pashas of three horse-tails, and are privileged to sit as councillors in the divan. Such is the simple architecture of the Ottoman administration.

While the state law and military organization of the Ottomans were thus arriving at maturity, their religious institutions were

proportionally developed. The Koran is opposed to monastic orders, but its most positive precepts could not prevent the growth of a system so gratifying to idle and ignorant fanatics. In spite of these, the orders of faquirs and dervises rapidly increased among the prophet's followers, and are vulgarly supposed in the East to meet in equal array the seventy-two heresies of Islam. Not more than half, however, of this number are to be found in Turkey, and of these, twelve orders existed before the Ottoman history begins. Of the orders which were instituted at the commencement of the empire, none is so remarkable in a historical point of view as that of Hadgi Begtash, the dervise who pronounced his blessing on the Janizaries, and whose children they were called. As the Janizaries were all incorporated in this order, it became a military as well as religious brotherhood, and it is not improbable indeed that it was copied from the Christian order of Knights Templars, or of those of St. John, whose bravery was known to Urchan by the conquest of Smyrna. Thus the martial ardour of the Janizaries was inflamed by religious enthusiasm. The sheik of the religious order was also the head of one of the regiments; and eight dervises, stationed in the camp or barracks, prayed day and night for the welfare of the corps.

Mosques were built and schools founded by Osman and his successors in all the conquered towns; but no connected system of ecclesiastical administration, no established hierarchy, existed till the time of Mahomet II. The conqueror of Constantinople instituted the body of the Ulema, which combines, in a well-regulated series, all the ministers of law and religion. The character of this body we have given in a former number, (see No. III. p. 255,) and we shall at present only observe, that the merit of the institution appears to us extremely questionable. The influence of this powerful order may indeed prevent the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, but there can be no doubt that it impedes its progressive civilization.

From this brief review of the early constitutions of the Ottomans, it will be manifest that the bigotry and cruelty which characterize their annals grew up with the power of their sultans, and have no peculiar connection with the primitive habits of the people. At the first outset, the sons and brothers of the reigning prince assisted him in the council, and accompanied him to the field; they were soon excluded from an important share in the administration; the law of imperial fratricide was made a century and a half after the commencement of the empire; and more than a century elapsed before the barbarism of this state policy was completed by the law or custom of confining the princes to the harem, till the throne or the bow-string relieves them from enthrallment.

Having thus marked the growth and early bias of the Ottoman government, we shall be better able to appreciate the merits of Soliman, under whose administration it reached its full strength and complete development. In the affairs of mankind, as well as in the physical constitution of the individual, we may observe a periodical activity in the animating principle. Great events and great characters so often arise grouped together, that the history of the world is in fact reduced to the history of those brilliant epochs. The age of Soliman is one of those remarkable periods in which new impulses are given to the progress of society. The discoveries of Vasco de Gama, and of Columbus, with the doctrines of the Reformation, betrayed and promoted the increasing movement. Of the great princes, the contemporaries of Soliman, Robertson only enumerates Charles V., Henry VIII., Francis I., and Pope Leo X. But Sigismund I. of Poland, and Gritti, Doge of Venice, yielded to none of these in solid claims to fame; and still farther from the ferment of Western Europe, Ivan Vasilievich, the conqueror of Astracan, laid the foundation of the future greatness of Russia. In the east, Shah Ismail, who established in Persia the dynasty of the Sofis, and Shah Akbar in India, the greatest of the Great Moguls, rivalled in glory, and perhaps surpassed in achievements, their great European contemporaries.

Soliman I., known in European histories as the *great* and the *magnificent*, is by the Turkish writers entitled the lawgiver, (*Kanuni*,) the lord of his century, and the completer of the perfect ten. He was born in the year 900 of the Hegira, which though among us reckoned the last of the ninth, is by Asiatics considered the first year of the tenth century. The meaning of his last two titles may be readily guessed from what we have already said respecting the time of Osman's appearance. As the conqueror Timur, in flattering conformity with Tartar superstition, made his appearance in the beginning of the ninth century, so Soliman, (in the character of a legislator, better suited to the perfect number ten,) the tenth Sultan of the Ottomans came forth in the tenth century, as its lord or presiding genius. The fates cannot better prepare the greatness of a hero than by turning the tide of popular superstition in his favour. Under the *lord of his century*, the *completer of the perfect ten*, the Ottoman empire developed its full strength and character; it reached that summit of fame and greatness, at which the historian may most advantageously pause, to contemplate the opposite prospects of its rise, and its decay.

Soliman himself appears to have been confident of his predestined success. The only points in which the Ottoman arms had been hitherto foiled were Rhodes and Belgrade, from both which

places Mahomet the Conqueror had been repulsed with dishonour. Soliman selected them at once as the objects of his attack. In the first year of his reign, Belgrade, at that time thought one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was forced to submit to the overwhelming strength of the Turkish army. Notwithstanding the terms of the capitulation, the garrison was put to the sword. The next year an immense armament was equipped against Rhodes, and this bulwark of Christendom, left to its fate by the princes of Europe, was won with the loss of above a hundred thousand lives. The articles of capitulation, by which the inhabitants were allowed to preserve their property and their churches, were also violated here. The siege of Rhodes is remarkable in history, not only for the gallant defence made by the knights, under the heroic grand master, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, but also for the first use of bombs, which were employed by the Turks, and for the invention of countermines by Martinengo, a Venetian engineer.

The successes of the sultan in his first campaign were announced to all the authorities in the empire. An envoy was also sent to Venice, with the intelligence of the capture of Belgrade: he was pompously received by the senate, and presented with a purse of three hundred ducats. The republic of Venice had maintained the most friendly intercourse with the Sublime Porte from the time of Soliman's accession. The peace between the states was renewed in December, 1521, and a convention, consisting of thirty articles, was drawn up; the existence of which has escaped the notice of Daru and the other historians of the republic—so well could the Venetian senate guard the secrets of their state. In this treaty provisions were made for the security of merchants and the inviolability of their property; the powers of commercial ministers were recognised and defined, and a variety of regulations made for the benefit of trade;—the last two articles, however, are of a different character; in these the republic stipulates to pay an annual tribute of ten thousand ducats for Cyprus, and five hundred for Zante. This document is an interesting specimen of early diplomacy. Almost all the points which have since been arranged between the Porte and other powers were already included in the provisions of this treaty.

Among the many distinctions of Soliman's reign must be noticed the increased diplomatic intercourse with European nations. Three years after the capture of Rhodes, appeared the first French ambassador at the Ottoman Porte; he received a robe of honour, a present of two hundred ducats, and, what was more to his purpose, a promise of a campaign in Hungary, which should engage on that side the arms of Charles and his brother

Ferdinand. Soliman kept his promise. At the head of 100,000 men and 300 pieces of artillery, he commenced this memorable campaign. On the fatal field of Mohacs the fate of Hungary was decided in an unequal fight. King Lewis, as he fled from the Turkish sabres, was drowned in a morass. The next day the sultan received in state the compliments of his officers. The heads of 2000 of the slain, including those of seven bishops and many of the nobility, were piled up as a trophy before his tent. Seven days after the battle, a tumultuous cry arose in the camp to massacre the prisoners and peasants—and in consequence 4000 men were put to the sword. The keys of Buda were sent to the conqueror, who celebrated the Feast of Bairam in the castle of the Hungarian kings. Fourteen days afterwards he began to retire—bloodshed and devastation marking the course of his army. To Moroth, belonging to the Bishop of Gran, many thousands of the people had retired with their property, relying on the strength of the castle: the Turkish artillery, however, soon levelled it, and the wretched fugitives were indiscriminately butchered. No less than 25,000 fell here; and the whole number of the Hungarians destroyed in the barbarous warfare of this single campaign amounted to at least 200,000 souls.

“By a singular accident,” says our author, “the bloody affair of Moroth is not mentioned by the Turkish writers, while the historians of the conquered party relate it with all the frankness of distress. A proof, among many others, that in order to have complete as well as impartial information, it is necessary to listen to both sides. At Peterwardein, the bridge over the Danube was completed in five days. At Adrianople the sultan remained a week, and entered Constantinople after an absence of seven months. The three statues (of Hercules, Diana, and Apollo), which had been taken from the royal castle at Buda, were, at the suggestion of Ibrahim, the grand vizir, placed on pedestals, as trophies, before his palace in the Hippodrome, to match the obelisk, the column, and bronze pillar of twisted snakes—the ruins of which still ornament this square, while the statues have long since disappeared. Mahomet the Conqueror, at his entrance into Constantinople, had struck off the heads of the bronze snakes. The conqueror of Buda, on the other hand, or rather his Vizir Ibrahim, erected instead of them three statues, which, being looked upon as idols, proved a crying abomination to the pious Moslems. The poet Fighani remarked, in a pasquinade, that ‘Ibrahim of old (Abraham) had broken the idols, but that this one set them up.’ The unhappy poet, after being first paraded through the city on an ass, atoned by his death for the freedom of his sarcasm.”

On the death of the King of Hungary, the claims of Ferdinand to the vacant throne were contested by Zapolya, a Transylvanian noble. On the side of the former were indubitable right and the majority of the nation; the latter was actively supported by the

discontented nobility, who were unwilling to see the throne of the Arpads now filled by a stranger. Zapolya, unable to make head against his rival without foreign succour, applied to the Ottoman Porte, and set the humiliating and, in the circumstances of that age, disgraceful example of a league offensive and defensive between a Christian nation and the enemies of Christendom. When this transaction was known, the first Austrian embassy to the Porte was despatched, to demand restitution of the Hungarian towns. The grand vizir took offence at Ferdinand styling himself *Most Mighty*. "How dare he apply to himself," said that minister, "an epithet like this, in the face of the Emperor of the Ottomans, in whose shadow the other Christian kings are accustomed to seek refuge." When asked who those kings were, he mentioned those of France, Poland, Venice, and Transylvania. The ambassador, Hobordansky, was then thrown into prison, and after a confinement of nine months was dismissed with the following message, from the mouth of Soliman himself, "Your master has hitherto had little of our neighbourhood and acquaintance—but he shall enjoy them hereafter; tell him, that I will come myself, with all my forces, to make him the restitution he demands; and let him carefully prepare every thing for our reception." Hobordansky, a blunt soldier, replied, "That his master would be happy to meet the emperor as a friend, but also knew how to receive him as an enemy." Such was the treatment of the first Austrian ambassador at the Sublime Porte.

The sultan prepared to keep his engagement. His favourite and grand vizir, Ibrahim, was appointed serasker or generalissimo. With the diploma which conferred this rank, Soliman sent him three fur pelisses, eight caparisoned horses, a ninth bearing a scymitar, bow, and quiver, richly set with jewels, six horse-tails, and seven flags instead of the four usually attached to his quality and station. The seven flags were intended to attract the benign influence of the seven planets. These arrangements being made, Soliman began his march on a Monday, as in his preceding campaigns; that being the luckiest day for the commencement of an arduous undertaking. At Mohacs, Zapolya came to meet him, and did homage for his kingdom, so that the same field which had before witnessed the defeat of the Hungarians and the extinction of their regal line, now witnessed the shame of their voluntary humiliation. After a siege of six days, Buda surrendered, on condition that the lives of the garrison should be spared; the Janizaries, however, enraged at a capitulation which disappointed their hopes of plunder, put the Germans to the sword when they were in the act of withdrawing. A few days after, the wretched Zapolya was placed on the throne, and in-

vested with the ensigns of royalty, not by the vizir or chief officers of the Porte, but by a segbanbashi or adjutant of the Janizaries.

Soliman now directed his march against Vienna, where he arrived on the 27th of September. His light cavalry, fifty or sixty thousand in number, had scoured the country several days before. Desolation attended his progress; but as he had really encountered no opposition, his triumph was not that of victory. In the village of Simmering, near Vienna, the *Neugebäude*, or *New buildings*, as they are called, still mark the wide compass of his tent. Twelve thousand Janizaries were stationed around it. The whole army occupied its positions in seven different camps; the park of artillery, consisting of four hundred pieces, being placed between St. Mark and the Wienerberg. The operations of the siege were immediately commenced. The grand vizir himself rode round the walls in disguise to reconnoitre their strength, and on one occasion narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Notwithstanding the strength of the Turkish artillery, and the numerical inferiority of the garrison, which scarcely amounted to a-tenth of the besieging army, the latter made no progress; they were repulsed at every assault, and suffered severely from the sallies of the Germans. After the siege had lasted about a fortnight, with little prospect of a termination, the courage of the Turks began to droop. The sultan, to raise their spirits, rode himself to view the breaches. Immense sums of money were distributed among the soldiers. Twenty ducats were promised to each of the Janizaries, and the man who first mounted the walls was to have, if a common spahi, a reward of six hundred ducats, if a subashi, or captain, the government of a province. The courage of the troops being inflamed by these means, a general assault was ordered on the 14th of October. Several mines were successfully sprung, and breaches of great extent laid open, yet such was the desperate valour of the defenders, that the Turks were repeatedly driven back with greater slaughter; and it was in consequence resolved to raise the siege. As soon as the movements in the camp of the Ottomans discovered their preparations for retreat, the citizens displayed their joy by the firing of guns, ringing of bells, and waving of colours.

Soliman sought to divert attention from his failure by the pomps of the divan and the distribution of donatives. The Janizaries received the promised reward of twenty ducats; to Ibrahim, the sultan presented five purses or six thousand ducats, and a scymitar richly adorned with precious stones. A great many historians, and Robertson among the rest, ascribe the unprosperous issue of this siege to the treachery of the grand vizir; but for this charge against Ibrahim there is no ground discovery.

able either in the Turkish historians or in the official documents of the time. The late season of the year, the discontent of the Asiatic troops, who suffered severely from the climate, and the scarcity of provisions resulting from the destructive mode of Turkish warfare, were sufficient to make it necessary to raise the siege; and we may reject as utterly groundless the suspicions of Ibrahim's honour and integrity.

When Soliman returned to Constantinople, he celebrated his triumph by festivals and public shows. He received the homage of his chief officers and grandees on a throne raised in the Hippodrome, among the trophies of his own and his ancestor's victories. The tents of Usunkasan, the Shah of Persia, conquered by Mahomet II., and of Ghavri, the Sultan of Egypt, dethroned by Selim I., stood beside the statues taken from the palace of the kings of Hungary. After these solemnities followed the reception of embassies, of which former historians have had little or no knowledge. The ambassadors of Ferdinand were strictly enjoined to communicate the object of their mission to the sultan alone, and to make use of no language but the German. This studied haughtiness of neighbouring states shows us how much was feared at that time from Turkish arrogance. Ibrahim laughed at their demands; he told them that the sultan had marched to Buda for the purpose of meeting Ferdinand, and not finding him there, had advanced to Vienna, from whence he despatched his horsemen in all directions in search of the king. Thus the Austrian ministers returned to Vienna without effecting their purpose.

In order to exhibit as much as possible in one view the exertions of military force directed by Soliman against Austria, we shall give a brief sketch of his fifth campaign, called by the Turkish historians the German campaign against the Spanish king. This took place in 1532, three years after the siege of Vienna. The Emperor Charles V. on this occasion appeared for the first time at the head of his army, and the sultan advanced to meet the only potentate in Europe whom he considered worthy to be his rival. His army consisted of above two hundred thousand men: with this immense host he overran the plains of Hungary, and met with no resistance till he came before the little fortress of Guns. This was defended by a garrison of seven hundred men, who were emboldened by the presence of the heroic Juris-chitz, who commanded them. In three days the Turkish artillery had levelled the parapets of the walls, thirteen mines were sprung, and as many assaults directed against the place, without any success. At length, after three weeks had been consumed in the siege, the sultan was contented with a nominal surrender, and withdrew his forces without occupying the town. Instead of

marching from Guss on Vienna, as was expected, Soliman directed his course to the left through Styria, invested Gratz, without making any impression on it, and then began to retrace his steps, spreading terror and desolation through the country as he passed along. Thirty thousand captives from Styria and Hungary were dragged into slavery. The Turkish light horse, who had penetrated into Austria, fell in with a portion of the German army, and were totally cut to pieces.

The moderate harvest of plunder and of glory which he had reaped from this campaign, together with plans of conquest in the East, disposed Soliman to think of an accommodation with Austria. The negotiations which ensued are minutely related by M. Von Hammer, from the original documents, and interest us not only as curious specimens of early diplomacy, but from the insight they give us into the character of the sultan and of Ibrahim, the grand vizir. Of this latter personage, to whom we have before alluded, a particular account appears to be now necessary.

He was the son of a Greek merchant of Parga, and was educated, perhaps, as a musician; at least, it was by his skilful performance on the violin that he first attracted notice. Carried off while a boy by Turkish corsairs, he was sold as a slave to a widow near Magnesia, who spared no expense in the dress and instruction of the lively young Greek. Soliman, hearing him one day playing on the violin, was so pleased with his skill, that he entered into conversation with him, and Ibrahim's sprightly talents soon won the young prince's favour. On the accession of Soliman to the throne, the favourite was appointed to a high office in the seraglio; shortly after he was raised to the dignity of grand vizir, and obtained the sultan's sister in marriage. So great was the intimacy between Soliman and his vizir, that they frequently dined together, and even slept in the same chamber. Notes and letters continually passed between them, and they spent the evenings together in study or conversation. Ibrahim, however superficial his knowledge might have been, was certainly a very extraordinary man within the walls of the seraglio. His lively powers, and the variety of his accomplishments were well calculated to stimulate the genius of those with whom he came in contact, and the activity and extensive views which distinguish the character of Soliman, might have been derived, in no small degree, from his association with this educated Greek. Ibrahim, besides being master of the Greek, Turkish, and Slavonic, was acquainted with the Italian and Persian languages; he composed music readily, and was fond of copying every song he heard; he delighted in reading romances and histories, particularly those of

Hannibal and Alexander the Great; his knowledge of geography was respectable, and his inquiries were constantly directed to discover the situation of foreign countries. The influence which he possessed over the sultan was unbounded; and wealth and honours were accumulated upon him to an unprecedented degree. Such was the man with whom the ambassadors had to deal.

The negotiations continued seven weeks, and during this time the crafty and loquacious vizir held many conversations with the ministers of Ferdinand. In all he says the true Greek character is apparent; the singular union of depth and volatility, of vanity and shrewdness.

"Among other apparently indifferent and unimportant questions of the vizir, respecting Spain and France, was also this, why the former kingdom was so much worse cultivated than the latter; to which Cornelius replied, that the cause was to be sought in the want of water, in the expulsion of the Moors and Jews, and in the pride of the Spanish people, who were naturally more disposed to handle the sword than the plough. That sort of pride, observed Ibrahim, betrays a hot brain; it is found also among the Greeks, who are a bold and high-minded people."

This last observation was perhaps intended for the Albanians, as the Turks could hardly accuse the Greeks of want of industry and excess of warlike spirit. The vizir afterwards proceeded to speak of his favourite topic, himself.

"Whatever I wish to do, is done; I can make a pasha of a groom, I can bestow provinces and kingdoms on whom I please, and my master never thwarts me. If he commands any thing which I disapprove, it comes to nothing. It is my will, and not his, which is sure to be executed; peace and war are in my hands; I dispose of the treasures. He (the sultan) is not better clad than I am, but just like me. I was born in the same week, and have been reared up with him since a boy. All that he possesses, great and small, is intrusted to me, and I can do with it what I please."

Ibrahim, speaking of the German campaigns, strenuously denied any participation in the murder of the prisoners at Mohacs, and boasted of his conduct at the siege of Vienna; then follow the strictures of the Ottoman prime minister on the Emperor of Germany.

"Charles comes into Italy, proclaims war upon the Turks, and threatens to force the Lutherans to renounce their heresy; he then goes into Germany and does nothing. It is hardly becoming in an emperor to undertake what he is unable to accomplish, or to say a thing and leave it unexecuted. He announces a council and does not hold it; besieges Buda and does not take it; he negotiates a peace between his brother Ferdinand and King John (Zapolya, the Hungarian), and leaves the affair unsettled. I, said the vizir, if I thought fit, could this moment set

Luther on the one side and the Pope on the other, and force them to hold a general council. What Charles has hitherto wished in vain to do, the sultan and he will now do together."

We cannot help smiling at the simplicity of the grand vizir, who thought of quelling the fierceness of religious disputants. On adverting to the specific object of the conference, the Emperor's letter, he thus proceeds:—

"And this letter, says he, (taking it in his hand,) is not the production of a sensible and discreet prince. He pompously recounts his titles, and among them are some which do not belong to him. How dare he style himself King of Jerusalem? does he not know that the Great Emperor (of the Ottomans) is master of Jerusalem, and not the Emperor Charles? I know that Christian princes have visited Jerusalem in the garb of pilgrims, but does Charles suppose that by making such a pilgrimage he becomes King of Jerusalem. I will take care that no Christian be allowed to go thither for the future."

The ambassadors attempted to justify the assumption of the title by alleging ancient usage, and declared that no offence was intended. Ibrahim was perhaps willing to elicit apologies, and as he proceeded with the letter, grew more arrogant and captious.

"Still farther, (he observed,) Charles writes the names of his brother Ferdinand and my master, the Great Emperor, in the same line. He does well to love his brother, but ought not to disparage my master for his sake. The Great Emperor has many sandjacks (pashas of a single tail), who are more powerful than Ferdinand. Thy relative (said he, turning to Hieronymus,) the Sandjack of Kara Amid, has more subjects than King Ferdinand. He leads 50,000 horsemen into the field, and has more spahis and military vassals. The Emperor Charles ought to be ashamed of his style of writing."

After all this uncourteous criticism, he holds out a little encouragement to the ambassadors, mingled with his usual vanity and gasconade.

"If Charles makes peace with us, he will be an emperor for the first time in his life; for we will oblige the kings of France and England, the Pope and the Protestants, to acknowledge him as such. Do you believe that the Pope is sincerely attached to his interests? Certainly not, if he remembers the sack of Rome and the unworthy treatment he received when a prisoner. I have a jewel from his (the Pope's) tiara, which I bought for sixty thousand ducats, and this ruby (showing the ring on his finger) was on the hand of the King of France when he was taken prisoner. I purchased it afterwards; and do you imagine that Francis has any friendship for the Emperor Charles?"

He concluded by declaring that the letter was too offensive to be shown to the Sultan, and by intimating that, if the Emperor desired a peace, he ought to send ambassadors specifically instructed to pray for it.

The Austrian ministers, however, were firm, and the large concessions they were empowered to make rendered it unwise to require of them any further humiliation. Peace was at length concluded, Ferdinand retaining possession of the places which he held in Hungary. The Sultan, however, did not absolutely resign his claims to that kingdom. Soliman himself addressed the ambassadors.

"The Padischah (the father of the shahs) grants you the peace which six preceding ambassadors were unable to obtain. He grants it to you, not for seven, or five and twenty, or a hundred years, but for two or three hundred, or for ever, if it be not violated by yourselves: the padischah will treat King Ferdinand as his son. The dominions of the padischah belong to his son Ferdinand, and those of Ferdinand to his father."

This figurative relationship was assumed to cover the pretensions of the Sultan. The idea of a community of possessions between the father and the son, however flattering it might be to the latter, was intended to be practically advantageous to the former alone. While the Sultan was pleased to style King Ferdinand his son, Ibrahim condescendingly acknowledged him as his younger brother. On these terms of metaphorical kindred, the courts corresponded for some time. Such were the humiliations by which Austria purchased her first peace with Turkey.

Affairs being thus settled on the side of Europe, Soliman was at liberty to turn all his forces against Persia. Historians and philologists are agreed as to the relationship of the Persian and German nations. The Turks or inhabitants of *Turan*, now placed between the inhabitants of *Iran* and their descendants the tribe of *Germans*, (*Wehrmanne*, or *hommes de guerre*), made war on both sides with their ancient and natural enemies, the *tyrants* with the *men at arms*. The glory of the eastern campaign was resigned to the indefatigable Ibrahim. Tebriz or Tiflis surrendered to him; the western provinces of Persia were added to the Ottoman empire, and so rapid were his movements that he was enabled to send forward the keys of Bagdad to the Sultan, who advanced from Anatolia to meet him. The four months spent in this celebrated city by Soliman and his favourite, formed perhaps the most fortunate period of their lives. Their prosperity and fame had reached their greatest height, and the colouring of religion now beautified the splendour of success. The whole tract of country between the Tigris and Euphrates is hallowed ground in the legends of Islam; here pilgrims collect the bones of the martyrs of the faith; here are the graves of four prophets, Adam, Noah, Ezekiel and Edras; and those of six imams of the prophet's family, Ali, Hasan, Hussein, Ashkeni, Kasim, and Taki; and here is an object still more worthy of

devout admiration, the cavern from which Mehdi, the last of the twelve imams, is to come forth on the day of judgment.

In visiting these tombs and collecting these traditions, the Sultan and his vizir found edification and amusement. But Ibrahim was now intoxicated with the excess of his good fortune. The only officer of the empire who awakened his jealousy, was the defterdar or treasurer, Iskender Chelebi, (Alexander the gentleman,) whose favour with the Sultan had acquired him immense wealth and great influence. By the machinations of Ibrahim he was deprived of his office, and afterwards executed in the streets of Bagdad. The wealth which accrued to the Sultan by his death may be estimated from his retinue, which consisted of nearly seven thousand slaves. About the same time Ibrahim ventured to assume the title of Serasker Sultan, an imprudent step, at which Soliman may have been offended, even if he feared nothing from the vanity which so openly displayed itself. On his return to Constantinople, Ibrahim concluded the first commercial treaty between France and Turkey, the last important act of his administration. His influence and intimacy with Soliman appeared to be still undiminished, when his destruction was resolved upon. His excessive presumption and suspected fidelity are the causes assigned for it by the Turkish historians; but the dreams of Soliman, who was haunted in his sleeping hours by the shade of Iskender Chelebi, reveal to us the secret source of alienation. The scheme of retribution in the present life is deeply entwined with the moral principles of our nature, and men make or mar their fortunes, according as they engage on their side, not merely the interests, but the sympathies of their fellow creatures. The vizir prepared his own fall when he presumed to put the treasurer to death. One evening in Ramasan, Ibrahim went as usual to sup with the Sultan, and to retire to rest in the same chamber with him. In the morning he was found strangled, and the traces of his blood, visible in the apartment a century after, showed that he had not resigned his life without resistance. He was buried in the suburb of Galata; no monument was raised to his memory, but a tree for a long time marked the spot where his body was interred.

If the execution of Iskender Chelebi affected the spirits of Soliman, we may well suppose that he was not insensible to the loss of his early friend and companion. The narratives of the Turkish historians are too dry and meagre to throw much light on the characters of men; but the ascendancy which Ibrahim obtained over the mind of Soliman shows that he was above the common... He governed the empire with absolute sway for fourteen years, and, until the last year of his life, appears never to have

incurred the reproach of inhumanity; indeed it is but justice to observe, that the same age which witnessed the sack of Rome, and Tunis delivered up by Charles V. to the ferocity of his soldiers, saw the serasker of the Turks saving Tebriz and Bagdad from a similar violation.

After the death of his favourite, Soliman appears to have enjoyed but little happiness. He could no longer repose confidence in any one, or derive pleasure from the sentiments of friendship. The embittered state of his feelings is indirectly proved by the execution of two sons and of a second vizir. The two young princes, Mustafa and Bajezid, were both sacrificed to the intrigues of the harem. The charms and mental endowments of a Russian captive, to whom Europeans have given the name of Roxalana, had obtained a complete ascendancy over the mind of Soliman. The Sultana Chasseki, as she was called, was raised from the condition of a slave to that of a wife; a singular honour; for the Ottoman emperors are by a special prerogative exempted from the ties of wedlock. Anxious to secure the succession to her own son Selim, she used all her arts to undo the other princes, and the grand vizir Rustem, having married her daughter, readily seconded her intrigues. Soliman was taught by their contrivances to dread the popularity of his sons, whose merits rendered them more obnoxious to the suspicions of a jealous tyrant. Mustafa was murdered in the camp at Eregli, where he came to pay his respects to his father. An incorrect and exaggerated account of this affair, derived from Busbequius, whose information rested on hearsay alone, is given by Robertson and other historians. Bajezid was forced by the arts of his enemies to take up arms against his brother Selim, and being defeated, found means to escape into Persia. Here he was treated with honour, and received solemn assurances of protection. The retinue of the Ottoman prince, about two thousand horsemen, displayed, during a festival at the court, their discipline and skill in arms. Their superior prowess alarmed the Persian Shah, who, to prevent danger, contrived to remove them from Bajezid's person and disperse them through the country. When the prince was thus wholly in his power, he paid attention to the letters and negotiations of Soliman, which, in formal cruelty, are unparalleled in the history of any nation. The Sultan required the Shah to put Bajezid to death, or to deliver him up for execution. The Shah objected, that having sworn to the prince not to deliver him up to his father, he must, in order to avoid the violation of his oath, be contented to resign him to his brother Selim. The unfortunate prince and his four sons were soon afterwards dispatched in prison. When the affair was concluded, the Shah wrote with

his own hand a pompous letter of congratulation to Soliman, telling him that "evil report was brought to silence, the envious made blind, and the friendly-disposed made glad in their hearts." The execution of his son was celebrated by Soliman as a victory, by the distribution of presents among the officers of his court. Murad I. had before set the example of paternal cruelty, by the execution of a son; but Soliman exceeded the precedent, and had, far less cause to resign the sentiments of nature.

In the age of Soliman the intercourse of nations by envoys and ambassadors was daily becoming more intimate and unceasing. The conqueror of Buda and Bagdad, who negotiated commercial treaties with France and Venice, who extorted a tribute from the latter state and from Austria, likewise entered into friendly relations with the Usbeks, and ratified the first treaty of peace between Persia and the Ottoman Porte. He also gave shelter and protection to Iskender, the fugitive Prince of Delhi, who was driven from his throne by Humajun, the father of Sultan Akbar. As a still further proof how enterprize and increasing knowledge excited the political movements of that age, it is interesting to observe, that ambassadors from the Prince of Guzerat repaired to Constantinople, to solicit the aid of the Turks against the Portuguese. While remarking the extended diplomatic intercourse which distinguished the reign of Soliman, we must not omit to mention his correspondence with Russia, to which later events have given greater importance. The first Russian ambassador at the Sublime Porte appeared there in 1492; he had orders to deliver his commission to the sultan himself, and not to bend the knee; he went, however, beyond the spirit of his instructions, and refused the robe and the collation with which it is usual to compliment those who are about to be admitted into the imperial presence. Bajezid II., who was then on the throne, was highly offended at the rudeness of this conduct. Commercial relations with Russia were soon afterwards established; but a letter written by Soliman to Vassilievich, recommending to his protection some Turkish merchants who were travelling to Moscow, is the first document in which the title Tzar is allowed by the Ottoman Porte to the Russian monarch.

We have already related the campaigns on which Soliman's military reputation is chiefly founded. His naval war in the Red Sea and Persian Gulph, from which he wished to expel the Portuguese, was attended with no success. The ravaging of Majorca and invasion of Italy redounded less to the glory of the sultan himself than to that of his ally and grand admiral, the celebrated Barbarossa. At the siege of Malta, towards the close of his reign, his arms sustained an absolute defeat. The siege

lasted two full months, and was not raised till two-thirds of the Turkish army had perished before the place. The Corsair Torgbud, who had succeeded to the fame of Barbarossa, was among the slain. The most barbarous contrivances were put in practice to awe and intimidate the besieged; the bodies of the wounded Christians who had fallen from the walls were nailed on boards in the form of a cross, and let to float into the harbour and round the walls of the castle. Boats filled with imams and marabouts accompanied the Turks in every assault, reading verses of the Koran, and pouring out imprecations on the Christians. The Castle of St. Elmo was won at a great expense of life, but neither the valour of the Janizaries nor the curses of the imams could make any further impression on the place. The failure of this expedition against Malta is accounted for in a characteristic manner by the Turkish historians. The grand vizir at the time was the fat Ali, who was as witty as he was fat; indeed, from his humour as well as corpulence, he figures as a Falstaff in Ottoman history. When the embarkation of the troops was completed, and the general and admiral were preparing to depart, Ali accompanied these officers to the water-side, and when leaving them observed, "I send a hopeful couple on this party of pleasure to the islands—a coffee drinker and an opium eater; the fleet ought to be laden with coffee-beans and poppies." To this inauspicious joke of the vizir, so little becoming the decorous gravity of his nation, all the native historians ascribe the disgrace and losses which ensued. They also mention that fat Ali was not cordially disposed in favour of either the general or admiral who commanded the expedition, and that Torgbud was regarded with jealous eyes by both these officers. These circumstances, together with the bravery of the garrison, will, to the European reader, explain more satisfactorily the failure of the enterprize than the ill-timed pleasantry of the grand vizir.

The necessity of keeping the Janizaries employed, and the desire of effacing, by some new victories, the disgrace incurred in the last campaign, were the motives which prevailed on Soliman to lead his army once more into Hungery. The pomp with which he this time appeared in the field, far surpassed the splendour of his early years. Almost all the great officers of the empire attended his divan. The Grand Vizir, Mahomet Sokolli, commanded the army as Serasker. This man, a Bosnian by birth, had been the slave of Iskender Chelebi. On the death of that officer, he became the property of the Sultan, and was made one of the pages of the seraglio. He then succeeded Barbarossa as kapudanpasha, or high admiral, and finally was raised to the dignity of grand vizir. His talents entitled him to the office, and

the success with which the empire was administered under Soliman's weak successor was chiefly due to his vigour and abilities. The first halt of the sultan, after leaving Constantinople, was at the Aqueduct, the completion of which had been his pride and pleasure, and which he now looked upon for the last time. The infirmities of age obliged him to travel chiefly in his carriage, but at Sabatz he crossed the bridge over the Danube on horseback, in sight of the whole army, and displayed all the magnificence of his imperial style. At Semlin he was met by Sigismund, the son of John Zapolya, who forty years before had done him homage for the crown of Hungary. The son limited his pretensions to the narrow territory between the river Theiss and Transylvania, not daring to covet the portion which was possessed by Turkish garrisons. This moderate request was urged in the humblest guise; three times the pretender to the crown bent his knee before the sultan, who then offered him his hand to kiss, and promised to put him in possession of the kingdom.

About the same time there arrived in the Ottoman camp an ambassador from France, bearing letters of felicitation on the opening of the campaign. This was the fourth time that a French ambassador had attended the camp of the Ottoman Emperor, so zealously was the friendship of the Porte cultivated at the outset by the Gallic nation. On this occasion the minister of his Most Christian Majesty, not satisfied with complimenting the Commander of the Faithful, also congratulated Zapolya on his having renounced the errors of Popery, and embraced the doctrines of the evangelic church.

From Semlin the march was directed to Szigeth; a place naturally strong, and made still stronger by the presence of the heroic Zriny. The hills above the town were occupied by the Beglerbeg of Rumeli, with ninety thousand men and three hundred pieces of artillery; on the other side lay the main body of the army under Soliman himself. Zriny, as soon as he discerned the Sultan's scarlet tent, hoisted red flags, rang the bells of the town, and fired a salute to signify that he was ready to engage him. Little delay ensued. The attack commenced, but the walls were stormed to no purpose; the desperate resolution of the garrison baffled every attempt to gain them. Soliman offered Zriny the whole Croatian province as the price of his surrender, but the Hungarian suspected the sincerity of the offer, or preferred the alternative of heroic death. At length, on the morning of the 5th of September, 1566, after the siege had continued a whole month, a mine was sprung which destroyed a great portion of the walls, and the Janizaries gained possession of the town. A few hours, however, before this event took place, Soliman had expired, whether

from paralysis, apoplexy, or natural decay, was never known or inquired. The better to conceal his death from the army, until his successor, Selim, should be apprised of it, the physician who attended him was immediately strangled. The skilful management of the grand vizir kept the secret from the troops for the space of three weeks; by that time Selim had arrived in Constantinople, and was already girded with the sword of empire.

Thus ended the career of Soliman the Great, the tenth sultan of the Ottomans, and perhaps the greatest of the ten great princes of that age. He was the father of ten children, although European historians have only mentioned seven. Ten grand vizirs, in the course of his reign, successively wielded the powers of empire. The Ottoman writers, whose reverence for the virtues of the perfect number compels them to deviate into arbitrary computation, observe still farther that he was adorned with the ten great qualities of a ruler; that his reign was distinguished by ten great secretaries, ten great lawyers, and ten great poets; and that the towns and cities which he conquered amounted to ten times ten. M. von Hammer, obedient to the same influence, devotes nine chapters to the events of Soliman's reign, and in a tenth proceeds, with superstitious exactness, to examine, in ten sections, the merits and defects of that great prince's character.

To us, who regard with suspicion the false lustre of historic characters, Soliman appears to have been borne fortunately along on the tide of circumstances. He was capable of reflecting the light of the age in which he lived. He evidently possessed talents, and in his earlier days was not without the feelings of humanity. His friendship for Ibrahim, and his steadfast attachment to Roxalana, although they might have deviated into weakness, were indications of a well-constituted spirit. As he grew old his temper became cruel, and the state wisdom, as some will call it, of his later years increased daily in severity. Almost all the great offices of the state yielded victims to his wanton rigour; two grand vizirs, a kapudanpasha, aga of the janizaries, judge of the army, and many others, lost their lives from his cruelty, and, in some instances, apparently without any reason save that of maintaining in vigour the prerogative of death. The abilities of Soliman may be advantageously compared with those of Charles V. his western rival in reputation. His military talents were more conspicuously displayed, his legislation showed a mind as comprehensive as it was active, and his love of literature added dignity and grace to his political merits.

The title of *kanuni*, or the lawgiver, bestowed on Soliman by his people, requires us to take some notice of his legislative la-

bours. His care extended to every part of the constitution, civil, criminal, military, and financial.

The Ottoman army reached its perfection under his administration; he dismissed the European irregular infantry, increased the number of the Janizaries, and raised their pay; established hospitals for the reception of veteran soldiers, and rewarded merit with unbounded liberality. He was careful in enforcing strict discipline. The necessity of this had perhaps been inculcated by Ibrahim, who, on some occasions, ventured even to check the rapacity of the Janizaries, and to forbid their plundering. Mahomet Sokolli, who afterwards became so great a favourite, took a pride in the discipline of his troops and their uniform appearance. Ferhad Pasha gratified his imperial master by the same arts. Busbequius, who spent some time in the camp of Soliman, was struck with the order and the silence which prevailed in it, and which contrasted so forcibly with the tumultuary character of European armies in that age. The most powerful Ottoman army which had ever been assembled, was that which attended the sultan in his last campaign. It amounted altogether to 250,000; of these, 40,316 were regular troops, or Janizaries and Spahis, the rest were light horse and Asiatic infantry. The park of artillery consisted of 300 pieces. Such a force as this, held together by the stern authority of Ottoman despotism, was sufficient to have overrun all Europe in that age. But the repulses received before Vienna, before Guns, Erlau, and Malta, point out the absolute want of military science. The Turkish artillery, though of monstrous size, was directed without skill, and did little execution.

The institution of the Ulema likewise owes to Soliman its ultimate completion. The muderis, or doctors, who form the chiefs of the order, had been divided by Mahomet II. into five classes, through all of which it was necessary to pass in order to arrive at the dignity of mufty. Soliman increased the number of classes to ten, actuated perhaps wholly by a partiality to that number, but in doing so he helped unwittingly to confirm the character of the whole body. It has always been the policy of men who combine for the promotion of particular interests, as Jesuits and Freemasons for example, to regulate their society on the principle of a series of gradations. By this means authority is only acquired among them by long probations and repeated elections. The heads of the order are its well-tried members; the zeal and spirit of the body are communicated to many, the power and secrets to a few.

The encouragement of learning was connected with his attention to the Ulema. The literary splendour of his reign will always procure it the admiration of the Ottoman historians. The age

of Soliman is the most brilliant period of Turkish literature, most of their great classic authors having flourished at his court. His taste for magnificence and his recklessness of expense were displayed in his love of building; besides several great mosques in Constantinople, he erected or repaired the aqueducts of that city and of Mecca: he also rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem, and was the first who fortified the Dardanelles in the European manner.

Our limits prevent our taking further notice of the legislation and literature of Turkey. But it may be observed, that Soliman contemplated in his laws no new scheme of government, but merely amplified and developed the institutions of his ancestors. He strengthened the Ulema, increased the Janizaries, relied more on renegades whom he advanced to all the offices of state, dealt more severely with his ministers, and added more cruelty to the laws of the seraglio.

The meridian glory of Soliman's prosperous reign spreads a weaker splendour over that of his successor. The numerous great men who had been reared up under him continued still to uphold the fortunes of the empire. But when the impulse originating in his reign was exhausted, the vigour of the empire began evidently to relapse. This adverse turn of affairs is by some ascribed, unjustly we think, to the errors of Soliman's administration. The extent of the accusation we will give in M. von Hammer's own words.

"The causes of the decline of the Ottoman empire, which under the following reigns became so apparent, are illustrated by the writers of the East in a variety of ways. None of these writers, however, have evinced so deep a penetration as Kotschibeg, who lived under Murad IV., and who, from his work on the decline of the Ottoman empire, deserves to be called the Turkish Montesquieu; as a like title is bestowed on Ibn Khaldun among Arabian writers. The English, French, Italian, and German writers, who endeavour to decry the causes of that decline, besides being unable to see so clearly through the political frame as the native historians, all begin their scrutiny among Soliman's successors, to whom they seriously ascribe the disastrous change. Kotschibeg, however, discerns the germ of ill in Soliman's administration, and specifies particularly the following five causes."

The causes assigned by the Turkish Montesquieu, and adopted by M. von Hammer, to explain the reversed fortunes of the Ottoman empire must now be stated; but as we cannot, by any means assent to the conclusions of the speculative Turk and learned historian, we beg leave to mingle our own remarks and illustrations with the statement. We must also premise our regret, that neither Kotschibeg nor M. von Hammer have attempted to define

that national decay which is the subject of their reasonings; or to state whether they suppose it to consist in the decrease of population or finances, or in the loss of national spirit. Such a preliminary step would have made it more easy to estimate the justness of their deductions.

The first accusation brought against Soliman by our author and Kotschibeg is, that he withdrew, not his attention from business, but his person from the divan. They tell us, that in his later years the emperor rarely showed himself in the divan, though he sometimes attended in the latticed cabinet, contrary to the usage of all his ancestors. This last remark, however, is contradicted by an anecdote which our author relates of Mahomet II.

"It happened one day, when Keduk Ahmed Pasha was grand vizir, that a clownish Turkman burst into the divan, and demanded in his rude dialect, 'Which of you is the emperor?' Mahomet was very angry, and Ahmed Pasha took advantage of the accident to represent to him, that in order to guard his sacred person from such indignities, it would be better to leave the affairs of the divan to the vizirs. The conqueror was pleased with the proposition, and from that time forward the business of the divan was exclusively in the hands of the vizirs, and particularly of the grand vizir."

Thus it appears, that Soliman had a precedent for his conduct in that of the greatest of his predecessors. But even if he had departed in this instance from the usage of his ancestors, the example of his own success and the experience of many prosperous monarchies refuta the doctrine, that national councils are materially assisted by the presence of the prince.

The second of Soliman's mischievous innovations, according to Kotschibeg, consisted in his raising his favourites to power. The grand vizirs had previously been selected from the most distinguished officers of the state and army. At first they were taken from the prince's family, then from that of the Chendereli, who were a sort of nobility, and under Mahomet II. they were mostly Greek and Albanian renegades. But Soliman in raising his chief favourite Ibrahim to that rank, was the first who conferred it on an officer of the household. Yet did not the abilities of the favourite justify the choice? Why not select the most capable in whatever situation he was found? Nearly all the vizirs of Soliman were able men, and none more so than those to whom this objection is applied. Ibrahim and Mahomet Sokkili, both at first slaves of the seraglio, are among the most splendid characters in the Ottoman history. Then as to the danger of the example; that argument avails nothing; an arbitrary prince cares little for examples, and the principle to be followed in such a case is

to promote the person who possesses the greatest ability. It is obvious too, that it was the natural tendency of the Ottoman government to raise to office not those who had claims to popularity, but those who were reared in attachment to the prince's person; so that Soliman's innovation would sooner or later have been put in practice, and must be rather assigned to the constitution of the empire than to his individual imprudence.

The third charge is of a more important nature, but like the former it imputes to Soliman the vices inherent in the organization of the state. It was the Grand Vizir Rustem, who introduced that system of corruption by which the treasures are replenished while the provinces are exhausted. It was he who first sold to the highest bidder the pashalicks and offices of the empire. His rapacity grew into a routine, to which the Ottoman government has ever since adhered. To this habit of systematized corruption he united in his person a strange affectation of integrity. He accepted a considerable sum of money from Busbequius, in consideration of his assistance in negotiating a treaty; but being unable to fulfil his engagement, he returned the money. The establishment of a corrupt and extortionary system of administration constitutes a heavy charge against Soliman; but to us it appears a natural consequence of the manners of the Turks and their imperfect civilization. Soliman must either have remodelled his empire and trained his people to the arts of peace, or have supplied the expenses of his military expeditions by extortion and rapacity.

The Turks increased with rapidity so long as they could reap a fresh harvest of pillage from the subjugated countries. But ruin always accompanied their progress, so that with the extended boundaries of empire, and the great development of military force, the deficiency of internal resources soon became apparent. Soliman spared no expense in the equipment of his forces; he did every thing on a large scale; his artillery was by far the most numerous of the age; and guns, of much greater size than those used in modern warfare, were dragged at an enormous expense, across the isthmus of Suez, to furnish his fleets in the Red Sea. The only sources from which he could derive the means of his costly preparations, were tribute from abroad and rapacity at home. But the wars of a nation without industry are necessarily ruinous, and we confess we feel surprised that a historian, who minutely traces for three centuries the history of the Ottomans, and who sketches the codes of their three great legislators, without having once had occasion to advert to their progress in agriculture, in manufactures, or in commerce, should think of imputing their decline to the vices of Soliman's fiscal administration.

In the fourth place, Soliman is accused of excessive liberality to his favourites. His generosity was unbounded, and he lavished wealth and honours on those around him with perhaps a culpable facility. But how can we ascribe to his profusion the progressive decline of the Ottoman empire? When the indulgent generosity of the prince overturns the political fabric, we ought to ascribe its downfall to the weakness of its foundations.

The fifth and last cause of national decay, for which Soliman is made accountable by Kotschibeg, is the increase of luxury. Soliman afflicted the hearts of true believers by making use at his table of gold and silver vessels, which are forbidden by the Koran. His predecessors had always been served on green porcelain from China. In his early years he indulged in wine, the pleasures of which were heightened by Ibrahim's convivial qualities, but religion and the gout afterwards forced him to adopt a more temperate mode of living. Coffee, hitherto unknown in Europe, was introduced into Turkey in his reign, by a merchant of Aleppo, named Shem, who returned in a few years to his native town with a fortune of fifty thousand ducats. The name of this agreeable beverage (in Arabic, Kahveh, an epithet of wine, signifying the queller of appetite) excited the suspicions of the pious Moslim, and coffee-houses, which the Turks call *Schools of Knowledge*, were at first viewed with as much abhorrence as the wine taverns themselves. Soliman permitted their erection, and the use of coffee, which has in the issue so little enervated the other nations of Europe, was the principal luxury introduced by that emperor among his people. An extraordinary magnificence and show was affected not only by Soliman himself, but by all his great officers, who generally had retinues of from five to fifteen hundred slaves. But this pompous display which marks his reign, cannot be easily connected with the declension of the empire. It is natural for those who have never studied the diseases of the body politic, to seek the causes of public disorder in the vices of individuals. Yet it but rarely occurs, perhaps, that the character of an individual imparts even a perceptible libration to the necessary revolutions of human affairs. The nature of that luxury which is so often said to produce the decay of nations it is not very easy to conceive. The diffusion of wealth and enjoyment cannot depress the spirit of a people. But when a state, ill constituted at first, arrives at its maturity, when wealth and comfort are engrossed by a few, while the mass of the population is sunk into a state of servile wretchedness, in such circumstances, the reckless poverty on the one hand, and not the luxury on the other, impairs indeed incurably the national health and spirit. No such depression, how-

ever took place among the Turks, whose national pride has never sustained injury from a change of manners.

Perhaps then we may be asked, to what causes are to be ascribed the decline of the Ottoman empire? To this we reply, that of the fact itself we can only make a qualified admission. Some retrogradation has indeed taken place in the fortunes of that empire, but yet the decline of Turkey is unjustly measured from the rise of Christian nations. The energetic movements of Ottoman despotism at first outstripped the slow progress of European society. The Ottoman empire had arrived at its full vigour under Soliman, when Europe was still at the feverish commencement of early manhood. Civilization and the arts of government have been at a stand in Turkey; but what a change has taken place in Europe! If Soliman's successor were now to march into the field of Mohacs, instead of meeting there a wretched army of forty thousand men, held together by the jarring bonds of feudal connection and impatient of military order, or composed of hired hands of Italians, Spaniards and Germans, acting without concert, he would have to encounter a host surpassing his own in number, practised in the use of arms, and led with all the refinement of military science. The light troops who penetrated to the heart of Germany in Soliman's campaigns, were probably not superior to the Pindarrees and Mahrattas, whom we have subdued with a comparatively small force. An inferior German state, as Hesse, for example, could at the present day bring into the field an army equal to double the amount of Soliman's regular troops. On the other side, the Russian potentate, little thought of at that time, can now lead to the foot of the Balkan his numerous hordes, trained in the art of war, and guided with the science of Western Europe. In the mean time Turkey has changed but little; and we see no reason to believe, that the armies, which within the last half century have been repeatedly beaten by the Russians, were at all inferior to those which, in the reign of Soliman, made the conquests of Rhodes and Hungary; indeed we are disposed to think that they were full as brave, and perhaps better constituted. In fine we affirm, that if Turkey has declined, the cause must be found in the defects of her constitution, in the exhausted vital principle of the state. But whatever may have been the fortunes of the empire, the character of the people has not declined; they have even perhaps made some progress in civilization, without losing their courage or determined loyalty.

In our observations on the character and fortunes of the Ottoman empire, we have frequently regretted that our author himself had not forestalled our speculations. The vicissitudes of nations with their wars and conquests afford but little instruction, unless

we are acquainted with the civilization of the contending parties. Without a complete view of the state of society, it is impossible to reason from events. But the current of M. Von Hammer's narrative flows on with little interruption; he rarely turns aside to examine the causes which regulate the train of historic incidents. Perhaps a great freedom of political speculation ought not to be expected in a work emanating from an officer of the court of Austria, and dedicated to the Autocrat of Russia. But the internal condition of the Turks, the arrangement of their property, and their occupations at the different epochs of their history, are subjects which still require to be elucidated, and which may be treated without risk of incurring the charge of political heresy. We must remember, however, that our author's task is as yet but half completed, and we are far from presuming to suppose that he may not have sufficient reasons to defer these considerations to a later portion of his work. We therefore anxiously look forward for fresh and even increased instruction in the forthcoming volumes. In conclusion, we will only add, that M. Von Hammer's History will be, when completed, the most perfect history extant of an Asiatic nation. Besides the merits of erudition, industry, and a clear impressive style, it has also the merit of being written in that spirit in which the author declares he took up the pen, "in the spirit of truth and charity."

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- ART. IX.—1. *De la Nécessité très urgente de soumettre le Catholicisme Romain en Irlande à des réglemens civils spéciaux.* Par le Comte Ferdinand dal Pozzo, &c. 8vo. Londres. 1829.
2. *Des Progrès de la Révolution, et de la guerre contre l'Eglise.* Par l'Abbé F. de la Mennais. 8vo. Paris. 1829.
3. *Considerations on the Parliamentary Oaths, in a Series of Letters to Charles Butler, Esq.* From Sir J. J. Dillon, Knt. and Baron, S.R.E. 8vo. Paris. 1828.
4. *A Commentary on the Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, &c. &c.* By Col. Philip Roche Fermoy. 8vo. Paris. 1828, Firmin Didot.

THE glorious act of wisdom, justice, and peace, which many great statesmen desired to see, and laboured to accomplish in vain, has been carried. The bill for Catholic emancipation has been passed by Parliament, and George IV. has ratified what may be called his edict of Nantes, never, we trust, to be repealed by any royal zealot, or jealous legislature. The grand work of the English Reformation and Revolution has thus been completed, in the entire esta-

blishment of liberty of conscience ; and that scaffolding of penalties and disqualifications, which was perhaps necessary for its secure erection, but ought not to have remained so long to disfigure its beauty or obstruct its utility, has been removed. Civil and political distinctions, on account of religious tenets, have been for ever abolished. Five or six millions of our fellow-subjects have been at once admitted into the sanctuary of the constitution, without being required to forswear their convictions, or to leave their creed at the door. The brand of degrading exclusion has been removed from a third part of our countrymen, and the scourge of intolerant monopoly wrested from the remainder. The statute-book has ceased to war against conscience, and faith has been pronounced sacred from secular intrusion. The political party-wall between different denominations of British Christians has been broken down, and the sovereign has acquired the right of employing the services of them all, in promoting the public welfare, according to his experience of their fidelity or merit. Conflicting factions are about to disappear in the general mass of the nation, and those antagonist forces, which were wasted in balancing and neutralizing their mutual violence, are to be directed with increased momentum in a common path and for a common object. The lower House of Parliament is about to become the representative of the *whole* people, instead of being that of a dominant sect ; and the mutilated House of Peers is again to receive those coronets which once shone the brightest of its circle, and which have preserved their lustre, undimmed by apostasy, during a century and a half of exclusion. The party differences which prevailed among Protestants on account of Irish politics are at an end, and neither cabinets, nor houses of parliament, nor corporations, nor hustings, nor any of our public institutions or private societies, will be divided on questions of religious policy. The confidence, banished from a portion of the empire by alarm and danger, will be restored, and as talents, industry, wealth, and professional eminence will meet with their proper encouragement, without a reference to the number of sacraments in which their professors believe, a new impulse must be given to national improvement. The character of England will be raised, our national strength invigorated, and our influence in Europe augmented. Henceforward we shall be able to celebrate the benefits of religious freedom, without appearing to satirize our country. Henceforward we may interfere in favour of the oppressed, without being met by a charge of oppression ; henceforward we shall be able to speak to our allies or enemies with the voice of a united people, which fears nothing from abroad because freed from internal dissensions. Henceforward we may

calculate on brighter days for our country, and the noble author of the measure may anticipate, in the tranquillity which he has conferred upon the empire, a more brilliant reward of fame than that which he has yet attained. *Quæ res igitur gesta unquam in bello tanta? Sunt ergo domesticæ fortitudines non inferiores militaribus, in quibus plus etiam quam in his studiisque ponendum est.**

One of the advantages, and perhaps not one of the least, which must result from the settlement of this long-agitated question, is, that we shall now see an end of that solemn trifling—of that grave absurdity—and that venerable nonsense, which has annually been inflicted upon us by disputes about religion since the Irish union—which has occupied the time of our legislature and our ministers, due to more worthy objects—which has exalted the passions, and maintained the intolerance of the people, by a perpetual reference to the fires of Smithfield and the persecutions of the dark ages, exposing us to the contempt and derision of Europe.

But it may be asked, what right have we, as *Foreign Reviewers*, to interfere in this *domestic* question? What right have we, who stood aloof from the contest, to mingle our voice of congratulation in the triumph, and why should we—our business being to make our countrymen acquainted with the affairs of foreigners—turn round to make foreigners acquainted with those of Englishmen? To this we may answer, first, by pleading the impossibility of restraining our feelings on so propitious an occasion; for, though cosmopolite in our labours, our hearts must still be British: and, secondly, we may point to the list of books at the head of our article, which shows how foreigners interfere with this said question. Our readers are mistaken if they considered that the policy of tormenting our Catholic fellow-subjects was entirely a domestic subject, like our predilection for roast beef, or the custom of selling our wives in Smithfield. It unfortunately happens that we cannot keep all our grumbling, our agitation, and fanaticism to ourselves—that in a political view we cannot comply with the act of parliament which enjoins us to consume our own smoke—nor limit the discussion of our national interests within the narrow seas. Foreigners will, in spite of us, insist upon taking a part, and perhaps an important part, too, in the debate; and be it known, that whatever reaches us from abroad comes within our province, as foreign reviewers, even though it were a reflection of our own follies, or an echo of our own complaints.

The state of the sister island, and the policy pursued towards its Catholic inhabitants, have been the topics of domestic discussion for centuries. The disputants have sometimes been contend-

* Cicer. Offic. lib. 1.

ing factions, and their mode of enforcing their arguments, conspiracies, partial insurrections, and penal laws. Since this species of rhetoric has been laid aside, our religious policy has been debated with more intelligence, but with scarcely less zeal, in senates, in popular meetings, and sectarian associations. Ministries have been changed, or constructed, with a reference to the points at issue—the houses of parliament have taken opposite sides—and governors of Ireland have been appointed or recalled in order to promote or retard a settlement. Every argument drawn from reason, from history, from experience, or authority, has been employed; appeals have been made to our passions, our pride, our conscience, and our interests; and every resource of ingenuity, every flower of eloquence, and every topic of declamation, have been pressed into the service, to give effect to the reasonings of the contending parties. On the domestic view of the question, therefore, we shall not enter, unless so far as it is forced upon us by its relation to the foreign.

Of the list of books which stands at the head of this article, two, though written in English, have been printed in Paris, and one, though written in French, has just been published in London. This fact alone shows how wide-spread is the knowledge of our religious dissensions, and how strong is the interest which they excite. The author of the latter production is Count dal Pozzo, who published about two years ago a work intitled *CATHOLICISM IN AUSTRIA*, accompanied with a dissertation on the rights and duties of the English government towards the Irish Catholics, which was lately mentioned with praise by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Peers. The present publication is chiefly a development of the principles, or a defence of the recommendations, contained in the former. Without agreeing in the application of the Count's principles to the state of Ireland,—without admitting even that his knowledge of our laws and institutions entitles him to form an opinion on that subject,—we have no hesitation in allowing that he is a man of talent and reflection, of a cultivated understanding, and possessed of extensive acquaintance with ecclesiastical law, and with the history and the policy of the See of Rome. The education which he received, the offices which he filled, and the political commissions with the execution of which he was intrusted, would have ensured to any man of ordinary industry and capacity the means of forming a correct judgment on the working of the Romish system, and the exact limits of civil and religious authority, in the country to which he belongs. A Piedmontese by birth, he was, before the annexation of Piedmont to France, attached to the office of advocate general of the senate of Turin, where all politico-ecclesias-

tical matters were proposed, and was subsequently a member of the senate to which papal bulls and briefs were presented. After the judicial system of France was extended to Italy, he was appointed substitute of the *procureur general* of the Court of Appeal at Turin, and, being latterly called to Paris, he received the appointment of *maître des requêtes* at the imperial council of state. In 1809 he was despatched to Rome, as a member of the provisional government called CONSULTA; and was at last employed as first president at the imperial court of Genoa. In these various appointments he was called upon to advise in the making, and to assist in the administration, of the laws of Catholic states; and is therefore, able, from experience, to compare the ancient with the modern legislation on the connection between church and state. Having been a member of the provisional government which supplanted the temporal power of the Pope, he has seen the lowest degradation of the Papacy. He has again seen the triple crown restored, the antiquated pretensions of the See of Rome renewed, and kings who had fallen from their thrones along with the Pontiff, submitting, on their restoration, to encroachments which they had formerly resisted. As regards Italy and despotic governments, in relation to religious establishments, his experience has therefore been ample, and his opinion is valuable; but we cannot admit his authority on the policy of this country in managing our Catholic subjects, as it is combined with a state of knowledge, a kind of institutions, a peculiarity of manners, and a spirit of freedom, so widely different from those to which he had been accustomed. The circumstances of this nation, the laws, rights, and habits of the people, may at once render that interference of power with their religious concerns, to which Count dal Pozzo has been accustomed, inconsistent with general freedom, and useless for general security. With all his knowledge of Briefs, and Bulls, and Concordats, he has not witnessed Catholicism in a country where there has been for a century a perfect freedom of the press—in itself more than a match for the Pope and the Irish hierarchy, in any attempts at incroachments; he has never seen it where the great majority of the people, where nearly all the rank and most of the property of the nation, were Protestant—nay, so rigidly Protestant, as to have excluded their Catholic brethren from their just rights for a century and a half. He has never seen it where the people are so generally instructed in the duties of government, where education is so generally diffused, where so many aristocratic families are interested in the maintenance of religious establishments, and where, when the Catholic laity cease to be disqualified for office, on account of their religious tenets, such temptations will exist to court the political alliance, and to

support the general views, of their Protestant brethren. He has never been acquainted with any great body of Christians in a state of dissent from the national church, under a free government, unpaid, unpensioned, and unregulated by the state, permitting no interference, and claiming nothing but protection. In France, Germany, and Switzerland, where dissenters exist, they are supported by the government, which thus acquires a new claim to watch over their conduct, and regulate their proceedings. In Great Britain, on the contrary, we have great bodies of dissenters who maintain their clergy by their own funds—who raise altar against altar, and chapel against chapel—who hold their provincial and general meetings, their presbyteries and their synods, without calling for the aid or exciting the attention of the magistrate. The only difference between these dissenters and Roman Catholics in a state of dissent is, that the latter maintain a spiritual connection with a foreign spiritual chief, whose bulls, however, landing in Ireland amid a people satisfied with the full enjoyment of their civil privileges, will be as harmless as any of the *Irish bulls* which excite the merriment of the English. But let us see what this foreign projector and reformer of our religious code would substitute for the great measure which has just received the sanction of the legislature. The following is the plan contained in his former publication, which he develops in this.

: "My opinion is, that all the disabilities under which Catholics still labour—disabilities both of law and fact—should be instantly removed, and that the Catholics should be placed upon an equal footing with Protestants in the enjoyment of civil and political rights, *excepting only their admission into parliament*, which I would defer until the effect of those laws, which I have said should precede the emancipation, had been fully ascertained I can here merely point out their general scope, which is, that the legislature of this country should lay protecting hands upon Roman Catholicism; place it, *without any concordat*, and only by the indisputable right of sovereignty, under the controul of the state government; regulate the exercise of its worship; disentangle it from superstitions (I mean those superstitions which are recognised as such by enlightened and upright Roman Catholics) and from the exaggerated pretensions of the Court of Rome; render, as to its external policy, the King of England almost as much the head of Catholicism as he is of Protestantism; and finally, assimilate as much as possible Catholics and Protestants to each other."

Not satisfied with these general recommendations, our author proceeds to draw up "THE HEADS OF A BILL," embodying the details. The following are the most important clauses of the BILL:

Clause 3. "The two religions, Protestant Anglican and Roman Catholic, shall be put upon the same footing in Ireland, and shall both be equally supported by salaries from the state. The King of England shall

be declared protector and external head of the Catholic Church of Ireland, that is, in every thing that concerns the discipline and police of its worship." Clause 4. "There shall be additional salaries allotted to the present dignitaries and functionaries of the Anglican Church, who may lose by the arrangement of the salaries common to both comparatively to the revenues which they enjoy at present, but these additions will be limited to the life of the existing individuals, and while they are invested with the benefices." Clause 5. "All ecclesiastical estates in Ireland are declared the property of the crown. They shall be sold in a manner to be afterwards regulated, and the produce shall be employed for objects of public service, which shall be afterwards specified. The salaries of the clergy belonging to the two establishments, and the repairs of the churches of the two communions, shall be secured on this fund; and a fund shall likewise be provided for relieving the poor of Ireland, by means of public works in that island."

Nothing could more convincingly prove M. dal Pozzo's total ignorance of the sentiments of our ruling men, of the general structure of English society, and of the influence of our aristocracy and higher classes, than his simplicity in announcing such a project, with the slightest idea that it could find a favourable audience, or lead to a practical result. He might as well, in the present temper of Great Britain, have proposed to make Ireland a fief of the Pope, to install Dr. Doyle as Archbishop of Canterbury, or to order high mass to be said in St. Paul's Cathedral. He has elsewhere expressed his surprise that the Catholic Question should have required thirty years' discussion before it reached any prospect of a settlement; and his own plan would require fifty more before it could be even entertained. He does not seem to know, or reflect, that political discussions must necessarily be protracted where the interests of powerful bodies of men are involved in the decision. The logic of private interests is often an overmatch for the recommendations of wisdom, the arguments of justice, and the eloquence of humanity. How triumphant, therefore, must it be when opposed only to crude projects of speculative innovation? If a handful of West India planters could for twenty years successfully resist the abolition of the Slave-Trade, by convincing the majority of our legislators that without murder and kidnapping on the coast of Africa we could have no sugar, the church and aristocracy could adjourn the first reading of M. dal Pozzo's bill for a century, by making it appear to all England that without a rich ecclesiastical establishment we could have no religion. Without quoting the most prominent article of the Act of Union against his bill, we would only beg him to recollect, that, during the whole course of the late discussion, one main argument for an immediate adjustment of the question was drawn from its tendency to give additional security to the existing Protestant Church, in all its privileges, rights and immunities. Though,

therefore, we cannot venture to hope that church affairs are ultimately and irrevocably settled in Ireland, we have no idea that any sweeping reform could have been at present attempted, or that our author's bill would have found a single member of either house to introduce it. The work to which M. dal Pozzo was accustomed under the imperial regime is perfectly inapplicable to the state of England. The ground must be turned up by the plough of revolution, or like the plains of Egypt overflowed by the Nile, must have its ancient land-marks levelled by the flood of invasion and conquest, before an occasion can occur for the political land-surveyor or geometrical innovator to lay it out anew, and to apportion its lots with equal justice among the various claimants.

In the mean time the part of his plan which excludes the Catholics from sitting in parliament, and suspends the exercise of the elective franchise, would have aggravated existing discontent, and frustrated that expectation of peace which was the object of his arrangement. What has been the cause or the end of the late agitation? It was not that *many individuals* were practically aggrieved by exclusion from office or power, but that *all* were degraded; and the brand of degradation would have been impressed more deeply by any pretended concession of their claims, from which legislative trust was excepted.

The author of this project resorts to this limited measure of emancipation, because, without giving support to the clergy or restricting their intercourse with the Pope, he apprehends dangerous consequences from their admission into parliament. Now what could the Catholics do in the next five years, by sending as many members to the House of Commons as they could command, which they cannot do at present? Thirty or forty would probably be the ultimate limit of their number, and what could such a handful accomplish among six hundred and fifty-eight, with a population so intolerantly Protestant as ours has been represented. The metaphorical danger of a fortress entered by such a small body of enemies, can only frighten those who forget that the invading party would find the garrison not merely vigilant, but actually under arms. On the other hand, what reason has our author to suppose that when admitted in an open and honourable manner, as friends, these Catholic members will become enemies, after being gratified by sharing in the accommodations of the place, and having begun to act with their new allies? When they have obtained equality for themselves, must they be driven to gain ascendancy for their priests, who only lately joined them in demanding civil privileges, because subject to a common degradation? .

But M. dal Pozzo threatens us with the phantom of renovated papal power, and points to recent instances in Naples and Piedmont as evidence of the danger which he anticipates from papal encroachments. The argument would have some force if Great Britain resembled these insignificant Italian states, or if this country were in a situation, as to court and people, like Spain or Portugal. His Holiness knows well with whom he deals; and when he addresses governments of the fifteenth century, speaks a language which he would not dare to utter in any part of the dominions of France or England.

Those who support the view of papal dangers press into their service the spirit and declarations of another writer, whose last work stands at the head of this article—the Abbé *De la Mennais*. The principles of this vigorous, unflinching and intrepid champion of the Holy See, would be dangerous enough, if, like the preaching of Peter the hermit, they found the world prepared for a crusade. This warlike Abbé is no trimmer between the arrogant fanaticism of the twelfth century and the liberalism of the nineteenth: willing to exalt the power of his church, but afraid of the spirit of his age. He boldly places the papal tiara above all secular crowns, and advances the doctrine of papal supremacy without shrinking from its consequences. The Pope, according to him, is the representative of Christ upon earth, and can dispose of principalities and kingdoms, over which Christ, when on earth, claimed no temporal authority.

“There are,” says he, “two swords, the spiritual and temporal; the spiritual sword which lops off error, and which belongs to the pontiff alone; and the material sword which lops off evil, and the use of which belongs to the prince alone. But as the force which is not directed by justice and truth is itself the greatest evil, and can only be a cause of disorder and ruin, the material sword is necessarily subordinate to the spiritual sword, as the body ought to be subject to reason.”*

Again, he says,

“There is above the temporal order of things, a power which unceasingly watches to maintain the observance of the law of justice and truth; and the Prince who violates it fundamentally; the Prince who attempts to substitute a power purely human for the power which he holds of God under certain imprescriptible conditions; the Prince who, refusing to be the Minister, the Vicar of Christ, revolts against the authority whence his own is derived, loses all title to obedience, and the oppressed people

* The following is the passage in the original:—“Il y a deux glaives, le glaive spirituel qui retranche l'erreur, et dont l'usage appartient au seul Pontife; le glaive matériel qui retranche le mal; et dont l'usage appartient au Prince seul. Mais, comme la force que ne dirigent point la justice et la vérité est elle-même le plus grand mal, et ne peut être qu'une cause de désordre et de ruine, le glaive matériel est nécessairement subordonné au glaive spirituel, de même que le corps doit être subordonné à la raison.”

may, and should, in their turn, according to the laws of the spiritual society, use force to defend their true sovereign, and to reconstitute themselves after a Christian fashion."

That we may give his doctrine without reserve, we shall make no apology for quoting the following short passage, which we insert in the original language.

" Il n'est point de nation qui ne reconnût la religion catholique, apostolique, romaine, comme la loi première et fondamentale de l'Etat ; c'est-à-dire que partout l'ordre politique avait sa racine dans l'ordre religieux, et que l'on n'imaginait pas l'existence possible d'une société civile indépendante de la société spirituelle : d'où il résultait que le prince infracteur de cette loi première et fondamentale était déchu de droit, et pouvait être déclaré de fait déchu de la souveraineté ; car, d'un côté, il violait le serment qui formait le lien entre lui et le peuple ; et, de l'autre, en détruisant la société spirituelle, base nécessaire de la société politique, il dissolvait la société tout entière, et par conséquent sa propre souveraineté.

What an arsenal would this work have been to the anti-catholics in the late discussion ; who assuredly would have taken one part of the book, without stating the inference to be drawn from the other ! They asserted with our militant priest, that the doctrines and maxims of the Holy See are unchanged, while it unfortunately happens for both that all Catholic Europe acts upon a contrary supposition. The Archbishop of Paris, in one of his charges, denounced the work of *La Mennais* immediately after its appearance as dangerous, and the ultra journals of that capital cried out " calumny " when any attempt was made to identify their opinions with his doctrines. While, therefore, our senators, hostile to religious liberty, were asserting the full plenitude of the Pope's authority, the *Abbé de la Mennais* was complaining that it was universally held in derision, and threatening society with some dreadful convulsion because it was not respected. While our alarmists were flashing before our eyes the fulminations of Hildebrand, this polemical churchman was lamenting that they were extinct. It would have been amusing to see these two sets of alarmists together, and to have witnessed their antagonist bugbears devouring each other. " All has changed around us," exclaims the Abbé. " Ideas have taken, and continue to take, unceasingly, new directions. Neither institutions, laws, manners, opinions, nor any thing else resembles what our fathers saw."* Nothing has changed, reply the enemies of religious liberty. The

* Tout a changé autour de vous : les idées ont pris et continuent de prendre incessamment des directions nouvelles ; institutions, lois, mœurs, opinions, rien ne ressemble à ce que virent nos pères.

Pope is as powerful as ever, amid the conquests of knowledge and the progress of civilization.

We have inserted the title of the third work at the head of this article, because though not published, it has been printed in Paris, and is connected with some curious incidents in the late proceedings of the Catholics. While the Dublin Association was calling the forty-shilling electors from every bog and mountain in Clare to support Mr. O'Connell at the poll; while the priests at their altars were inspiring them with a double charge of patriotism and piety, and while their shouts of success were echoing from the Shannon to the Tyber, a Catholic lawyer, Sir J. Dillon, knight and baron of the holy Roman empire, was grinding in Paris a legal argument to convince the parliament and the people of England, that, if returned by that county, the honourable member could not be excluded from his seat in the House for refusing to take the usual oaths. The learned gentleman's lucubration appears in the shape of letters to Mr. Butler, copies of which he transmitted to England. The British Catholic Association received a copy, and submitted it to their Defence Committee. This committee read the work, and after deciding that it was "very luminous and elaborate," generously ordered the purchase of just twenty-five copies, to reward the author and to promote the cause. The knight and baron considered this an affront. Twenty-five copies cost exactly eleven pounds five shillings, and after deducting the price of paper and printing, this was all the fee which the learned gentleman was to receive for his "luminous and elaborate" pleading on the laws of parliament—all the bribe for securing seats in the House for every successful Roman Catholic candidate—all the remuneration which they were disposed to give for what they called his "long, talented, and most meritorious exertions;"—for, in fact, opening through a chasm in the Treaty of Union a hitherto concealed passage into St. Stephens! He, of course, complained of the smallness of his fee and threw up his brief, when to his remonstrance he received the following answer—

"We must bear in mind that those who are intrusted with the care of the public money are bound to attend to the economical expenditure of it, and in the present instance the Defence Committee are going to the extreme verge of their discretionary powers by consenting to pay nine shillings each for a work not containing two hundred pages of letter-press, and which they could have published in a cheap form for one-tenth of that sum."

If the knight and baron was affronted at the offer of eleven pounds five shillings for his "talented exertions," he became much more enraged at this defence of it, in which the value of

these said exertions is entirely left out of the question, and his pamphlet is considered as a quantity of letter-press, like an old almanack or a dying speech, of which two hundred pages might be printed and published for less than a shilling. He therefore avenged himself in two ways, first by writing a letter of fifty-two pages more letter-press, and, secondly, by repairing to a meeting at Paris of the friends of Ireland, and resisting any contributions from that quarter to the Catholic rent, by which he had so little chance of being benefited. Though there is a good deal of ingenuity in his "legal argument," we have thought it proper to mention the above facts, solely for the purpose of showing the progress of the discussion among foreigners, and among our countrymen in foreign countries. The last publication in our list we shall have occasion to allude to afterwards.

In making a few farther observations on the foreign aspect of the late question of Catholic disabilities, we shall consider it—
 I. As it affected our character for liberality among foreigners.
 II. As it affected their idea of our national power. And III. As it affected their estimate of our national security; concluding with some slight allusions to the provisions of the new measure and the arguments by which it was opposed.

I. When Mr. Canning, some time ago, gave, at a public dinner, the toast of "Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World," his words resounded throughout Europe, and secured general confidence to the great minister who had the liberality to conceive and the courage to declare such a sentiment; but it probably did not strike his after-dinner audience, that his expression conveyed a severe condemnation of the policy of their own country, which still doomed a third part of its population to degrading penalties or civil disqualifications on account of their religious tenets—which still maintained an act of attainder on nearly a whole people, because they adhered to the faith of their forefathers, and which supported its monopoly of intolerance by no one reason of state necessity. The state of Ireland, meanwhile, and the conduct pursued towards its Catholic population, had been for more than a century the topics of discussion, and at intervals the subjects of alarm. It may be curious to trace, in a few words, the steps of the revelation of Irish grievances to foreigners, to observe the causes why they so long remained comparatively unnoticed, and why they all at once expanded into such gigantic magnitude, and attained such astounding celebrity, in proportion as their penal severity diminished. For nearly a hundred years after the Revolution, the Catholic population of Ireland were subjected to a most intolerable system of persecution; and yet continental writers, who denounced the cruelties

and deplored the sufferings which followed the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, had scarcely a word of pity or indignation to spare for the violations of the treaty of Limerick.

In an article on the British Parliament, written by Voltaire in 1731, some years after he had been in England, that author, who knew more of this country than most of his continental contemporaries, has the following remarks.

"The English compare themselves to the Romans, but among the Romans the horrible madness of wars for religion was never known; this abomination was reserved for the pious preachers of humility and patience. The English formerly hung each other at their assizes, and destroyed themselves in pitched battles, for disputes of this kind. The sect of the Episcopalians, and that of Presbyterians, turn for a while their melancholic heads. But I suppose such a folly will not again occur. They appear to me to grow wiser at their own expense; and I observe in them no desire henceforward to kill each other for religious opinions. But who can answer for man?"

At the time that Voltaire made this usual display of his levity on a grave subject, he seems to have known no more of the state of oppression of the Irish Roman Catholics, or of the "ferocious code of Anne," than he did about the religious laws or political situation of the undiscovered planet Herschell. Provided there were not "hangings at the assizes" or military massacres in civil conflict, he did not seem to think that the English character for liberality was affected. In another passage respecting the Presbyterians, he even assures us that our different sects lived in harmony, and accounts for our religious peace by the multitude of our religious differences.

"S'il n'y avait pas en Angleterre qu'une religion, son despotisme serait à craindre; s'il n'y avait que deux, elles se couperaient la gorge; mais il y en a trente, elles vivent en paix et heureuses."

We observe nearly the same ignorance, or indifference, on this subject in other continental writers of that and a subsequent period; a circumstance which need excite little surprise when we find the Dean of St. Patrick's—who, as an Irish patriot and an English Tory, was opposed to the government of the time—speaking of the Irish Catholics as a race whose religion might soon be changed by severity, and even whose language might be abolished by a trifling annual expenditure of money.

"We look upon the Catholics," says he, "to be altogether as inconsiderable as the women and children. Their lands are almost entirely taken from them, and they are rendered incapable of purchasing any more; and, for the little that remains, provision is made by the late act against popery, that it will daily crumble away: to prevent which, some of the most considerable among them are already turned Protestants,

and so, in all probability, will many more. Then, the popish priests are all registered; and, without permission (which I hope will not be granted), they can have no successors; so that the Protestant clergy will find it, perhaps, no difficult matter to bring great numbers over to the church; and in the mean time the common people, without leaders, without discipline or natural courage, being little better than hewers of wood and drawers of water, are out of all capacity of doing any mischief, if they were ever so well inclined."

Yet that the penalties inflicted by the government of William, and what Mr. Burke calls "the ferocious acts of Anne," did not fall much short of the *dragonades* and banishments of Louis the Fourteenth, might be made manifest by the slightest allusion to the statute-book, and to a history of the manner by which its severities were executed. Of the rigid enforcement of its penal severities deep traces still remain on the face of Ireland. The prosecutions thus employed to discourage the "growth of popery" could not have been much exceeded by the Holy Office itself. The chapels of a whole people were shut up, their rites of worship proscribed, and their priests banished. Rewards, graduated according to the importance of their scale in the hierarchy, were offered for the apprehension of their clergy. Four hundred and fifty priests were transported from Ireland in one year. The creed of the people was declared an offence—their piety to God was rebellion against the king—their adherence to the faith of their forefathers damnable contumacy—and their protection of their religious instructors disobedience to the magistrate. The man who believed in Purgatory or Transubstantiation was declared incapable of inheriting or purchasing landed property, of being guardian to his own children or those of his friends, of enjoying even the lease of an estate beyond a certain time or its profits beyond a certain amount, of giving his children an education consistent with his own principles either at home or abroad. Though, therefore, there were no capital executions or *autos da fé* in Ireland on account of religious dissent, our Catholic brethren were not much better treated than the Hugonots in France or Jews and Heretics in Spain and Portugal. They never enjoyed a moment of independence, of repose or security. If they revolted against such cruel treatment and intolerable degradation, they became the victims of the sword; if they remained submissive, of the penal laws. The different denominations of persecution under which they lingered, or by which they perished, were of no more consequence than the variety of names under which the poet describes the animals slain at a Roman sacrifice.

"Victima quod dextra cecidit victrix, vocatur,
Hostibus amotis, hostia nomen habet."

"Laws were made," says Mr. Burke, "in this kingdom against papists, which are as bloody as any of those which had been enacted by popish princes and states; and where those laws were not bloody, in my opinion they were worse, as they were slow, cruel outrages on our nature, and kept men alive only to insult in their persons every one of the rights and feelings of humanity."

While this cruel system prevailed in Ireland, it may at first sight create surprise that the immense number of its banished priests and expatriated inhabitants, did not spread more generally the knowledge of their country's wrongs, while they obtained places of refuge and established seminaries of education in most of the Catholic States of Europe, and while the most enterprising spirits of the upper and middle ranks sought employment in the service of foreign princes. Before the relaxation of the penal laws, we find in the rolls of the nobility and in the military establishments of nearly every European country, monuments of our intolerant legislation and religious dissensions. In some of them, we find the throne of the sovereign surrounded with Irish fidelity, and observe expatriated Irishmen in the posts of general officers, and even field-mmarshals commanding whole regiments of Irish emigrants. Their fortitude, as faithful to their new benefactors as to their unfortunate prince and their proscribed religion, was signalized on every field. They could not, like the victims of the policy of Louis XIV. after their revocation of the law of religious liberty, or like the persecuted artisans of the Netherlands, carry abroad with them the arts of peace and the habits of industry; for the turbulent and barbarous system of government under which they had lived, did not allow these arts to be learned, or these habits to be formed. Nor did they possess any capital, or establish any manufacture, because capital could not be accumulated amid confiscations, or manufacturing skill acquired amid oppressions which made partizans of the whole people in resisting ascendancy, or suppressing the disorders which it provoked. But they carried with them their swords and their courage, their pride of ancestry, and their spirit of enterprise, together with the resolution to maintain their rights of conscience in spite of the insults and power of the dominant party.

"Victus abit, longæque ignotis exulat oris
Multa gemens ignominiam, plagasque superbi
Victoris."

It is mentioned by the Abbé Mac Geoghegan, that the number of troops which left Ireland for France on the surrender of Limerick, amounted to nineteen thousand and fifty-nine; that before the middle of last century four hundred and fifty thousand expatriated Irishmen had shed their blood for foreign princes, in

quarrels unconnected with the politics or injurious to the interests of their native country; and it is stated by the author of the *Commentary on Wolfe Tone*, that before the repeal of the penal laws in 1778, it is computed that the number had increased to more than six hundred thousand. This estimate may be an exaggeration, but without stopping to reduce it to its proper value, we may allow that the amount was great, when we find whole brigades of Irish Catholics—when we find that banishment or voluntary exile was common as a punishment or a security, and when we observe such a long roll of distinguished Irish names in the military annals of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy. At the same time that Irish soldiers were fighting the battles of foreigners, without attracting the attention of Europe to the unhappy state of their own country, Irish priests were resorting in great numbers to complete their studies in foreign seminaries. We find accordingly, that before the French Revolution, the Irish had no less than twenty-one schools or colleges in foreign Catholic countries; at Salamanca and Alcala, in Spain; at Lisbon and Avera, in Portugal; at Douay, Antwerp, Louvaine, and Tournay, in the Netherlands; at Lisle, Thoulouse, Bourdeaux, Nantes, Poitiers, and Paris, in France; at Prague, in Germany; and Rome, in Italy. At the seminary of Paris alone there were a hundred and eighty students towards the commencement of the French Revolution.*

The reason why the Irish Catholics, though thus persecuted and thus parading the evidence of their oppression before Europe, attracted so little attention till within the last fifty years, was no doubt, that most of our neighbours were as intolerant as ourselves. Those who burned their own heretics had no right to be surprised that we excluded ours from office, subjected them to penalties, or banished them for security. In the second place, the Irish, having no privilege of discussing their wrongs at home, and no organs for making their grievances known abroad, could not derive any benefit from foreign sympathy. In the third place, Ireland was considered merely as a colony of Great Britain, to be treated according to the colonial system, and consequently no more to be regarded in its feelings or opinions than our American or West India plantations. But the scene changed, when, having through our fears obtained some relaxation of the penal code, the Irish Catholics began to advance their claims to political rights—when their Protestant brethren having presented them as a physical force to obtain the advantages of free trade, they, in their turn, displaying the same array of strength, demanded the advantages

* *Historical Sketches of the Native Irish.* By Mr. Anderson.

and the blessings of free religion. Their union with the Protestants against the pretensions of Great Britain in 1778, enabled them to obtain the elective franchise in 1793.

"Claiming freedom from the sister kingdom," says a writer who drew up the petition of 1793, "Ireland presented her entire population, but when her demand had been satisfied, she refused to admit the major part to participate in the benefit. This imposition could not long continue; neither common sense nor political expedience could justify a system which at once taught the importance of privileges, partially conferred and partially withheld them. The democratic mask must soon fall from oligarchy. Instead of crouching as before, under the throne, the ruling party in Ireland came boldly forward to superintend, to investigate, to censure; the government, therefore, enjoying no longer that unbounded confidence and implicit acquiescence, which were the price of partiality, would cease exclusively to patronize a party, and rather find its account in trusting for support to general than to particular interests."*

But it was not till their power had increased by concessions of right, and till their union with Great Britain had enlarged their stage of action, that their grievances became the subject of European notice, and their strength the topic of international speculation. It henceforward became as impossible to command silence under wrong, as to secure satisfaction without redress. Under the old system the government might be cruel, but it was consistent. It knew that property was power, therefore, by penal laws it prohibited the acquisition of landed estates. It knew that knowledge was power, therefore, it enacted laws against Catholic education, both foreign and domestic. It knew, that, to abolish a religion, you must deprive it of ministers, therefore, they banished the priests. It knew that the profession of law was a necessary shield against the assaults of the ascendancy party, and, therefore, it prohibited Catholics from being counsellors or solicitors. Its object being to assert the rights of conquest, to keep up the monopoly of office, to destroy an obnoxious system by the degradation, if not by the massacre of its adherents, it acted wisely in endeavouring to perpetuate a race of helots without political rights. But, when all restrictions were removed on the acquisition of property—when no limit was fixed to the spread of education—when all restraints were withdrawn on the number of priests, or the celebration of Catholic worship—nay, when even a premium was offered for the education of Catholics, by the establishment of a college for the instruction of their priests—when Catholics were permitted to command our armies and navies, to occupy the polling booths of counties, and to ascend the bench of justice,—they had acquired

* *Political Essays relative to the Affairs of Ireland*, by Theobald Mackenna.

real substantial power, they had outgrown the antiquated limitations of bigotry, and those inequalities kept up between them and their Protestant fellow-subjects, which only irritated their feelings, without abridging their power, could no longer be maintained with impunity. Accordingly, petition for unqualified emancipation followed petition, when the arena of contest was transferred from a provincial capital to the capital of the empire; and the discussions in the British Parliament, renewed every year, apprized Europe that our parchment union had only extended the sphere of our dissensions. The great absurdity in the case now was, that the Irish Catholics, while they were forced to clank their remaining chains amid a nation of free men, were permitted to assert their right to freedom before the world; that, while they wore the brand of disqualification, they were permitted to prove their right to an equality of civil privileges; that, up to every point of the dangerous exercise of power, they enjoyed admission to office, and that the exclusions to which they were subjected, while they provoked resistance, afforded no security.

For the thirty years which intervened between 1793 and 1823, ineffectual petitions for relief were presented only from separate meetings, but in the latter year a permanent association was formed for the purpose of petitioning, which rendered emancipation an inevitable necessity. This association, the offspring and redresser of national wrongs, appeared like a new power in Europe, taking the administration of the country out of the hands of the general government, having its parliament, its exchequer, its treasurers, its committees, its correspondents, foreign and domestic, its legal advisers, its local agents, its police, its gazettes, and all the attributes of sovereignty—wielding an influence which scarcely any government ever possessed—issuing its mandates with the certainty of passive obedience—animating with one sentiment, and directing to one object the hearts of millions of men—levying taxes from the poor and the rich, (and thus interesting them all even by pecuniary ties in its proceedings) employing the hierarchy and the priesthood to execute its behests—disposing of the altar and the confessional to promote its ends—and creating an organization of the people, which gave it almost an omnipresence in the country, agitating and allaying the waves of popular feeling at its pleasure.

Et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere vento.

The proceedings of this body have been watched, and its speeches read a great deal more than the proceedings and speeches of the extinct Irish Parliament, creating universally an intense interest, and exciting a ready sympathy. The journals and annual histories of France have recorded them as regularly as the

acts and debates of the British Parliament, and we may refer to the *Annuaire Historique* for a regular summary of the history of Catholic agitation for the last seven or eight years. In 1824, a series of articles appeared in an ultra French journal, (supported and encouraged probably by an application of the Catholic rent) intended to make the cause more generally known to the religious party in that country. Even in French diplomacy, significant allusions have been made to the state of the Irish Catholics, as thus displayed; for we have reason to know, that, during the preparation of the Treaty of London, in 1827, a certain ambassador objected to any reference being made to the Greeks, as deserving of protection from religious persecution, "because," said he "such a consideration might warrant our interference in the affairs of Ireland." From different motives, and on different views, the French people were unanimous in their expressions of their hostility to our treatment of our Catholic fellow-subjects; one party, because the claims of the Association were favorable to their views of liberty, and another, because they were favorable to their feelings of religion. The *Abbé de la Mennais* was united on this subject with M. Benj. Constant, the *Quotidienne* with the *Constitutionnel*, and apostolical juntas with liberal clubs.

The extraordinary religious excitement which prevailed in 1826, and which animated the scenes of the general election, brought over from France the Duc de Montebello and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who communicated through the medium of the journals, and by a pamphlet which has since been extensively read, striking descriptions of the state of Ireland, and the fury of its religious discords.

But perhaps the most remarkable and most alarming instance of sympathy with the wrongs of the Irish people, as displayed by the Association, was to be found in the United States of America. Every movement of the Catholic body was there vigilantly observed, and zealously seconded. A journal, called the *Truth-Teller*, seems to have been established at New York, for the sole purpose of pleading their cause, proclaiming their wrongs, and extending their connections. Societies last summer and autumn were formed, and contributions levied in almost every great town of the Union, to express sympathy in the sufferings, and to encourage resistance to the oppressors of Ireland. A Catholic Association sat as regularly at New York as in Dublin, and directed its proceedings on the model of the parent institution. The resolutions adopted, and the speeches delivered in this society, resounded from one end of the Union to the other. It corresponded with the secretaries and aided the treasury of the Dublin Catholic government. Its example was followed by

"the friends of civil and religious liberty" in other parts of the Union. On the 22d of September, an important meeting was held at Charlestown, in Carolina, of persons under that denomination. Its president was the intendant of the city. The committee appointed to draw up the address to the Catholics of Ireland, and resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting in relation to their grievances, was composed of fifteen of the chief men of the state, members of the legislature, judges, and general officers. Having no room to insert their warm address or their warmer speeches, we shall only quote, as a specimen of their proceedings, the two first resolutions which it adopted:—

" I. Resolved, that though we have hitherto been silent, we have not been uninterested spectators of the scene which Ireland exhibits—a brave and meritorious people engaged in a constitutional but as yet unsuccessful struggle, to obtain from the British government the common right of every human being, to worship God in a peaceful manner according to the dictates of his conscience, without enduring the infliction of penalty, the deprivation of right for the use of such liberty.

" II. Resolved, that our sympathy for the Irish Roman Catholics is chiefly excited by their adherence to the great principles to which we ourselves are so fondly attached, and whose practical benefits we so happily feel, that principle which gives no political ascendancy to any man because of his religious profession, and imposes no civil degradation on any man because of his following the dictates of his conscience."

On the 27th September, a meeting for the same objects, and attended by a body of citizens equally respectable, took place at Washington. On the 24th September, we find a similar association formed at Savannah. Even villages in different districts of the Union followed the example. A Hibernian relief society was formed at Boston, which sent repeated remittances of money and addresses of congratulation to Ireland. We find similar clubs and meetings in Virginia, in Kentucky, and in various other states. The Association of Kentucky was formed at the latter end of October, and was composed of the chief persons of the state. Its address begins in the following words, showing at once their zeal for the promotion of Irish relief, and their exaggerated idea of Irish oppression. "Greece and South America have had their advocates among us; should Ireland be less favoured? ought her sons, who so freely shed their blood in our revolutionary struggle, to find no sympathy in the breast of Americans?" We find even addresses and contributions from the ladies of Baltimore, Maryland, and other places. One of these addresses thus begins:—"Daughters of all the nations of the earth residing in these happy states, on you we call—on you who, blest with the advantages of wealth and education, can so

well contribute to relieve the wants of others." The same spirit spread into Canada, and would no doubt have extended to South America, had the people in that quarter been able to attend to any distractions but their own. We have before us a French petition to the British Parliament from the Catholics of Quebec in favour of their fellow subjects and co-religionists in Ireland, as strongly expressed as any of the addresses from the United States. Nothing was more calculated to awaken reflection in the mind of statesmen of this country than such proceedings in America, whose naval power, in the event of an European war, concurring with an Irish insurrection, would have rendered it so formidable to the independence and integrity of this empire; and accordingly, we have heard on the best authority, that the following passage in an address to O'Connell from the president of the Irish Catholic Association at New York, was not without its effect lately in a high quarter.

"Circumstances auspicious to your cause are multiplying in every portion of the globe,—happy combinations of events are daily arising to aid your hopes. Look afar to the east and to the west, and immediately around you, and feel confident of success. Let the hopes of your nation revive.

"Amidst the gloom that has so long lowered over Ireland, perhaps it may be no inconsiderable consolation to you and your countrymen, to know that millions of honest and intrepid freemen in this republic regard your condition and your struggles with the highest degree of interest. Public opinion in America is deep, and strong, and universal in your favour. This predilection prevails over the broad bosom of our extensive continent. Associations similar to ours are every where starting into existence,—in our largest and wealthiest cities,—in our hamlets and villages,—in our most remote sections; and at this moment the propriety of convening at Washington delegates of the '*Friends of Ireland of all the States*, is under serious deliberation. A fund will ere long be derived from American patriotism in the United States, which will astonish your haughtiest opponents."

While in constitutional France there are no distinctions of civil privilege on account of religious faith—while in despotic Austria the Emperor is equally the patron, and can employ equally the services of his Protestant and Catholic subjects—while in the whole of Germany, the act of the Congress of Vienna establishes as a confederate right that equality of civil privileges which was enjoyed generally before in the different states in the Confederation—while in all the other states of Europe which have attained any degree of civilization, civil disabilities on account of religion have disappeared—and while over the whole northern continent of America such a feeling prevails as we have above described, we surely need not draw the inference how much our character for

liberality must have gained by the recent great act of the legislature.

II. We have alluded to the influence which the dissatisfaction of the Catholics must have had on the idea of our national strength among foreigners. The evidence of this influence is not likely to be disputed. Had we asked any man acquainted with the state of Ireland a few months ago, if this empire could with safety enter into a new war, without altering its disqualifying laws, (even though that war were necessary for the protection of our interests, or the vindication of our honour,) he would have significantly pointed to the condition of affairs on the other side of the Irish channel as a sufficient answer in the negative. If we were to consult the governments of the Holy Alliance, or their representatives in London at the present moment, they would readily admit how much they consider the case altered. To the opinion of such a tribunal on any affair of domestic policy, we should be apt to pay little attention, but in this case their opinion is every thing; because a belief of our political power is itself power. This change in the estimate of our situation can excite no surprize in persons who are acquainted with the amount of force which Ireland has required for the preservation of its tranquillity, and the inadequate contribution which it has hitherto yielded to the united treasury for its protection. Calculations have even been made and stated in parliament of the amount of military force requisite to repress commotion and to repel invasion in the different states of peace or war. The British troops, which at present garrison Ireland, constitute more than a third part of our whole army; and it was stated by the Marquis of Anglesea, that in case of a war, seventy thousand men would scarcely be an adequate force. In passing through Ireland, paralysed as it has been under the influence of a faction, nothing strikes the traveller so much as the number of its military stations. Barracks are met with on all the high roads, often at short intervals. Troops are seen marching in all directions, and you would appear to be in a country which has been newly conquered, which still reluctantly submits to the yoke, and which is ready at every favourable opportunity to rise upon its oppressors, and re-assert its independence. We have fewer troops to maintain our authority over sixty millions of men in the East Indies than we had in Ireland to maintain our peace under the Orange Ascendancy. It is singular, at the distance of nearly 250 years, to find that the policy recommended by the poet Spenser should have been continued to the present day. As if the extirpation of the native Irish, or perpetual hostility between them and their English masters, were the only alternatives of government: that author calculates the expenditure which would be required, in either case,

for the assertion of our authority.* While now the population of Ireland amounts to a third of that of Great Britain, the taxes which it pays do not exceed a twelfth. It is evident, therefore, that instead of being a source of strength, or an addition to our security, the sister island, managed on the late system, must waste our resources in peace and expose us to hazards during war. No doubt can be entertained, that even with all their physical means, with their numbers and their enthusiasm arrayed and organized under the Association, no insurrection, no attempt at a breach of the Union could lately have succeeded; but had the same state of excitement continued, it must have been necessary to resort to violence, and to incur all the horrors of a civil contest. With such dangers staring us in the face, and such a deduction from our pecuniary resources and military force, our influence and power in Europe must have gradually diminished during every year of exclusion.

III. The estimate of Catholic discontents upon our security in case of a war is from experience more easily made. For a long time we were scarcely sensible of the existence of the sister island but as a colony to be oppressed, or a conquest to be plundered, except on the occurrence of a threatened invasion. When either of the great nations of France or Spain—engaged in hostilities with this country—was looking out, like the great hero of the *Iliad*, for a chasm in our defensive armour, through which they might reach our vitals, they directed their view to Ireland, calculating upon its ready rebellion, from their knowledge of its numerous wrongs. If the Pretender then stirred, or any Catholic power threatened, increased vexations and additional violence were resorted to, to break the spirit of the unhappy Catholics. On a threat of invasion by the French in 1743, an Orange privy councillor had the atrocity to propose, “that, as the Papists had begun to massacre the Protestants a hundred years before, the Protestants should begin the massacre of the Papists now.” So poverty-stricken, so dispirited, and so paralyzed was the Catholic population of that time, and for a considerable period before and after, that they could offer few temptations, and give little assistance to any invader. But the state of things altered about the time of the American war; and the exhibition which Ireland then made, showed that her discontents could not be despised with impunity. The folly and the danger were then manifested of provoking a whole people, either by attempts to depress its trade, or to outrage

* Spenser presents a plan, and makes an estimate, by which 12,000 infantry and 1000 cavalry would check or extirpate the Irish in a few years. The following is his estimate of the expense and his anticipation of success:—

“The certainty of the effect hereof shall be so infallible as that no reason can gain-

its consequences. Mr. Burke, in describing the result of the struggle which then took place, when the question was merely one of commerce, and before the Catholics had either felt their strength, or been excited to enthusiasm by a sense of their wrongs, seems almost to paint the national perils which surrounded us before the passing of the late act.

“What was the consequence of the rejection of the bill? The whole kingdom of Ireland was instantly in a flame. Threatened by foreigners, and; as they thought, insulted by England, they resolved at once to resist the power of France, and to cast off yours. As for us, we were neither able to protect or to restrain them. Forty thousand men were raised and disciplined without commission from the crown. Two illegal armies were seen with banners displayed at the same time and in the same country. No executive magistrate—no judicature in Ireland would acknowledge the legality of the army which bore the king’s commission; and no law, or appearance of law, authorised the army commissioned by itself. In this unexampled state of things, which the least error—the least trespass on the right or the left—would have hurried down the precipice into an abyss of blood and confusion, the people of Ireland demand a freedom of trade (say religion) with arms in their hands. They interdict all commerce between the two nations. They deny all supply in the House of Commons, although in time of war: the British parliament, in a former session, frightened into a limited concession by the menaces of Ireland, frightened out of it by the menaces of England, were now frightened back again, and made an universal surrender of all that had been thought the peculiar, reserved, uncommunicable rights of England—the exclusive commerce of America, of Africa, of the West Indies—all the enumerations of the acts of navigation—all the manufactures—iron, glass—even the last pledge of jealousy and pride, the interest hid in the secret of our hearts, the inveterate prejudice moulded into the constitution of our frame, even the sacred fleece itself—all went together. No reserve—no exception—no debate—no discussion. A sudden light broke in upon us. It broke in, not through well-contrived and well-disposed windows, but through flaws and breaches—through the yawning chasms of our ruin.”*

say it; neither shall the charge of all this army (the which I demand,) be much greater, than so much as in these last two years’ wars hath vainly been expended. For I dare undertake, that it hath cost the queen above 200,000*l.* already; and for the present charge which she is at there, amounteth to very near 12,000*l.* a month, whereof cast you the account; yet nothing is done. The which sum, had it been employed as it should be, would have effected all this which now I go about. But for the going through of so honourable a course, I doubt not but if the queen’s coffers be not so well stored, (which we are not to look into,) but that the whole realm, which now, as things are used, do feel a continual burden of that wretched realm hanging upon their backs, would, for a small riddance of all that trouble, be once troubled for all; and put to all their shoulders, and helping hand, and hearts also, to the defraying of that charge most gladly and willingly; and surely the charge, in effect, is nothing to the infinite great good which should come thereby, both to the queen and all this realm, generally, as, when time serveth, shall be showed.”

* Speech at Bristol.

The same eloquent statesman thus speaks of the Irish Catholics in 1780, when their numbers were computed below two millions.

"But it is possible you may not know that the people of the Catholic persuasion in Ireland amount at least to 1,600,000 or 1,700,000 souls. I do not exaggerate the number. A nation to be persecuted! Whilst we were masters of the sea, embodied with America and in alliance with half the powers of the continent, we might perhaps in that remote corner of Europe, afford to tyrannize with impunity. But there is a revolution in our affairs, which makes it prudent to be just. Your late awkward contest with Ireland about trade, had religion been thrown in to ferment and embitter the mass of discontents, the consequences might have been truly dreadful."^{*}

The excitement created, and the strength displayed in 1792, under the first Catholic association, to procure the elective franchise, show the immense progress which had been made by the Catholic body in the course of a few years, and the additional danger of crossing their path in their march to entire emancipation. The following passage, from an address to the Irish committee, in 1793, which may not be known to many of our readers, proves that the last two or three years have not been the only occasion in which the government of Ireland was at the mercy of a self-constituted society.

"Break up this separate jurisdiction. It injures the service of your king and the credit of your country. To yield to these considerations would be practical loyalty, practical patriotism, of which a single act is more valuable than volumes of that lumber of speculative declarations. I grant that we intend innocently, that is good to satisfy our consciences. But when it shall be known abroad, that in Ireland there are *two governments, the one of the Protestant state, the other of the Catholic committee, rivals somewhat hostile to each other*, strangers will not think so lightly or innocently of it. The enemy will hold out to his partizans this emblem of disunion and disaffection. He will represent us confederating into a distinct republic, that we are courted and yield not."[†]

Without entering into the idle and fruitless dispute about the exact numbers of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, without stopping to inquire whether they amount to five, six, or seven millions; without trying to ascertain the exact proportion to a soul, or the fraction of a soul, which they bear to the Protestants, all must allow that they are formidably numerous; and that their physical force, combined with their enthusiasm and organization, must be alarming if directed to hostile purposes. Their property, their talents, their discipline, would, in case of their disposition to join an invader, render them extremely dangerous. Arms would soon be procured, military tactics would soon be acquired, and even

^{*} Speech at Bristol.

[†] Mackenna's Political Essays on Ireland.

although they did not succeed in gaining the ascendancy over their Protestant countrymen assisted by English troops, they might involve the empire in blood and confusion. As an evidence of the dangers to which we might thus be exposed, we can only refer to the *Memoirs of Wolfe Tone*, and beg the reader to reflect how much Ireland has increased in strength, and the Catholics in combination and union, since that time. Suppose that during last summer or autumn we had been threatened with invasion, as on the two former occasions, on which the laws against the Catholics were relaxed from the influence of alarm, is there any man so hardy as to imagine that their demands could have been resisted with impunity for a single month? One of the great evils of the late situation of things, was to excite the hope, and to familiarize the mind to the idea of a dismemberment of the empire, and the pseudonymous author of the "*Commentary on Wolfe Tone's Memoirs*" has been labouring hard to convince our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, that at the first opportunity his anti-patriotic project might be realized. After abusing the character, and insulting the feelings of the distinguished portion of the English community, the commentator endeavours to establish the proposition, that Ireland can best subsist as an independent state, that it has sufficient means of defence in its coasts and fortresses, a sufficient garrison in its brave population, together with an extent of territory and sources of wealth, which would render it the formidable rival instead of being the oppressed vassal of Great Britain. These mischievous speculations, (the authorship of which has, we know not how truly, been fathered upon an ex-judicial Irish personage,) we hope, are happily set at rest, by a measure which becomes at once the parent of immediate peace, and the pledge of future security; which must go farther to unite the empire than the Treaty of Union itself; and which—by opening to the stirring and ambitious spirits who profess the religion of the majority, and who now enjoy civil privileges equal to those of their Protestant brethren, a more glorious career than they could look for under a separate jurisdiction, or in a foreign connection—will bring an immense accession of zeal, talents, and enterprise, for the prosperity or aggrandisement of our common country.

The time and the manner in which this great measure has been carried into effect, evince the courage and wisdom of its author. When a great part of Europe was looking for an explosion of rebellion,* or the imposition of additional restraints on civil

* In the *Revue Française*, No. VI., for November last, we find an article on the penal laws of Ireland, which had, the writer says, been delayed for some time, in expectation of the insurrection which he had no doubt was to take place.

liberty, the noble duke at the head of the government was converting his dissentient colleagues, and satisfying his Royal Master that the time was at last arrived for passing that act which will render his reign for ever memorable.

Into the arguments employed against emancipation by its opponents *in* Parliament, and its more intemperate and factious foes *without*, we have neither space nor inclination to enter. Amid an overwhelming mass of irrelevant learning and inconclusive reasoning—of personal reproaches and angry invective—of misapplied historical facts and misconstrued constitutional or legal enactments—of declamatory denunciations of mischief and exaggerated representations of danger—of useless disputes about oaths and tests, and theological doctrines, and church rituals, and ecclesiastical discipline—in short, amid the chaos of refuted assertions and detected sophistry with which the question was overlaid—we could scarcely find any intelligible or practical ground of opposition. The Anti-Catholic advocates seemed always to forget the main point, namely, that we have now no choice whether or not we shall have Catholics, and whether these Catholics shall have political power—but whether, having nearly a nation of Catholics to whom we have already granted such an extent of political power as renders them dangerous in the character of enemies, we shall fight them for the remainder, the concession of which would convert them into friends? The Catholics, like the poor, to use a Scripture phrase, “we have always with us;” and even were their creed as horrible, and their worship as idolatrous, as some of the expounders of the Apocalypse would make them, the friends of emancipation are not answerable for their errors and delusions. If we could convert them by indefinite exclusion, or if they could convert or overpower us by immediate admission, we would still cling to the tattered banners of intolerance, with as convulsive a grasp as any Orange clubman or Brunswick associator. The price of conversion might be high, as it might be a sacrifice of the peace of the empire; but a rational Protestant might be willing to pay it. But of the result of either alternative, by such means, there can be no hope as regards the Catholics, and need be no alarm as regards ourselves. The whole history of Ireland proves, that penal laws and disabling statutes have had no tendency to produce conversion. From the Reformation downwards, the Catholics have multiplied their numbers, and extended their power under persecution. Their religion grew under the sword of Elizabeth, under the confiscations of James, under the tyranny and exactions of Strafford, under the massacres and spoliations of Cromwell, under the victories of William, and the more formidable legislation of Anne. It grew

under laws "to prevent the growth of Popery," whose fertilising penalties and fostering barbarities seem to have been perversely employed to fix its roots deeper in the ground, while they extended its branches over the whole island. Is there any chance now that the experiment of exclusion could succeed, when that of penalties has failed? But two points have been pressed against the measure, to which a little notice is due, namely, the connection of the Catholics with a foreign head of their church, a circumstance which distinguishes them from other sectarians, and is said to be pregnant with disorder—and the ultimate danger to the Irish Protestant establishment, from that continued pertinacity of demand which has hitherto rather been invigorated than weakened by repeated acts of concession.

To the first it may be answered, that the act of emancipation takes away some privileges from churchmen of the Roman See, but certainly grants no new power and yields to no ancient pretension; they are still treated as dissenters as much as before;—how then can the Pope be suspected of activity now, if he was inactive before?—or what additional facilities have been given him for the accomplishment of any sinister purpose, by attaching the laity—through whom alone he could operate effectually—to the constitution? But we still gravely hear it objected, that he can free subjects from their allegiance. This pretension, if not renounced by the Holy See itself, is renounced by all the authoritative expounders of its principles and by the clergy of every hierarchy in Europe. If, however, he can do so after the passing of this act, he could have done it, and would have had much better ground for doing it, if the act had not passed. If it be said, that emancipation has given the Catholic laity—whom he must make his instruments—more power of mischief, by raising them into the class of citizens enjoying all the privileges of the constitution—will it not, exactly in the same proportion, diminish their disaffection to our establishments, and remove them from the influence of the priesthood? Indeed we now look upon the political compact between the priests and the higher classes of Irish Catholics—which was formed under the pressure of a common degradation—to be effectually dissolved, and the former as condemned to their pristine insignificance or restored to their unobtrusive usefulness. But as a fact—when has the Holy See last exercised its dispensing power, of which we hear so much?—and what has been the success of its fulminations? In looking at its history for the last two centuries, we find only five instances in which the pope, as head of the church, attempted to interfere between the state and the obedience of its subjects;—and these attempts were all signal failures. Paul V., in 1606,

fulminated an interdict against the Venetian republic—which that republic despised. Innocent X., in 1648, condemned the treaty of Westphalia—and his anathema only excited a smile of ridicule among the high contracting parties who then secured the religious tranquillity of Germany. In 1715, we find Clement XI. attempting to dictate to Victor Amadeus the suppression of a tribunal in Sicily, without effect. Clement XIII. towards the middle of last century, made the last attempt at changing the transmission of civil power, and declared that the Duke of Parma had ceased to reign—but the terrible excommunication was laughed at, and the Pope himself was the only sufferer, by an invasion of his dominions to punish his insolent pretensions. We need scarcely add how futile was the thunder of the Vatican when launched against Napoleon by his prisoner Pius VII. Unless, therefore, we are to oppose musty chronology to modern experience—unless we are to infer that George IV. and the House of Brunswick are insecure from an instrument which has been powerless for the last two centuries, because in the dark ages, when all Europe was Catholic and all Catholics were slaves of the clergy, it was omnipotent—unless a precedent is the better for having become obsolete, and an example, like the “venerable verdure” of an old coin, is to be considered more valuable by long disuse—we cannot, however loyal, yield to the alarms of the Anti-Catholics on the subject of divided allegiance.

But we have been assured that the Catholics, independently of their assistance from the Pope, having now obtained equality of civil privileges, will never cease till they secure an ecclesiastical ascendancy; and an appeal is made to recent experience for a confirmation of the assertion. Such an objection might have some force, if it could be proved, that by conceding a just demand, we must necessarily yield to every pretension—if we were bound to follow literally the injunction of Scripture, “When a man asks your coat, give him your cloak also.” But in state politics we are not aware of such a law; and we should think ourselves more able to resist an unjust demand, that we have previously yielded all the claims of right. In petitioning for civil equality the Catholic laity were joined, not only by their own clergy, but by the great body of liberal Protestants. In demanding church supremacy the priests would be deserted by a great portion of their own communion, and resisted by the whole Protestant interest. It may be galling for the majority of the Irish nation to see a great church establishment maintained for a small minority, and ultimately some provision may be proposed for the Catholic clergy; but as none but the priesthood would be benefited by any change, and as by the Tithe Composition Act the expenses of the establishment will become

principally a rent-charge on landed property, (which is chiefly in the hands of the Protestants,) we anticipate no popular excitement from this anomaly, which stops no man's professional advancement, and invades no man's civil right.

The argument, therefore, drawn in favour of future encroachment from the effect of past concession, becomes now powerless. The Catholic laity have obtained, not a partial relief from disqualification, as formerly, but the full amount of their rights—they are equal before the law—they are as free as their friends in North America, who three months ago indicted such sympathetic addresses on their oppression—they have not a link of their former chains to clink in our ears, or to throw in our faces. That with this state of things they are, and must be satisfied, we have no doubt; that short of this they never could have been satisfied, the following passage of an address made to the Catholic Association in 1793, after the grant of the elective franchise, (from the work we have already once or twice referred to,) will sufficiently show. It evinces, we think, no common sagacity, considering the period when it was published.

"You have now received the privileges of middle property, because, generally speaking, that is the rank you hold in the country; your peculiar situation pointed out to you this exact measure of your wants, and to the state the propriety of this exact concession. When the Catholics at the bar display that degree of talent which calls for superior situations, these will be given up to them, because if a man cannot be King's Counsel, he will be counsel against the King, for the people. And when there arise many Catholics of great possessions, they will be received into both houses of parliament, for the crown will choose to associate them to itself, by opening the paths of honour and privilege, rather than suffer a sour sense of privation to ferment in their minds. Every man knows and feels the debt which society owes to him; in the article of personal consideration we exact rigorously. If the decorations usually annexed to opulence do not follow the reality of it, the injured party will seek some other mode of vindicating his condition. When a numerous class of great landed proprietors shall be formed among us, they will receive the dignities that belong to the superior order, as the Catholics of the present day receive the privileges which appertain to mediocrity, in order to prevent a disposition to emigrate, or lest unconstitutional principles may take root among them. This will be the state reason of a future, as it is of the present day. The entire web will unravel of itself; for wealth will ever find its own level in importance."

The act itself, from which we anticipate such beneficial results, is beautiful for its completeness and simplicity. It is to be wrought by no complex and cumbrous machinery—it is grounded on no concordats, and creates no *veto*—it erects no ecclesiastical establishment, and interferes with no spiritual correspondence—

it makes no reservation of office, except in a few cases resting on special grounds (of which all Catholics admit the propriety*)—it introduces no limitation of the number of Catholic senators, and dictates no restriction on the performance of their duties; in short, it removes all disabilities and penalties on account of religious belief, and, placing the Catholics on a footing of dissent as to religious establishment, enables them to run the career of office, and to enjoy the privileges of citizens, on a line of perfect equality with their Protestant fellow-subjects.

The only departure from the general simplicity of the measure consists in the regulations for registering monks, for altering the nominal designations of bishops, and for gradually extinguishing the order of the Jesuits, by preventing their arrival from abroad, and restraining their domestic noviciate. If we could have wished any part of the act expunged, it would have been the clauses relating to the Jesuits—not because we approve of their institution, but, because, being convinced that they can do no harm, their suppression appears to manifest suspicion, and to detract (in however small a degree) from that general acquiescence with which the other provisions of the act were received. As far as the religious vows of the order are concerned, we have no more to do with a Jesuit than with a Jumper. They might be dangerous in a state of papal despotism, or popular ignorance, as some plants get noxious in a confined atmosphere, but they could do little mischief in this age or nation, even by the exercise of their former arts and intrigues. The Jesuits are no longer that proud and domineering sect which gave confessors to princes—who ruled the conscience of kings—who engrossed the higher branches of catholic education—whose establishments extended over the world, from Paraguay to China—whose valets were sometimes the protectors of bishops—whose arrogance led one of them to send a man to the Bastille for calling him a monk—who were the soul of every traitorous plot, and the assertors of every papal encroachment—without whose passport in France it was not fashionable to die—and for whose overthrow kings, emperors, and statesmen were, at last, obliged to combine. In this country we find them only engaged, like other ecclesiastics, in the business of secular and religious instruction, and there need be no apprehension that their institution will be carried farther. The noble author of the measure gave as a reason for the suppression of the order in this country, that the Jesuits, being expelled from some of the states on the continent, might annoy us by flocking in numbers to our shores. In expressing this fear he forgot the

* See Mr. Butler's History of the British Catholic Church.

circumstances connected with the subject. The Jesuits are suppressed in France as an association engrossing public education, but no French Jesuit has been expelled as an individual. They may remain at home, and teach or preach, though they cannot teach without a declaration that they have renounced the society. By suppressing the manufactory of novices the order ceases. The Jesuits are not like Gypsies or Jews, who can propagate their kind, who replenish the earth by natural increase; who can send forth the infant Jesuits, capable of springing up into noxious power, to swarm in our alleys or under our hedge-rows; they are an association of men undistinguished from the rest of their countrymen but by certain vows, and usually employed in the duties of teaching, from which they derive their means of subsistence. They may at any time be secularised by the Pope, and continue their labours in their individual capacity; and to this there can be little objection.

This insignificant drawback on the great act which has given religious peace to the empire, has not restrained even the Catholic clergy from expressing their warmest effusions of gratitude for its beneficent provisions. In these effusions they have been joined by their own flocks, and by all the great classes and enlightened bodies of the nation. And though this article has already passed our prescribed limits and original intentions, we cannot refrain from echoing their voice of praise, and again expressing our grateful acknowledgments to the illustrious author of the bill, who has done what no other man could do, thrown his military renown into the shade by his civil courage, and eclipsed by his peaceful services his most brilliant victories. In applying to this great man the eloquent address of the great orator of antiquity to a conqueror and a statesman like himself, we only anticipate the judgment of posterity:—"Nullius tantum est flumen ingenii, nulla dicendi aut scribendi tanta vis, tanta copia, quæ, non dicam exornare, sed enarrare res tuas gestas possit; tam hoc affirmo et hoc pace dicam tua, nullam in his esse laudem ampliorem quam eam quam hodierno die assecutus es. In armis, militum virtus, locorum opportunitas, auxilia sociorum, classes, commeatus, multum juvant, at hujus gloriæ socium habes neminem—totum hoc quantumque est quod certe maximum est—totum est, inquam, tuum."

CRITICAL SKETCHES.

ART. X.—*Histoire Abrégée de la Littérature Anglaise, depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours.* Par Charles Coquerel. Paris. 1828. 18mo.

THIS is a history of English *poetry*—it is ridiculous to call it a history of English *literature*; there is not a single author mentioned in it who has not written in some sort of metre or other. M. Coquerel, in order to vindicate his appropriation of a title far too extensive, has endeavoured to narrow his definition of literature in such a manner that it may include nothing but poetry. It is so absurd to maintain that literature and poetry are identical, or at least confined by the same boundaries, that we can with difficulty give him credit for ingenuousness. We fear he has been influenced by a passion for a grand title-page.

We dispute, first, that the volume is a history of English literature: if it were a history, it would be one of English poetry: but in fact it is no history at all. It is a catalogue of our poets, with some general criticisms upon their style, upon the quality of their talents, upon some of the more salient points of their genius: this is the description of a *catalogue raisonnée*, not of a history. In this light it may be viewed favourably; the jackdaw, when stripped of its peacock's feathers, was a very good jackdaw; it was only its pretensions that made it ridiculous. The critical observations are neither profound nor brilliant, but they are sensible, and when set off by a few extracts, images, and illustrations, the *mélange* is not otherwise than agreeable. It may be useful to persons who would wish to take a general survey of the treasures of English literature; it is something like the map of a country to a traveller; it may guide a student. We have not any work so complete in its plan, and on that account, a translation would not be an unacceptable present to the English reader; but it must be a translation of a very different kind from those ordinarily published; and, after all, it would be much better if some capable person would produce an original work on the subject. On the model of Blair, Dr. Gregory wrote a book on the *Belles Lettres*, as they used to be affectedly called in our literature, which comes the nearest to this abridgement of any we remember to have seen in our own tongue; but neither that nor some other attempts are at all worthy of the subject, or the reputation of our critics. The history of English poetry, by Warton, is entirely of another kind, and of a far superior order to these trifling lists of names and poems; that, however, is very far from being either a philosophical or a profound work, although it contains all the materials for the philo-

sopher and the historian. The history of the poetry of any country which has a national poetry, is not a list of its poems, nor yet an appreciation of their general comparative merits: a history of poetry ought to convey a full and complete idea of its course and volume, and might do so without the assistance of a single illustration; though, certainly, not necessarily to the exclusion of illustrations. The spirit and character of a period of poetry is conveyed by a philosophical critic by other means than the mere enumeration of names. Poetry is marked by the tone of its feeling, by the materials of its imagery, by the morality it inculcates, by its reflection of the changing manners of the time, and by other indications beside those peculiar impressions communicated by the genius of the poet. To listen to M. Coquerel, it might be supposed that there was no difference between French and English poetry; his expressions would suit one national vein of song as well as another; there is nothing to tell it by: none of the marks of ownership which nature brands on all her productions. Had Madame de Staël written her *L'Allemagne* in the manner of literary historians in general, her work would have suited any other country, with a few changes of names and dates. But she searched for the spirit which animated the body, caught it, and transferred it. If we were to describe a man by enumerating his limbs, we should communicate little respecting those qualities which distinguish him from other men.

The plan on which literary history is usually written is this: a list of the principal poets is made out; a few of the leading topics of their biography are sketched; their chief poems mentioned by name; a general remark or two are hazarded on the bearing of their works, and an illustration is introduced, partly for use and partly for ornament. M. Coquerel's is an olio of this kind; it is a pleasant pastime to read, but, as he says of the poetry of Byron, to what does it lead?—Never mind, it is a pleasant pastime followed by no evil, and in this life, made up as it is of pastimes, most part of which are mischievous, this is praise. We do not observe any originality in our author; he echoes opinions with which we are familiar; and since he *generally* coincides with our opinions as to the merits of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, we give him credit for good sense. The author professes great intimacy with our literature, and we believe him; his tastes are English; we should suspect him of being born between the countries; indeed, he claims relationship with Helen Maria Williams, whether by blood or not we cannot say. All the representations of our poetry hitherto made to our neighbours have been French representations; this is a thorough English view of the subject; there are no prejudices, no misconceptions, and none of that nationality which necessarily distinguishes the sentiments of a person brought up under peculiar influences. M. Coquerel is a Frenchman in language, but an Englishman in thought. If we discuss any opinion with him it is as with a fellow countryman. It is as he approaches his contemporaries that he appears most under the influence of some opinions which lead him astray. In estimating the merits of modern poets, he applies tests to which he never dreamed of submitting the earlier writers or rather any other poets than those of

the present century. M. Coquerel thus writes of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott.

"If we analyse with care the general character of the productions of the two writers who figure in the first rank of modern English literature, we shall discover that they are founded on a system of scepticism and systematic doubt, which must be attributed to the influence of the French Revolution. In England, as in France, the most conspicuous feature in the writers of the day, is a resolution to seek out some theory or other on which they may rest. Now this theory is not yet discovered. The mind of Europe is tending towards an unknown region, which some paint as filled with perfumes of Arabia, and others as a huge chaotic abyss. This general truth may be proved by the novels of Scott and the poetry of Byron. The former works, the glory of modern Scotland, present the same character as those of Byron, with more genius and less depth. Yet, in all these romances, whose names are so well known that it is superfluous to point them out, is there any settled system, any established theory, any mass of ideas which prevail over all the rest? None; the different passions of which the human soul is capable are there depicted with fidelity and spirit, but without any fixed principle in either politics or philosophy. I once thought that the author of *Waverley* intended to paint the enthusiasm of the Puritans under the influence of an earnest conviction; but he soon lost himself in the labyrinths of courts; he proceeded from Kenilworth Castle to the palace of James, and thence to the court of Charles II. Even in that prose epic, *Ivanhoe*, there is no earnest conviction; scarcely does the Jew excite our sympathy, before he is made ridiculous. Walter Scott leads us through an amusing gallery of pictures, but what positive and applicable lesson remains from these sixty volumes of romance? is there any thing in them from which posterity may profit?"

The mathematician said that *Paradise Lost* was a pretty poem, but it proved nothing; an obliquity of mental vision for which he has always been deservedly laughed at. Should we say that Newton's *Principia* and Locke's *Essay* are invaluable philosophical treatises, but when do they make us laugh? we should not be more absurd than M. Coquerel. The profit which these sixty volumes of romance may confer upon posterity is the same that has been conferred upon posterity's predecessors—ourselves: pleasure, gratification of a very superior order, and, in its nature, general and diffusive. They neither teach politics nor philosophy, unless it be philosophy to "paint all the passions of the human soul with fidelity and spirit;" unless it be politics to understand the nature and genius of man. M. Coquerel is loud in his praises of Young and Thomson; but he never asks what philosophy or politics are to be learnt from the *Seasons* or the *Night Thoughts*.

He falls, however, into a deeper error when he confounds the genius of Scott and Byron together, as established on the same sandy foundation of scepticism and systematic doubt. It may be said of the writings of Byron, that they are the productions of a man who had no settled opinions either in morals or politics, who had formed no *code of duty*, who was consequently at sea; every breeze of plausible opinion turned him; the force of habit might sometimes fix, or prejudices, or antipathies, or old preferences, might often guide him, but he had no settled course. The veering and shifting of so powerful a mind is a sight to behold, not without its delight, but it is dangerous to smaller

craft in many ways, and it is not prosperous for its own sake. The *code of duty* of which we speak is seldom made by a man for himself; domestic education, early example, and above all, the power of religion, succeed in putting it into the hands of most men who are to pursue the objects of life steadily and respectably; but other men are by accidents unfitted to adopt the regulations of this code, and many are better calculated to detect its inadequacy or its shallowness, than to improve its precepts or to practise them. Of this last class was Byron; he may be said to have proved that even an indifferent *code of duty* was better than the suggestions of a man's own heart. There are, indeed, men of powerful minds who, after unravelling and rejecting the vulgar and venerated *code of human duties*, set themselves to form another; they succeed in forming one, perhaps to their own satisfaction; and though it may be far from being a better one, it will be, at least, consistent, and entitled to respectful attention. Such a man is Bentham: his code of duty differs from all others; but he *has* formed one on the principle of utility: Byron had *none*, either by reflection, by tradition, by habit, or by temperament.

But how different is this from the condition of Scott, and how blind must he be who classes them together? This writer is at peace with himself and all mankind; the principles of Christianity guide all his judgments; he detects the wisdom of God's Providence in all events; he is grateful for His bounty, he endeavours to square all his sentiments by His revealed pleasure. Satisfied that the affairs of men are under the guidance of a superior power, he is contented with their course; he would only strive to represent the struggles of the agent as he performs the divine will; his knowledge, his extensive sympathies, his fertile imagination, the free and generous spring of his feelings, supply him with copious materials for painting all those scenes to which he turns his attention. If his characters are not perfect, they are mortal; if sometimes his subject is interesting but at others ridiculous, it is because it is the lot of human nature to be so. But where is the doubt, the scepticism, the systematic incertitude, of which M. Coquerel tells us? We have spoken of the morals of Sir Walter as exhibited in his novels; perhaps it is in his politics; he certainly has taught no theory of government, and has entered heartily into the feelings of the persons he produces; in the character of a puritan he feels as such, and speaks as such; in that of a royalist it is the same; is then this perfection of the novelist a charge against the politician? But we need say no more to show that it is M. Coquerel who has split upon the rock of "systematic incertitude," which he has probably adopted from some English critic, without thoroughly understanding it. There are similar faults in this portion of M. Coquerel's work, which it is unnecessary to point out. We prefer to quote the Frenchman's expression of homage to our modern female poets, in which we excel all the world.

"It is remarkable, that in the latter years of the eighteenth century, and also during the whole course of our revolution, there appeared in England a whole school, as it were, of female authors, whose pure and graceful produc-

tions are disfigured by no exaggerations, nor are they of that sombre character which distinguishes the modern literature of their country. Of the lady-authors of England, the most celebrated is Lady Wortley Montagu, the contemporary of Pope, who has left poems, but more especially letters, highly remarkable for their talent and philosophy. It is impossible to give here the names of the authoresses who appeared all on a sudden about half a century after Lady Wortley Montagu. One of the earliest of them was a lady of the same name, Mrs. E. Montagu, the author of the *Essays on Shakespeare*, and Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld, who wrote numerous poems and admirable hymns for children. There is great beauty in the Epistle of Mrs. Barbauld to Wilberforce, on the subject of the Abolition of the Slave Trade (1781). Mrs. Hannah More has also written several works of *religious fiction*, and above all, some charming poems; *Florio* (1786), and the *Blue Stocking*, or *Conversation*. The *Blue Stocking* is a burlesque name given to a lady's coterie, in which several females attempted to start a sort of *bureau d'esprit* under the direction of Mesdames Robinson and Piozzi, a coterie innocent enough, but which excited the wrath of Mr. Gifford, the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, who fulminated against it several satires in excessively bad taste, and written in a tone of disgusting pedantry. The verses of Mr. Gifford are infinitely more ridiculous than those he pretends to correct. Amongst the English ladies who have written romances, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Inchbald, and Lady Morgan, are worthy of especial note. Several ladies, without having written works of great importance, have still produced poetical pieces of graceful beauty; in this number it is but justice to distinguish Mrs. Opie. And lastly, in order to finish this hasty catalogue, we may remark that there have appeared in England, in our days, several ladies of a high order of literary, poetical, and at the same time, philosophical talent. Lady Morgan herself has contrived to mix up history and romance in her writings, with great ability; but among the ladies who inscribed their fame on monuments more durable than romantic stories, we must select for honourable mention the names of Joanna Baillie, Aikin, Benger, and Helen Maria Williams. Miss Baillie, sister of the celebrated Dr. Baillie, the physician, is a woman of the highest talent. It is not your pretty nothings, your elegant trifles, which occupy her genius; on the contrary, she has attempted in a series of dramatic pieces, to paint the most energetic passions of the human heart; and her pieces, written in the most elevated and *Shakespearian* tone, will always be regarded as the work of a superior mind. John Kemble, in the part of *Montfort*, reached the sublime of agony. In the writings of Miss Baillie there is a combination of the solemn and the poetical, which is rarely observed in women. Miss Aikin has written some charming poems, far more beautiful than any I have met with in the writings of Miss Landon and Miss Mitford. The *Mouse's Petition*, by Miss Aikin, is a *chef-d'œuvre*. Miss Benger has published some historical works of great interest, which place her in the same line with Miss Aikin. Lastly, there is Helen Maria Williams, whose muse, half English half French, has published poems, sonnets, and other pieces of verse, besides several political and historical works. This superior woman, at the same time that she gave birth, under the influence of sensibility and fancy, to works of inspiration, portrayed the details of the events of the French Revolution, in the centre of which she threw herself, in 1792, from pure enthusiasm for liberty. Her celebrated *Letters on the Revolution*; her *Sketch of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic*, and the volume recently published (1826), entitled *Recollections of the Revolution*, are important works in an historical point of view. Her verses are models of grace and imagination: the rare qualities of her sensible and affectionate heart are exhibited in her poems, and stamp on them the honourable seal of virtue and goodness."

It must be remembered; that Helen Maria Williams was a near relation of M. Coquerel.

ART. XI.—Frederici Münteri, Episcopi Selandiæ, *Notitia Codicis Græci, Evangelium Johannis Variatum continentis*. Hauniz, 1828, 4to.

THE Criticism and the Critical History of the Holy Scriptures are subjects which gain more attention daily. It is a happy circumstance that the time is now past when the Christian divine was alarmed at the formidable array of various readings collected from different MSS. of the Scriptures, and it is to be hoped that this country, fruitful once in divines of sound views and solid learning, may yet furnish men qualified to study and turn to their proper use the immense mass of critical materials which the industry of scholars has accumulated. We hail with gladness any foreign publication which tends to illustrate this important branch of theology.

This little tract of Bishop Münter (the well-known author of the *Essay on the Religion of the Carthaginians, &c.*) deserves a place in the library of every critical divine. The MS. of which it gives an account cannot, however, be of any importance, except in the point of view under which the Bishop of Zealand has brought it forward. On questions of minute criticism its testimony is evidently of no value. We shall lay before our readers very briefly the substance of what Bishop Münter has stated concerning it. Every one knows that certain heretics mangled the Gospel of St. Matthew, while Marcion dismembered St. Luke's, but St. Mark's and St. John's Gospels were supposed hitherto to have escaped a mutilation of the same wilful nature. The MS., however, of which this little tract contains the collation, appears to exhibit a conception deliberately made to bring the latter down to the standard of certain opinions. It is now in the library of a Johannite convent in Paris, and appears to be a copy of some more ancient MS., which is said to exist at present in a monastery on Mount Athos, although its very existence, or at any rate its present abode, is rather problematical. The original MS. is assigned to the latter part of the twelfth century, but Bishop Münter adjudges both it and the Paris copy of it to the end of the thirteenth. It contains all the writings of the Evangelist St. John, but its chief variations from the established copies are confined to the Gospel. The Gospel is divided into sections, each of which is called an *εὐαγγέλιον*. They correspond nearly with our chapters,* a division due to Cardinal Hugh S. Caro in 1245. The bishop's first notion was that it might be a corruption by some of the Gnostic† sects, a set of people whom we believe to have many heresies and faults to answer for, but by no means

* It seems probable from this that the writer of the MS. of Mount Athos had imitated their division, and the Paris MS. follows him.

† On this subject the reader may find some curious matter in Dr. Walsh's little work on Christian Coins and medals, already referred to in our third volume, page 306.

to have been the monsters they are represented. On closer examination, however, and comparing it with what Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen, and other ecclesiastical writers have related of these sects, it does not appear to agree with any of their particular corruptions. Its class does not resemble the more ancient recensions, but rather approximates to that which Hug calls the text of Lucian, and others the Constantinopolitan text. It is not, however, free from impure Greek, barbarisms, and Latinisms. It is evidently also accommodated to some peculiar opinion. The deductions drawn by the bishop as to the doctrines of those who concocted this perversion of St. John are the following:—that they acknowledged the Trinity and the orthodox doctrine as to the procession of the Holy Spirit; that they recognized the divine mission of our Saviour, but attributed his wisdom and his power to his instruction in some Egyptian temple; that they placed all our Saviour's merit on his divine doctrine, and by no means recognized the efficacy of his death as a sacrifice;—that they described the miracles with the omission of all that makes them miraculous; that they eject almost all actual prophecies, all that relates to Jewish customs, and almost all that has any tendency to magnify St. Peter, and they have a curious addendum at xvii. 26, which ascribes a kind of supremacy to St. John.

We have thus given a very brief abstract of what the venerable bishop has communicated relative to this curious MS., and must refer our biblical readers to the little tract itself for proof of these assertions. They will find themselves well repaid for the perusal by its unpretending plainness, its acuteness, and its elegance.

ART. XII. *Traité de la Chaleur, et de ses Applications aux Arts et aux Manufactures.* Par E. Pécelet, ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. avec Atlas 4to. Paris. 1828.

WHATEVER consequences may have resulted to France from the memorable occurrences of which she was the theatre at the close of the last century, the national industry received an irresistible impulse, which has carried her forward ever since in the career of improvement. The coalition which deprived our Gallie neighbours of all external resources, threw them back upon their own. The effect was magical: arts and manufactures sprang at once into no feeble and infantine existence, but like Minerva from Jupiter's brain. This may be attributed in great measure to the subversion of one among many other usages inseparable from antiquated forms of government—the selection of persons from every other cause than merit to fill responsible and arduous situations. Necessity reversed this procedure in France; talent was culti-

We would recommend the author, if another edition of his work should be called for, to leave out the Greek accents. We have rarely seen so disgraceful a piece of accentuation. Had they been scattered from a pepper box they would probably have fallen better.

vated, ability put in universal requisition, and science, judiciously employing what were apparently the most unpromising materials, almost instantaneously rendered the nation independent. Never did philosophy hold so exalted a rank as when she thus answered the call of patriotism. From that moment to the present, works have been issuing from the Gallic press, which developed new principles in every department of science, and directed the application of them, or suggested new processes to modify and improve such as were already known. M. Péclot's treatise belongs to the latter class. The first volume details—1. the physical theory of heat; 2. the theory of combustion and combustibles; 3. the theory of the movements of heated air; 4. the theory of chimneys. The second volume contains the application of the above—1. vaporisation; 2. distillation; 3. evaporation; 4. drying; 5. heating of elastic fluids; 6. heating of liquids; 7. heating of solid bodies; 8. cooling. The author has made very many and ingenious experiments, the results of which prove that an alteration, which we shall hereafter notice, is required in the numerical values of certain terms in the formulæ hitherto employed. There are beside many interesting particulars in the book, as will appear in the course of the present article. But the writings of Tredgold and others of our distinguished engineers have been of necessity so incorporated in the work, that to an English reader there is nothing new beyond what we shall extract. The total suppression of Dr. Black's name while his theory is adopted, we regard as a compliment, implying, as it does, his merits to be so generally known, that any notice of his labours must be superfluous. We speak this with sincerity: the candour with which M. Péclot acknowledges the various sources of his information is so rare among his countrymen, that we point out this instance of it with peculiar pleasure. The following is an ingenious application of a well-known fact:—

"The force with which solid bodies tend to change their volume by the variations of temperature, is very considerable; Mr. Molard, formerly director of the Museum of the Arts, applied it with success. The two side walls of one of the halls of the museum had bulged outwards from the pressure of the vault they supported. To bring them back Mr. M. pierced the walls with iron bars terminated externally with strong nuts; by screwing up these, the walls could be prevented from a greater divergence, but it was not possible to bring them back to their original position. One half of the bars was then heated by means of lamps placed beneath them; these were consequently lengthened, the screws could be tightened, and the walls were partially brought back. By repeating the operation, the total restoration of the walls was effected."

Admitting as we do the theoretical correctness of Saussure's hygrometer, we were much astonished at the author's high opinion of its practical utility, Despretz having shown from numerous and direct observations that not the least reliance can be placed on its indications.* The blind acquiescence likewise with which Sir H. Davy's

* Il n'existe aucune proportionnalité entre l'allongement du cheveu et le degré d'humidité de l'air.—Despretz, *Physique*, 153. The opinion of Mr. Morin is almost equally explicit.—*Memoires composés au sujet d'une Correspondance Météorologique*, Mem. 3.

explanation of the theory of his safety lamp is received, seems unaccountable, a more satisfactory hypothesis having been given by an Italian philosopher, M. G. Libri, of Florence, who ascribes its effect to the repulsive force of the metallic wire forming the gauze not allowing the flame to pass through its interstices. The relative quantity of radiant heat which alone is applicable to domestic purposes, from different combustibles, has been variously stated, some authors estimating it at only a few hundredths of the total heat disengaged; the subject received M. Pécle's especial attention; the apparatus he employed it is needless to describe, the results are as follow :—With wood, the quantity of heat dispersed by radiation is to the total heat developed :: 1 : 3·74. The quantity of radiant heat is to that carried off by the chimney :: 1 : 3. With charcoal these proportions are respectively 1 : 2·36 and 1·236 : 1. With coal these quantities were not determined from the difficulty attending the experiments; it is, however, conjectured by the author that the power of radiation is superior to that of charcoal, and that with coke it is very much more so. With peat and the charcoal from it, the approximate ratios are 1 : 2·6 and 1 : 1·6. From the superiority of the apparatus employed, and the care bestowed on the investigation, these results may be received with confidence. Of the formulæ hitherto, with but two exceptions, universally adopted for ascertaining the velocity of heated air, it is remarked that they are not at all exact; they assign—

“For the height of the column which generates the velocity, the difference between the column of cold external air and that of the column of warm air reduced to the density of the external air; but the velocity thus obtained is that which cold air subjected to the same pressure would have, and not that of the warm air. The difference may be considerable, for in the example we have selected, the velocity of the warm air is in value 19·18, while calculated according to the preceding principle it would be only 16·33 metres.”

If then h represent the height of the column of heated air, t the external, and t' the internal temperature, m the dilatation of air for each degree of the centigrade thermometer, the height of the column of cold

air reduced to 0° is $h \left(\frac{1}{1+t'm} \right)$ and at the temperature t' is $h \left(\frac{1}{1+t'm} \right)$

$(1+t'm)$ consequently the height of the column which generates the

velocity is $h \left(\frac{1+t'm}{1+t'm} - 1 \right)$ and v , the velocity given by the formula,

$= \sqrt{2gh \left(\frac{1+t'm}{1+t'm} - 1 \right)}$ whereas v as assigned by Tredgold and others

$= \sqrt{2gh \left(1 - \frac{1}{1+t'm} \right)}$ which values differing only in the last factors,

will be to each other as these factors :: $\sqrt{\frac{1}{1+t'm}} : \sqrt{\frac{1}{1+t'm}}$. Va-

rious philosophers, M. d'Aubuisson in particular, have investigated by different methods the resistance air meets with in passing through pipes: M. Pécle subjected the matter to direct experiment.

“For that purpose I got chimneys constructed of pottery, sheet iron, and

cast iron. I varied the diameter and height of them, and the temperature of the air which circulated through them, and I have determined with great precision the time which the air required to pass through them, from whence I easily deduced the velocity of the air in each particular case. Then comparing the numbers obtained by experiment, I perceived that the resistance to the passage of warm air through channels was proportional to the length of the latter, but inversely as their diameter, and directly as the square of the velocity; and I have ascertained the factor by which the velocity assigned by theory is to be multiplied to obtain the actual velocity."

The regular series of experiments was made upon cylindrical chimneys; detached observations, however, upon rectangular ones indicate that the laws are the same for both, while for those that are compressed, it is only necessary to take the smaller diameter. The factor then by which the velocity assigned by theory is to be multiplied to obtain the real velocity of pure heated air, is $2.06 \sqrt{\frac{D}{L+4D}}$ for baked earth, D being the diameter and L the length of the canal—

$3.25 \sqrt{\frac{D}{L+10D}}$ for sheet iron—and $4.61 \sqrt{\frac{D}{L+20D}}$ for cast iron. If

the air is to be considered as half burnt, these quantities respectively are to be multiplied by 0.97, a term depending on the chemical alteration which influences the density of the air in that state. This is a valuable contribution to practical science, and we trust that it will not escape the attention of the engineers in this country engaged in the construction of works for which great heat is required. With respect to chimneys, a subject on which no difference of opinion as to theory exists, but the execution of which being unfortunately left for the most part to mere builders, comparatively ignorant men, occasions much annoyance in private houses, and serious loss in larger establishments, we found nothing new in the work before us. An improvement introduced by M. Gourlier in the Exchange in Paris having obtained a patent in this country, we rather think the patentee did not anticipate the French architect, but do not recollect the precise date of the specification. The improvement consists in employing grooved bricks of different forms, so that the joints may cover each other, which when united, may form cylindrical channels of nine or ten inches internal diameter of sufficient size consequently for the purpose of heating and ventilating the apartments, and which may be introduced into the thickness of the walls without impairing their strength. The most valuable inventions and improvements in the arts in England are not such as meet the public eye. There is too much clashing of interest, too great competition among the manufacturers to allow of this, and the jealousy with which they regard each other extends in a stronger degree to foreigners. Strangers, therefore, who feel the superiority of England, and while seeing the effects of our national industry, estimate the means of their production by published accounts, invariably overrate our artisans or undervalue our engineers—the former for executing so much with what are described as not the most perfect apparatus, the latter for apparent neglect or ignorance of the support which science

affords to every branch of art. M. Dupin, from personal experience, judged more correctly. M. Péclelet does not run into either extreme; he speaks highly of the great English establishments; regards, for example, with astonishment the Scotch distilleries, where by employing alembics about 44 inches in diameter and 5 inches in depth, or from 52 to 54 inches in diameter and about 8 inches in depth, their contents, 44 and 80 gallons respectively, are heated, completely distilled, and the alembics refilled, the first in two minutes and a half, the last in three minutes and a half; but he seems to think that theoretical refinements are too much overlooked. Now it is precisely in these details that wholesale operators vie with each other, and it is these secrets which would be, and are, most jealously guarded from every eye. The consequence is, that books on practical subjects are necessarily in arrears—the initiated will not speak, the uninitiated are unable to do so; and M. Péclelet as well as the rest, in describing the various processes connected with heat, has done nothing more than afford the reader a general idea of the means and mode of proceeding. For this we refer to the work itself, which will be found a valuable addition to every library, and shall insert only a few particulars which to us appear interesting. Having spoken of the calcareous concretions which form on the bottoms of boilers and used to occasion much inconvenience, he proceeds—

“A simple and very efficacious method is now known of preventing the incrustations in question; it is to add from 26 to 33 pounds weight of potatoes to the water in a boiler which consumes from 55 to 66 pounds of coal per hour; the boiler may then be employed for 20 or 30 days without being cleaned, and without any fear of a calcareous deposit. After this time the mud must be thrown away, and the same quantity of potatoes again be added. It appears that the fecula, by dissolving in the water, renders this sufficiently viscous to prevent the deposition of the calcareous matter. Flour would produce the same effect, and much less of it would be required.”

The following is the most striking instance of its kind that we have met with, which shows how easily the presence of extraneous bodies in boilers tends to injure them.

“A few days after the steam boiler designed to heat the Exchange in Paris was brought into use, it was perceived that there was a hole in the bottom. The fire was extinguished; and it was found upon emptying the boiler that the metal was burnt in a place where a rag (*chiffon*) had been deposited, which had been forgotten when the apparatus was set up.”

Our countrymen who regard with such pleasure the cheering blaze of their domestic hearth will learn with regret, that “of all the modes of warming houses, the very worst are open chimneys, then stove-grates, then stoves.” The fact is, that in England we regard the appearance of comfort almost as much as the reality, and are frequently content to make some personal and pecuniary sacrifice sooner than forego the pleasure of seeing our enjoyments. Paradoxical as it may seem, a person acquainted with human nature will find both sound sense and economy in this, while the heartfelt results of our personal experience will render nugatory the cold calculations of philosophy. But taking into account the national habits, we doubt if any other

system of warming houses can be introduced into England than that at present in use. M. Péclet may laugh, as we do ourselves, at Dr. Arnolt's absurd speculations in the construction of grates, and the ridiculous monstrosities of Messrs. Atkins and Marriott; he may denounce, and justly, the inordinate and preposterous capacity of our chimneys, but the former are not to be considered as standard specimens of British ingenuity, and the defects of the latter, long since signalized among ourselves, are gradually disappearing in a more rational style of architecture. For large establishments steam may be employed with advantage; under some circumstances the adoption of stoves may be desirable; but for the general purposes of English domestic life the open fire place is indispensable. Nor, adopting the data given by M. Péclet, is any loss of fuel occasioned thereby, when all the purposes for which it is required are taken into account, and the construction that of our best manufacturers. Nations, if not individuals, will gradually improve as they adopt what their necessities require; anticipating by their practice the suggestions of theory.

"Among the worst conductors must be ranked air when it is perfectly at rest. Hence one of the most efficacious means for retarding bodies from cooling may be easily conjectured, which consists in surrounding the body with one or more envelopes, at a distance from the body and from each other. The strata of air surrounding the body and its envelopes without being able to escape, will allow the heat to escape only with extreme difficulty."

Now this is an exact description of a Chinese teapot; a cylindrical metallic vessel closely stopped, inserted in a square wooden box of at least double capacity, with a cover accurately fitted, and a small orifice in the side through which the minute aperture of the spout appears. If water boil when poured into this apparatus, more than twenty-four hours are required to cool it.

The mathematical theory of heat, so powerfully developed last year by M. Fourier, of the Institute, is not alluded to in the present work. To this subject we shall return at a future time, and in taking leave of M. Péclet, equally admire the ingenuity he has displayed in his own researches, and his judgement in applying the labours of others.

ART. XIII.—*Obras Literarias* de D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa.
4 Tom. 12mo. Paris, 1827, 1828.

HAD the Señor D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa been a Frenchman, German, or Italian, his productions should have found their own way to the temple of fame, or the chandler's shop, unassisted by us. But as in Spain literary genius or talent has not, for the last 200 years, been equally active, whilst of the activity it has displayed little or nothing is known in this country, four volumes of new Spanish poetry and prose command some attention. A short notice is however, we are sorry to say, all they are entitled to. The prose portion, indeed, which is by far the largest, contains information touching the history of Spanish literature, especially the drama, that might have tempted us to review

the book at greater length, did we not hope ere long to make our readers acquainted with a more valuable work upon that curious and interesting subject.

The poetical contents of these volumes are a *Poetica*, a poem upon the Siege of Zaragoza, three tragedies and a comedy. The first in order, the *Poetica*, is evidently the last written, as the author apologizes for its imperfection upon the plea of the difficulty of referring to the necessary Spanish works in a foreign country. He is a *Liberal*, and as such an exile, it should seem. His *Poetica* is not so much an essay upon poetry, as a poetry made easy, a series of versified lessons to young candidates for the honours of Parnassus, how to write poetry in general, and eclogue, idyl, elegy, ode, ballad, madrigal, song, sonnet, epigram, apologue, satire, tragedy, comedy, epic, and didactic poems in particular. It is not much heavier than such instructive poetry usually is, and occupies about a sixth of the first volume; the remaining five sixths, and the whole of the second being occupied with notes and prose dissertations upon the same subject, forming a sort of review of the labours of innumerable Spanish authors, intermingled with minute directions to the poetical pupil concerning prosody, metre, rhyme and reason, such as we should hope no English schoolboy of ordinary proficiency could require. Further, we cannot forbear from observing that when the Señor quotes passages from Homer to illustrate some peculiar beauty of language or felicity of expression, to emulate which should be the student's aim, such exemplars are exhibited solely in a Spanish garb, although he gives his readers credit for sufficient scholarship to understand Virgil in the original.

The poem upon the Siege of Zaragoza was written for a prize promised by the Supreme Central Junta, immediately after the fall of that heroic city, to the bard who should best celebrate her ever-memorable resistance. The prize, for some unexplained reason, was not given; but our author assumes that it was to have been his. One of the judges appointed to decide between the rival productions was D. Melchor Gaspar de Jovellanos. From a poem approved by such authority we shall translate a few lines. After describing the repulse of a French assault, the author thus proceeds:

“ Now terror freezes ev'n the daring souls
Of war's own fav'rite sons, reckless and fierce;
Their pristine valour changed to ranc'rous spite,
They, when the silenced earth is by dark night
Enwrapt in mourning, and in horrid gloom,
Hurl from their distant shelter shell and bomb,
That kindle with their light th' obscurity they pierce.”

This is, we think, a favourable specimen of our poet's abilities. We should observe that the unrhymed line at the beginning does not appear thus destitute from the absence of its fellow—an altogether irregular and arbitrary admixture of rhymed and unrhymed lines being allowed in Spanish poetry, as it is occasionally in Italian.

The first tragedy and the comedy have both, we are assured, been eminently successful. The former, *La Viuda de Padilla*, (the Widow of

Padilla,) is national and historical; to which merit, and its consonance with the circumstances of the times at the moment of its appearance, (at Cadiz during the year 1812,) we suspect it was indebted for much of its success. To us the author appears to have imitated Alfieri, whom he professes to have taken as his model, rather in his cold simplicity of plot, than in his powerful language and vigorous conception of character. The subject is the surrender of Toledo to Charles the Fifth, which terminated the insurrection known by the name of *la Guerra de las Comunidades*, the War of the Municipalities. This subject was susceptible of two interests; one in the rebellion itself, provoked by insults and by real grievances; the other, in the character of the Protagonista. A blending of the desolate sorrow of widowhood, with the romantic enthusiasm of woman, (devoted in this instance to the cause of liberty in which her lamented husband had perished upon the scaffold,) with the thirst for vengeance upon his executioners, and with ardent maternal affection, might have produced an original and highly tragic character. Rosa's widow is merely a revengeful virago, whose courage and whose grief are masculine, not feminine, who makes liberty a stalking-horse, and forgets her living son in her wild passion for his dead father. We suspect that our poet's chief deficiency as a dramatist, is of deep strong feeling—no uncommon defect in the Spanish theatre.

The other two tragedies, (which fill the fourth volume, along with a translation of and commentary upon Horace's *Ars Poetica*) are *Mo-ryma*, a subject taken from the history of the Civil Wars of Granada, and *Edipo*, another attempt to modernize one of the favourite subjects of the Greek drama. It would be unfair to give an opinion of these, for the plain reason, that we have not yet perused them.

The comedy, *La Nina en Casa, y la Madre en la Mascara*—(the Daughter at Home, and the Mother Masquerading,) is better, but neither very laughable nor very interesting. It is, however, essentially Spanish. Mother and daughter, the mother *not* being a widow, are rivals for the heart of a young profligate, who deceives the former, and having got a sum of money from her, leaves her at the masquerade, whilst he hurries to her neglected home and persuades her daughter to elope with him. The lovers are surprised at the moment of escape; the eyes of both ladies are opened to the gay deceiver's character; the old one abjures her follies, and the young one is *ipso facto* recalled to her former affection for the excellent, but prising, preaching youth selected by her father for her future bridegroom.

It is hard to conceive how any audience, accustomed to the thronging incidents, the profuse invention, and the harassingly involved plot of the older Spanish dramatists, should cordially delight in such dry exhibitions of history and morality.

ART. XIV.—*La Battaglia di Benevento, Storia del Secolo XIII.*, del Dottore F. D. Guerrazzi. 4 vols. 8vo. Livorno, 1828.

IN our late review of Raumer's *History of the Hohenstauffens*, we alluded to the romantic interest which hovers over the memory of Manfred, the last sovereign of that once powerful race, and hinted at the capabilities which the annals of his reign might afford for an historical novel. We were then unaware that such an attempt had just been made by an Italian writer, who has taken for the subject of his romance the fall of the Swabian dynasty in Southern Italy, through the defeat and death of Manfred. The personal character of that prince, whose splendid qualities have been obscured, less by his avowed irregularities and failings, than by the dark, though probably unjust, suspicion of unutterable crimes of which he has been accused by the enemies of his house, his bravery in the field, the wisdom of his councils, and his final ruin, effected by the relentless hatred of his foes, who even vented their senseless rage upon his cold and mangled remains; the treachery of his Christian countrymen and subjects, contrasted with the wild loyalty of his Saracen bands—the collision in the plains of Apulia, between these turbaned warriors with the chivalry of France and the crozier of Rome,—all these form a complex of romantic incidents unparalleled even in the records of the middle ages. A skilful novelist might have contented himself with contriving a plot between subordinate persons, in order to relieve the narrative of the great leading events, which he ought to have preserved inviolate. But Guerrazzi has thought otherwise, and has needlessly encumbered his tale with fictitious personages and improbable events, which detract from the dignity of history, and throw a mist of scepticism over the whole narrative.

The historical outline is as follows; Manfred, Prince of Taranto, the natural, but according to some, the legitimated son of Frederic II. and of Bianca Lancia, a lady of Apulia, was left by his father's death, in 1250, temporary lieutenant of the kingdom of Sicily, for his brother Conrad. He had inherited much of his father's abilities as well as of his faults; he was bold, generous and brave, but addicted to women, fond of money, and ambitious. He had also imbibed his father's independent and philosophical ideas, as well as his uncompromising hostility to the exorbitant pretensions of the popes, who had long been bent on the destruction of the Swabian dynasty. Manfred openly defied the thunders of the Vatican, he even attacked the lion in his den, and led his faithful Saracens against the holy city. The pope launched an interdict against the whole kingdom, which, although little regarded by Manfred, was not without its influence on his ignorant or turbulent subjects. Meantime, his brother Conrad descended from Germany into Italy, and with the usual awkward policy of his nation, disgusted the nobles, several of whom, and especially the powerful House of Aquino, revolted, and hoisted the pope's banner. Conrad, however, died suddenly, leaving the Margrave Bertold regent, in the name of the youthful Conradin. But the people were averse to German rule;

the pope's interdict still lay on the kingdom, and Bertold felt unequal to the trust imposed on him. Manfred, an Italian by birth and education, assumed the regency. Some time after, a rumour was spread that Conradin had died in Germany, upon which Manfred was proclaimed king, in 1258: But nothing could propitiate his implacable enemy, the court of Rome, which considered him as an excommunicated heretic. Urban IV. gave the investiture of the crown of Sicily to Charles of Anjou, the brother of Louis IX., a cold, stern, ambitious warrior; a crusade was actually preached against Manfred, who was contemptuously styled by his Guelphic enemies, "the Sultan of Nocera," from the name of the Saracen colony in Apulia, where he had found refuge and support in adversity. Rebellion after rebellion broke out in Sicily and in Apulia, yet Manfred, partly by energetic and partly by conciliatory measures, quelled them all. At last Charles, accompanied by the pope's legate, approached the frontiers of Campania with a powerful army, the paths were left undefended by the treachery of the Counts of Caserta and La Cerra, belonging to the disaffected House of Aquino, and Manfred narrowly escaped being taken prisoner at San Germano. He however fell back on Benevento, and drew up his army under the walls of that town. His trusty Saracens fought desperately, but being left unsupported by the Neapolitan troops, were at last defeated by the French, after a great slaughter. Manfred, thus forsaken by his subjects, spurred his horse into the thickest of the enemy's squadrons, and fell covered with wounds. A.D. 1266.

With the above magnificent outline for an historical romance, our author does not appear to have been satisfied. He has invented a personage of the name of Rogiero, a supposed natural son of Manfred, by the daughter of a nobleman, who, on being made acquainted with the intimacy, gave her in marriage to the Count of Caserta. The count, discovering her pregnancy, put her to death, but the ill-fated offspring of the unlawful connexion was saved, unknown to Caserta, by the Count La Cerra, another disaffected nobleman, and this for the purpose of rearing the child to be the assassin of his father Manfred. When Rogiero was twenty years of age, he is mysteriously informed that he is the son of *Henry the Cripple*, Manfred's brother, who is by our author gratuitously supposed to have been confined by the latter, and made to die in his dungeon, under the eyes of Rogiero, who becomes the instrument of the conspirators and of Charles of Anjou. But on discovering the falsehood of the story of his birth, Rogiero becomes reconciled to Manfred, serves him, and dies fighting in his cause in the last fatal battle. Independently of the horrible character of this plot, the invention happens to be in contradiction with history. That the wife of Caserta was dishonoured by Manfred; and that this was the cause of the husband's defection, is asserted by some Guelphic historians, but the fact is contradicted by others; and indeed it appears from the old chronicles; quoted by Giamone, that Caserta's consort was a natural daughter of Frederic II.; consequently Manfred's own sister. Had Manfred been guilty of the alleged violence, the Guelphs would not have failed to add to their charges against him that of incest.

Another improbability is, that Manfred died young, and could hardly have had a son of the age of Rogiero.

Manfred has been accused by some writers, of having smothered his father, and by others, of having poisoned his brother Conrad, while at the same time several chroniclers, even of the Guelph party, are silent on both these crimes. Matteo Spinello, a Neapolitan and cotemporary, whose narrative bears the stamp of simple and honest truth, in relating the deaths of Frederic and Conrad, says nothing of the above charges. Jamsilla, another cotemporary historian, is equally silent on them. We know that Conrad died after five days illness. The learned and indefatigable Muratori, who has examined all the chronicles of the middle ages, and who was on principle favourable to the Church of Rome, after reporting the above accusations against Manfred, and observing that the oldest writers do not mention them, confesses honestly that he does not believe them to be true. Sismondi rejects them in like manner. We perfectly agree with Raumer, that the princes of the Hohenstauffen family have been sadly calumniated by the Guelphic historians after death, as they had been tormented while living, through the intrigues of that party.

We must mention one trait, which we think reveals much of Manfred's mind and policy. When his sister-in-law, Elizabeth of Bavaria, came to Italy with her son Conradin, Manfred advised her "to leave the boy in Sicily, in order that he might be brought up among his future Italian subjects, whose manners and sentiments he ought to adopt, for the people of these states will no longer bear to be domineered by strangers from the German country." This is Spinello's narrative, under the date of 1257. Elizabeth did not follow Manfred's advice; and next year, on the rumour of Conradin having died in Germany, Manfred was by the general request of the nobles and clergy, proclaimed king at Palermo. He afterwards experienced the native versatility of his Neapolitan subjects, and failed in his lofty attempt of establishing the independence of his country, an attempt which has oftentimes been repeated since by other daring and congenial spirits, but always with similar ill-success.

The fatal battle of Benevento was the commencement of a long series of calamities for the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. If we look into the subsequent histories of those countries, we find a repetition of tales of woe and crime, of conspiracies, civil dissensions, foreign invasions, wars between rival dynasties, and all the concomitant train of proscriptions, executions, confiscations, plunder and massacre, "of which pest," observes Camillo Porzio, "there has never been lack in our ill-fated country."

The present romance, although defective in the invention, is not destitute of beauties of detail; it abounds with eloquent descriptions and striking situations, and the main subject is essentially one of intense interest. The author appears to be a young man, from whom better things may one day be expected. His path deviates from that of Manzoni, but there is abundant room in Italian literature for different species of romantic composition. We are glad to hear that the last-mentioned writer has another novel ready to appear.

ART. XV. — *Annuaire pour l'An 1829 ; Présenté au Roi par le Bureau des Longitudes.* Paris. 18mo.

THE *Annuaire* for the present year reached us so very short a time before the publication of our last Number, that we could do no more than offer a translation of the serious charges contained in it against our first engineers and other writers on mechanics. Truth required this from us, as well as justice to the distinguished body, which M. Arago is supposed to represent. The substance of this gentleman's accusation is, that the steam-engine, an exclusively French invention, has been unwarrantably claimed by the English, who, to preclude any discovery of their fraud, have totally suppressed the name of its original projector, and in their accounts post-dated the labours of his countrymen, from whose hands it has received successive improvements. The merit of first vindicating the honour of France, and substantiating the title of Solomon De Caus to be the inventor of the steam-engine, M. Arago seems to claim for himself; this claim is indisputably negatived by referring to a treatise by Montgéry, published some years ago, wherein De Caus and his proceedings are brought forward for the same purpose as on the present occasion, and which treatise was replied to by the late Mr. Tredgold.

Had English writers been silent respecting De Caus, the fair inference, we think, would have been, that he was not worth considering; but, with the exception of Professor Robison, they are not silent. Farey gives a detailed estimate of his labours, Tredgold a very elaborate and minute account, each of these authors illustrating their statements by engravings from De Caus' original book. Now when these, the best works on the subject of which they treat, are overlooked, and Stuart's *Descriptive History of the Steam-Engine*, a pseudonymous trashy production "got up" for the trade, is extolled to the skies, it would not be an unfair conclusion, that M. Arago having, or wishing to obtain, only a superficial acquaintance with the subject, selected such a work as was not beyond his comprehension; thus, perhaps, insinuating the inference, that even the most trivial publications did not escape his research. We have no wish to depreciate this eminent astronomer, but to grasp every subject with equal power, is not granted to the human mind; what it acquires in depth it loses in extent, or gaining in extent it is deficient in solidity. We will not say that the attempt at universal knowledge proves a weakness of intellect, but it generally leads to some ridiculous exhibition from which that conclusion may be drawn. M. Laplace, not satisfied with his reputation as a mathematician and astronomer, must dabble in capillarity, to be refuted by any child who may chance to insert a tube in water; *tant pis pour les faits*, if they differ from his views of them, say his compatriots, but Europe does not ratify the judgment of the French metropolis. M. Arago himself, too, from the same cause, has not been exempt from a similar penalty, as no very long time has elapsed since he undertook to prove that the tritoxide of iron dissolved in water presented apparently the same globules as blood recently drawn from a vein.

That Professor Robison should not have mentioned De Caus is to be regretted, but by no other of the English writers has he been overlooked, though their estimate of him differs widely from that of M. Arago. Now premising what, we believe, will not be denied, that the *inventor* of a machine is the person who makes a successful application of a new principle, or of one already known, let us see how the case stands between De Caus and Lord Worcester. De Caus says, (we prefer the original words to a translation :) "*Le troisième moyen de faire monter (l'eau) est par l'aide de feu, dont il se peut faire diverses machines. J'en donnerai ici la démonstration d'une. Soit une balle de cuivre marquée A, bien soudée tout à l'entour, à laquelle il y aura un soupirail marqué D, par où l'on mettra l'eau, et aussi un tuyau marqué BC qui sera soudé, en haut de la balle; et le bout C approchera pris du fond, sans y toucher; après, faut emplir la dite balle d'eau par le soupirail, puis le bien reboucher, et la mettre sur le feu, alors la chaleur donnant contre la dite balle, fera monter toute l'eau par le tuyau BC.*" (our readers can supply the figure.) Lord Worcester writes:—"A fire water-work I have seen—the water run like a constant fountain stream 40 feet high; one vessel of water rarefied by fire driveth up 40 of cold water, and the man that tends the work is but to turn two cocks, that one vessel of water being consumed, another begins to force and refill with cold water, and so successively; the fire being tended and kept constant, which the self-same person may likewise abundantly perform in the interim between the necessity of turning the said cocks." In other words the former asserts that "the elasticity of steam may by such an apparatus be employed for the purpose of raising water." "By the employment of steam," says the latter, "I have already produced such an effect." Here is no captious quibbling about terms: we have taken printed words, "*pièces imprimées,*" in their ordinary acceptation. A knowledge of the expansive power of steam was not new in the seventeenth century; Aristotle and Seneca considered earthquakes as one of its effects, and in a former Number of this Journal we have shown, by an extract from Agathias, b. v. c. 7. that it was known in the early times of the Greek empire, A.D. 557. And an architect, Anthemius, the architect of St. Sophia, who in this way employed it to shake the dwelling of a troublesome neighbour, assuredly appreciated as fully as the engineer, who in 1615 proposed to raise water therewith, its value as a mechanical agent; though one appears not much better acquainted than the other with the means of effecting such an object. Not so Papin; in his time the agency of steam had been in some measure introduced. He facilitated its use by modifying, improving, and inventing apparatus for the purpose, at the same time predicting, that there would be no limit to its future application, specifying various uses for which it was available. But that on that account we ought to regard him as the inventor of steam-boats, guns, mills, and omnigenous machinery, is on a par with Father Hardouin finding in Virgil's *Æneid* the voyage of St. Peter to Rome described by a Benedictine monk, ascribing the odes of Horace to a Dominican of the thirteenth century, and the poem of Dante to a Wickliffite of the fifteenth.

We are by no means satisfied with the summary way in which M. Arago dismisses Blasco de Garay's steam-boat. The facts are these, as recorded in a note of Navarrete to his *Account of the four Voyages of Columbus*, (p. 285, vol. ii, of the French translation.) In the year 1543, Blasco de Garay, a naval officer, who had invented a steam-boat, made trial of it and its effects, by the order of Charles V. in the port of Barceolna, on a vessel of two hundred tons burthen, in the presence of persons of high rank, many commanders of ships, and a crowd of curious persons capable of appreciating the discovery. The experiments completely succeeded; and the emperor rewarded the author of the invention, besides ordering him to be reimbursed his expenses. This account was extracted from the Royal Archives of Simancas, by Navarrete, and published by him in 1826. Mr. Miller's claim may be rejected for that of Hull, Hull's be superseded in M. Arago's opinion by that of Papin, but we do not see why, because Papin's would be set aside by the successful experiment of de Garay, the evidence on which it rests is, therefore, to be stigmatized as false. As things now stand, we are not in a condition to investigate the Spanish statement, but although we are far from placing De Garay's boat in a rank beyond what the state of science in his day would warrant us to expect, we think no one is justified in doubting that the experiment was made.*

Did we believe that M. Arago entertained the feelings, or spoke the language of his more distinguished countrymen, we should feel hurt at the style in which his paper in the *Annuaire* is written, and at that publication being made the vehicle for his invidious communication, as they might induce us to draw no very creditable comparison between the manner in which her more enlightened children, De Caus, Papin, &c. have been driven from France, and the liberality with which they have always been patronized in England. But sarcasm, invective, and irony, are too abhorrent from the dignified character of the most erudite body in Europe, whom M. Arago is supposed to represent, for us not to attribute the use of them on this occasion to the idiosyncrasy of the man; we look upon this *Notice scientifique sur les machines à vapeur* merely as a development of the same spirit which led to the production of that singular article on the polarization of light, as originally contributed to the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—which excludes the indefatigable Gambart from the *Paris Observatory*—and which, while his own talents and learning are universally admitted, will preclude his ever receiving the name of philosopher.

* "Si l'expérience de Garay a été faite, si sa machine était à vapeur, tout doit porter à croire que c'est la machine d'Heron (an æolopile) qu'il employait. For those acquainted with the impotence of steam when issuing from an orifice, this will suffice to prove our assertion, that M. Arago's knowledge is not of a practical kind.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. VII.

DENMARK.

A new Danish periodical, under the title of *Nemesis*, and edited by J. W. Schmidt, has met with considerable success. It is chiefly devoted to criticism. The Almanack entitled *Hellas* contains a tragedy of some merit, "The Siege of Missolonghi." The Almanack entitled *Skandinavisk Aylarsgane* is almost wholly composed of contributions from Danish and Swedish poets. Besides a tale by Kruse we find the names of Grundvig, Heiberg, Ingemann, Finn Magnussen, Miller, Nyerup, and Oehlenschläger among the Danish writers, and of Dahlgren, Hamarskiöld and Tegnér among the Swedish.

Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen, has published the first two volumes of Icelandic tales, under the title of *Fornaldar Nordrlanda Sögur optir gömlum hendritum utgefnar*. His translation of the mystical and romantic tales will also appear in three volumes.

Professor Nyerup is engaged in preparing an almanack of Northern literature, and has written to the most distinguished literary characters of Sweden and Norway, to engage them to furnish articles for its pages.

FRANCE.

The last general meeting of the Society of Geography was more numerously and brilliantly attended than any of the preceding. M. Caillé, the intrepid and fortunate explorer of Central Africa, was present, and the desire of seeing him, and of hearing the recital of his perilous journey, had swelled the large assemblage. The meeting was opened by a speech from Baron Cuvier, and the report of the labours of the Society for the past year was then read by M. Larenaudière. M. Jomard, who gave a relation of M. Caillé's journey, was listened to with the most eager and profound attention. After exposing, in detail, all the reasons which have produced conviction in the minds of the commission, and particularly the agreement which exists between the accounts of M. Caillé and those of his predecessors, who are esteemed the most accurate and trust-worthy; after announcing that his journal contains an itinerary, continued without interruption from Rio Nunes to Tangier, M. Jomard gave a sketch of the result of his voyage, sufficient to excite, but not to satisfy the curiosity of the auditory; he enumerated the principal places visited by M. Caillé during seventeen months, over an extent of territory am-

The 52d and 53d volumes of the edition of Wieland's works, by Professor T. G. Grüber have just appeared: these two volumes are the third and fourth of the *Life of Wieland*, and complete this edition.

Three volumes of the *History of the European States*, edited by Messrs. Heeren and Uckert, are published. These volumes are,—I. The *History of Germany*, by Dr. Pfisler, vol. i. It comes down to the year 911, and the whole will not exceed three volumes of thirty or forty sheets each. II. The *History of Italy*, by Professor Leo, vols. i. and ii. In these two volumes Professor Leo has brought down this history from the fall of the western empire to the fall of the Hohenstauffens (476—1260.) The history of Italy is perhaps the most difficult of any of the European states. The editors do not believe that in the variety and extent of the researches made, any important object has escaped the notice of the author. This history of Italy will occupy four volumes, each of thirty sheets.

Unless unforeseen accidents should prevent the half-yearly delivery of the volumes, it is hoped that the whole will be completed in the year 1834. The undertaking had received the encouragement of 1200 subscribers in September last.

During a journey of seven years, undertaken by M. Gustavus Haenel, through the south of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Great Britain and the Netherlands, for the purpose of bringing to light, from the libraries of those countries, sources hitherto unknown on the Roman law, he was convinced that, as from political events a great part of Montfaucon's *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum* has become useless in the present day, so the remaining part is inadequate and defective. Mr. H. has discovered several libraries that certainly existed in Montfaucon's time, and have since experienced no changes, but which he totally omitted to notice. Mr. H. has therefore undertaken to form a collection of inedited catalogues of the MSS. preserved in more than one hundred libraries, and is now about to put his work to press to supply a want that is much felt in the present day. The arrangement is on a plan that seems very convenient for reference. The catalogues will succeed each other in the geographical order of the countries; but in each country they will follow the alphabetical order of the names of the towns where the libraries are situated. In many of the catalogues, the numbers of the MSS. and their present state are described. The same plan has been followed with respect to the old numbers of many important MSS., which may lead to many being recognised and discovered that were supposed to be lost. A complete alphabetical index will be given of the authors, and of the works analysed in the catalogues. The preface will contain a description of the libraries visited, together with historical notices relating to them. The work will be published in four parts in 4to. printed in double columns, under the following title "*Catalogi Librorum Manuscriptorum qui in Bibliothecis Gallis, Helveticis, Hispanis, Lusitanis, Belgii, et Britannis Magnæ asservantur.*" Part first will appear in June.

It will be recollected by our astronomical readers, that in the plan published by the Berlin Academy in 1825, for the construction of a new map of the heavens, it was proposed to survey a zone equal to thirty degrees in declination, namely, 15° above and 15° below the equator; and that this zone was to be divided into twenty-four hours of right ascension, each of which was to be assigned for the observation of one individual. Any astronomer wishing to be employed on the map was to address himself to one of the members of the

commission appointed for this object by the academy, who would assign for his portion any of the hours of the zone not undertaken by another. This region was to be allotted to each observer for two years, and at the end of this time, if no real progress had been made, the commission was to be at liberty to appoint another observer. The whole was to be finished by January 1st, 1829. We now read in some late numbers of the *Antologia*, that two astronomers have finished the task assigned to them, namely, M. Inghirami of Florence, and M. Harding of Göttingen. The Italian astronomer had undertaken the 18th hour, one of the most difficult, as it contains the greater part of the milky way comprehended in the zone: his map contains a list of nearly 7500 stars, of which only 1500 were set down in the catalogues of Bradley, Piazzi, Lalande, and Bessel; the other 6000 are the result of his own observations. Notwithstanding the vastness of the undertaking, M. Inghirami has been the first to complete his part of the map. These details are stated by M. Encke, secretary to the commission, and are inserted in the Italian journal. M. Harding, who was entrusted with the 15th hour, has only recorded 3000 stars. The results of the labours of the other astronomers are not yet known.

Scenes from the Life of Albert Dürer, in seven plates, by S. Wagner, with an explanatory text by Quandt, are announced for publication at Dresden. The artist's success in depicting the most interesting scenes of the eventful life of Dürer is highly spoken of.

A collection of the works of *Giordano Bruno*, of Nola, the celebrated Italian freethinker, who was burnt at Rome in 1600 as a heretic, is announced, in two volumes, by Dr. Wagner, of Leipzig. The editor will thereby render a most acceptable service to the friends of Italian literature and of philosophy.

A new edition is announced at Leipzig of *S. Clementis Romani Recognitiones et Itinerarium Petri: ad Codd. MSS. fidem recensuit, annotationes superiorum editorum nunquam addidit* E. G. Gerndorff, Reg. Bibl. Publ. Dresd. Secret. This interesting monument of Christian antiquity will now appear with all the lights derived from new MSS., and other critical aids not hitherto explored, in order to restore the corrupted text to its original state. Dissertations, by the editor, will also be added, on the genuineness of the work, as well as on that connected with it; on Simon Magus, together with the best notes of former editors, and some by the present.

The celebrated Creuzer is said to be engaged in editing a new edition of the works of Plotinus, to be printed at Oxford, and finished in two years.

The concluding part of Ebert's *Bibliographical Lexicon* is advanced some sheets in the printing, but is not expected to appear this year.

A selection of the Works of Luther, adapted to the present times, has just appeared, in ten volumes 8vo.

The first part of the *Corpus Reformatorum*, edited by Bretschneider, which we announced a year ago to be in preparation, will appear in the course of the present year, and will contain the Letters and Reflections of Melancthon. Considerable progress has also been made in preparing and arranging the works of the other reformers. Nearly 600 inedited letters and papers of Melancthon will be incorporated with this new edition. Many of these letters are of great importance for the history of the writer, of the University of Wittenberg, and of the Reformation, during the years 1518 to 1528. The King of

Persons are come forward to support the undertaking by an annual grant, which will insure the regular appearance of each portion; the size will not be 8vo., as first announced, but large 4to., and the paper will not be of the ordinary German blotting or rather wrapping sort, but of a fine vellum texture, resembling the English.

Professor Sendtner of Munich is engaged on a work embracing the state of poetry in Bavaria, which country, it seems, has been unjustly represented by some as the *Bœotia* of Germany. The following is the plan of the work:—
1. An abridged history of the belles lettres of Bavaria, from the middle ages to the present time. 2. A particular enumeration of all the Bavarian poets and their works, with short notices on the most remarkable incidents in their lives. 3. A selection of the best poems, from which the peculiar character and genius of each poet will be best seen. 4. Proposals for the formation of a society of the native friends of elegant literature for the advancement of poetry in Bavaria.

The King of Prussia has granted the sum of 14,600 dollars to the Observatory of Berlin, 8500 of which are for the purchase of a fourteen-foot telescope of Fraunhofer, at present in Munich, 3500 for a meridian circle by Rister, and 600 for a chronometer by Tiede. He has also presented the Observatory at Königsberg with 4000 dollars, for the building of a tower for the erection of a Heliometer by Fraunhofer.

GERMAN NECROLOGY.

Christian Moritz Arndt, Russian aulic counsellor, died at Heidelberg on the 2d of January, in the 86th year of his age. He was highly esteemed by the Empress Catherine, (in whose cabinet he had a place, and whom he assisted in her literary compositions,) favoured by the Emperor Alexander, and celebrated for works which bear evidence of great talent, acumen, and extensive knowledge. His amiable manners and excellent qualities gained him the love of all who knew him, and his loss is deplored by a small circle of friends who still survive him. His last work but one "*On the Origin and Affinities of the European Languages*," (Frankfort, 1818) attracted attention even in America. His Essays in the Russian language are considered in Russia as classical on account of the elegance of the style.

Frederick Schlegel died on the 12th of January last, of an apoplectic stroke, at Dresden, where he had gone for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures on practical philosophy, which he had indeed commenced with great success. He was in his 56th year. He belonged to a family remarkable for their literary talents. His father, one of the principal clergymen of Hanover, acquired reputation by his sermons and poems: his uncle, who died in Denmark, wrote many tragedies, which, however, we believe are now forgotten. Augustus William Schlegel, his celebrated brother, is well known by his lectures on dramatic literature, and by various other productions equally characterised by great talent and profound learning.

F. Schlegel was originally intended for commercial pursuits, but showing little inclination for them, he abandoned them, and went to pursue his studies at Göttingen. After writing in various periodicals, and particularly in the *Lyceum of the Fine Arts*, published at Berlin, he made his debut in 1797, by a remarkable work, entitled *The Greeks and the Romans*, which was followed by another, in the following year on the poetry of these two nations. In this

work the author characterises the productions of their fancy with perfect accuracy, and proves how deeply he had studied the poetical genius of ancient times. Unfortunately, he had not the perseverance necessary to do full justice to any subject, or to finish any great work; hence his works are, more fragments. In 1799, he published the first volume of a novel entitled *Laride*, in which platonic love is depicted with the utmost fervour; but he never continued it.

In the *Athenæum*, published by his brother, and in Tieck's *Almanack of the Muses*, he displayed poetical talent; many pieces inserted in these works, excited attention; among these are *Hercules Musagetes*, and the *Setting Sun*. In 1802, he published the tragedy of *Alarcos*, in imitation of the ancient Greek tragedy, which was acted at Berlin and Weimar, but without drawing crowded houses. In 1802 he married a daughter of the celebrated Moses Mendelssohn; shortly after, they both publicly avowed themselves at Cologne converts to Catholicism, and afterwards proceeded to Paris, where he delivered lectures on philosophy to a small audience. At this time he also devoted himself to the study of Oriental literature, particularly of Sanscrit, for the prosecution of which there were then but few aids: he wrote imitations of the ancient French poems of chivalry, and began a periodical work under the title of *Europa*, which only reached its fourth number. Returning to Germany, he published a poetical Almanack, containing a fragment on Gothic architecture, and a poetical romance of chivalry entitled *Roland*, founded on Archbishop Turpin's Chronicle. His work "On the Language and Wisdom of the Indians," published at Vienna in 1808, is far from being perfect in a philological point of view; but it had the merit of drawing the attention of the learned world to the Sanscrit. Having repaired to Vienna, to consult some inedited materials relative to Charles V. for a drama which he was then projecting, he was induced to enter into the Austrian service, and was appointed, in 1809, imperial anti-secreary, and sent to the head-quarters of the Austrian army, under the Archduke Charles, where he was employed in writing proclamations to stir up the spirit of the people.

After the termination of the war, he delivered courses of lectures on modern history, and on ancient and modern literature at Vienna, which were printed in 1811 and 1812. But a free spirit like his must surely have found itself singularly trammelled by the imperial censorship and the clergy. When the last war with France broke out in 1813, Prince Metternich again drew Schlegel from his closet, and employed him in composing political pamphlets in favour of the allies. Schlegel did his best, and was ennobled for his services. An edition of his collected works was published at Vienna, in 1823, in ten vols. 8vo. The lectures on philosophy which he was delivering when death arrested him, were so strongly imbued with mysticism, as to be almost unintelligible. Many of his early works, however, may be recommended to the study of poets; and his influence on his contemporaries, in leading the public taste to the study of the beautiful in the works of the ancients and moderns, has been unquestionably great.

Joseph Dobrowsky, who held the highest rank in the cultivation of the Slavonian literature, died on the 8th of January, at Brunn, in Moravia, in the 78th year of his age. He was on his return from Vienna to Prague, and under the severity of the season, and the infirmities of old age, to which, however, even to his last moments he paid but little regard. His whole very active life was dedicated to researches into the language and history of Bohemia, and of his labours we have had occasion to speak in the manner they deserve in our article on Bohemian Literature (Vol. II. p. 146.). With a view to this object, he undertook, in 1793, a journey to Stockholm, to examine the

MSS. taken by the Swedes from Prague and Olmütz during the thirty years' war. From Stockholm he went to St. Petersburg, where he inspected the great patriarchal library, and then to Moscow, and returned to Prague in May, 1793, by way of Moscow. He published an account of the fruits of his researches in 1796. He afterwards regretted that he had not extended his journey from Moscow to the tribes inhabiting Mount Caucasus. However, the result had a great influence on his late very numerous works. He viewed with delight the revival of Bohemian literature within the last twenty years, and continued to the last to enjoy the favour and protection of the Emperor Francis II.

ITALY.

NAPLES.—Under his Majesty's special directions, the different librarians of the Royal Library have been busily engaged for several years past in preparing and publishing Catalogues of the treasures contained in that splendid collection. In the various departments the following have already appeared.

1. The first volume of the *Catalogue of the Greek MSS.*, by Dr. Salvatore Cirillo, appeared in 1886, in 4to. This contains the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. The second volume is very far advanced.

2. The first volume of the *Catalogue of the Ancient Latin and Classical MSS.*, by Dr. Cataldo Janelli, First Librarian, appeared in 1827, in 4to. The second is in the press.

3. The first volume of the *Catalogue of Books printed in the Fifteenth Century*, arranged in alphabetical order, and illustrated by bibliographical notes, by Father Francis de Lictorius, appeared last year, in folio. The second volume, which will complete it, will appear shortly.

Lastly, D. Giovanni Rossi has compiled *A New General Alphabetical Catalogue of the Library*, as the old catalogue, in consequence of continual additions, scarcely contains a third part of this immense collection. This laborious bibliographer, not content with indicating the volumes, has also enumerated the tracts contained in the polygraphic collections. The printing of this useful work is begun, and is proceeding rapidly.

PIEDMONT.—An interesting volume has just been published at Chambéry, by order of the Academy of Turin, under the following title—*Memoire sur la Carrière Militaire et Politique de M. le Comte de Boigne*, with a map of India as it was in 1796.

The Count de Boigne was in the service of some of the native powers in India, chiefly of the Mahrattas, from 1778 to 1796. The introduction contains a sketch of the geography of India, some notices of the Mogul Empire, and an account of the Mahratta Confederacy.

ROME.—A work has recently appeared, of which the *Diario di Roma* gives a long and laboured eulogium, entitled *De Methodo Philosophandi, Auctore P. D. Joachimo Ventura, C. R. Pars prima—De Philosophia et Methodo Philosophandi in genere*. It is dedicated to his Excellency the Viscount de Chateaubriand, and is accompanied by a large table containing a new Tree of the Sciences.

In the middle of last year a useful Journal, entitled *Bibliografia Italiana*, was commenced at Parma, containing announcements of all the novelties in literature that appear in Italy, which is published every fortnight.

The third volume of the Abate Mai's *Scriptorum Veterum Collectio Nova, e Vaticanis Codicibus edita*, is just about to appear. It will contain, among others, the following important pieces: 1. The Lives of the Emperors, to Michael Palæologus VIII. inclusive, embracing a period of 1300 years, written in 10,410 Greek verses by Efremio, with a Latin translation by Mai. 2. A Defence of the Christian Religion, by Vittorino Faltre. 3. A Description of various MSS. of the Library of Monte Cassino, and of the lost works, by Jos. S. Assemani. 4. An Essay on some of the Commentaries and Discourses found in the Palimpsests. 5. The Gospel of St. Matthew, from a very old MS. 6. Two Epitomes of Valerius Maximus, Paris and J. Neposiano. 7. An Extract from St. Augustin's Treatise on Music. 8. Greek Discourses, by Theodulos, on the Reciprocal Duties of Kings and People. 9. Four new Sybilline Books.

Mai is also about to bring out a new and uniform edition of all the works he had previously discovered. The first volume of this will contain, 1. *Cicero de Re Publica*, with Mai's Notes, and the Parallel Passages in Plato's Republic by Proclus. 2. *Gorgilius Martialis de Arboribus pomiferis, nempe de amygdala, de persico, de cydonio, de castanea* (from a Palimpsest in the Neapolitan Library). 3. A Fragment from the Third Book of Sallust's *Historiæ Civiles*. 4. Fragments of Archimedes, in the original Greek.

Signor Savi has published at Pisa the first volume of his Tuscan Ornithology.

NETHERLANDS.

MR CHARLES MORRENS has just published a pamphlet, entitled *Revue Systématique des Nouvelles Découvertes d'Ossements Fossiles faites dans le Brabant Méridional*, with lithographic plates.

This pamphlet contains facts and observations highly interesting to the history of geology. The researches and discoveries made by the author prove that there formerly existed in this country not only animals like those of the equinoctial regions, but also other species such as still exist near the pole. The fossile bones discovered in several places belong to animals of the following species:—the badger, the elephant, the hippopotamus, the whale, sparrows, water-fowl, reptiles of various kinds, tortoises, lizards, toads, and various fishes.

The quarries of St. Gilles, Milsbroek, Suventhem, Woluwe, and in the environs of Brussels, have furnished the greater part of those bones, which appear to be antediluvian.

The first part of a Historical and Bibliographical Dictionary of Celebrated Authors and Artists born in the Kingdom of the Netherlands, is now published. The journals of the Netherlands say that it is a work of immense erudition.

One of the most interesting works in the recent literature of Holland is the *Life of Grotius and his Wife, Maria van Reigersbergen*, by De Vries, the author of a History of Dutch Poetry. The work contains a variety of perfectly new details.

work until the MSS. contained in other libraries have been ransacked, and a manuscript found deserving of entire confidence. The researches hitherto made have not been without success. The *Mirror of the Laws* (*El Especulo*) will accompany the volume of the *Fuero Real*. Of this work there is only one original, of which the Academy possesses a good copy.—The weekly meetings of the Academy were occupied in reading some interesting communications. M. Miñano read in succession the principal articles of his Geographical and Statistical Dictionary of Spain and Portugal, which his Majesty had commanded him to submit to the Academy. The following works were also read, either in whole or in part: the Life of the celebrated Architect J. de Herrera, by M. Bermudes; a translation of Milizia's excellent work on the Art of Seeing in the Fine Arts, accompanied with valuable remarks; a translation, into Spanish verse, of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the Song of Deborah, and an historical eulogium on Arias Montanus, by M. Gonzalez Carvajal; several chapters of a work on the tribunal of Cæsar-Augustanum, by M. d'Hautefort, corresponding member; the Chronicle of Catalonia, by Dr. Pujadès, with the two last parts that were supposed to be lost, by Messrs. Torrès, Amat and Boffarull; and the History of the Life of Christ, by M. Marina. M. de Navarrete frequently engaged the Academy's attention in an agreeable and instructive manner, by the reading of his Introduction to the Collection of the Spanish Voyages and Discoveries; his dissertation on the History of Navigation and of Mathematics in Spain, &c. The Academy has received and examined many coins; Celtiberian, Roman and Arabic medals; ancient inscriptions discovered at Tarragona, Otañez, the environs of Gijon, at Cordova, &c. M. A. Lopez, of Cordova, has sent from Constantinople, many Greek and Roman coins of the Lower Empire.—The Academy has passed its censure on several works, in accordance with the orders of the King; among them is a *Treatise on the Aggrandisement, the Decay, and the Restoration of the House of Bourbon*.—It has maintained an active, and frequently profitable correspondence with its associated correspondents. Messrs. Raoul Rochette, Raynouard, M. A. Jullien, and De La Roquette, of Paris, have presented it with copies of their works. The Royal Society of Literature, of London, has sent it the first volume of its *Memoirs*; and M. de Santarem, the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, has sent it several *Memoirs* on Numismatics, Diplomacy, &c. M. de Navarrete has been re-elected president for 1849.

A *Military Dictionary*, in Spanish and French, by N. Conde D. Federico Morelli, Brigadier-General of Infantry, is announced to appear shortly in one large volume, 4to. It will contain besides, an Alphabetical Manual of the Monies, Weights and Measures of all ages and countries, reduced to those of France and Spain; also a Vocabulary, French and Spanish.

A collection of lithographic prints is now publishing at Madrid, representing the best pictures of the Royal Gallery. Ten numbers have appeared.

The *Collection General de Comedias Escogidas*, containing the best pieces of the Old Spanish Theatre, printed in a neat pocket form, is proceeding with. Four more parts have recently arrived in this country.

Manuel Garcia de Villanueva has published a work at Madrid, in two volumes, 8vo. (1838,) on the rise, progress, and principal eras of the Spanish Theatre, with notes and illustrations.

A history of the origin of Church Possessions has appeared at Madrid, containing a defence of the right of the clergy to their acquisition.

SEVILLE.—Under the title of *Coleccion de Tratados Breves y Metodicos de Ciencias, Literatura, y Artes* (Collection of Short and Methodical Treatises on the Sciences, Literature, and the Arts), the publication of a series of short tracts, in the form of dialogue, was commenced last year, under the direction of Don Jose Herrera Davila and Don Antonio Alvear, assisted by various distinguished literary and scientific characters. The Prospectus is written in a more liberal spirit than could have been expected from the meridian of Spain; it confesses the great inferiority of the Spaniards in these branches of literature to the English and French—urges the necessity of making efforts to raise the Spanish literature to the rank which it held in the sixteenth century, of rousing the people from the lethargy into which an ephemeral opulence has plunged them, and convincing them “that the true riches of a country do not consist in mines and colonies, but in the application of its inhabitants to useful knowledge and in the progress of the various branches of industry.”

A collection of the Laws of Portugal is publishing at Lisbon, in six volumes, folio, of which two volumes appeared in 1828.

SWEDEN.

THE two first volumes of *Mr. Gosselman's Travels in Columbia* have lately appeared at Stockholm, and are highly spoken of as replete with interesting matter, and as carrying the reader along by the charms of a lively and amusing narrative through the various scenes and situations described by the author.

We have been favoured by the kindness of an estimable friend with translations of two prose compositions of Tegnér, Bishop of Wexia, the author of the beautiful poem of *Frithiof Saga*, reviewed in a former number. The first is an Oration delivered before the University of Lund, on the occasion of the marriage of the Crown Prince with Princess Josephine, in June, 1823; and the second, an Address delivered at the Gymnasium of his diocese, after a public examination of the students, on the 17th of June, 1825. We regret exceedingly that our confined limits prevent us, not only from giving either of these pieces at length, but even extracts from them; for the sentiments which they breathe are such as to reflect the highest honour on the head and heart of the learned prelate. The style is a species of poetical prose, sparkling with appropriate imagery and illustrations. These compositions are undoubtedly of a kind to add to the reputation the author has already acquired as a great poet; they exhibit qualities rarely combined with it, namely, those of a distinguished orator, a sound philosopher, and an enlightened politician.

Dr. Delden is engaged in editing an edition of the philosophical and political remains of the celebrated Biberg, one of the profoundest thinkers that Sweden has ever produced.

Professor Landberg is employed in painting a series of portraits, in oil, of

the greatest men of Sweden who lived during the last and present centuries. At the head of the list stand the names of Linnaeus, Thunberg, Bellmann, Oxenstjerna, Gyllenberg, Leopold, Tegnér, Franzen, &c. &c. &c. It is to be hoped that the series will be lithographed.

The Academy of Sciences has purchased a magnificent mansion for its reception, in which the celebrated chemist Berzelius occupies apartments as the president.

Baron de Klingspor has made a proposition to the states of Sweden to form a national museum of painting, and urges his request from the increased encouragement afforded at the present day by the most distinguished countries to the study of the fine arts. His memoir is highly honourable to his patriotism and taste, and we trust will have the desired effect.

A young Swedish artist, it is said, will visit Scotland this summer for the purpose of taking sketches of the places immortalised by the genius of Sir Walter Scott.

The *Report of the Tabular Commission* (Statistical Commission) on the *Population of the Kingdom, the Proportions between the Births and Deaths, &c. from 1821 to 1825*, has been lately published in a quarto pamphlet of 60 pages. Sweden was one of the first of the European kingdoms to set the example of instituting these statistical inquiries, and the Tables before us present excellent models to other nations as to the various points which require attention, in order to secure accuracy in such researches. They include Tables of the Births of Males and Females, legitimate and illegitimate. There has been an average increase of 10,453 births each year over those of the preceding lustre (1816 to 1820); the illegitimate births are to the legitimate as 1 in 18 $\frac{1}{2}$; but, in Stockholm alone, they are as 1 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ —a much higher proportion than even in Paris, and a strong proof of the dissolute state of morals in this northern capital. In the Tables of Births according to Months, the greatest number is found to be in September, and the least in June. The Tables of Mortality present an average diminution of 3410 per year from those of the preceding lustre;—the greatest number of deaths occurs in March, and the least in September. These also include the several ages of the deceased, the number of violent deaths, &c. The Tables of Marriages present an annual average increase of 2182 over those of the preceding lustre; they are distinguished into first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth unions (in which last, however, there was only one); in the death of married persons there is a diminution of nearly 1000 per annum of the number of the preceding lustre; the number of children to each marriage is also given in great detail. Finally come the Tables of the Population. The general tables give a total of 2,771,252—an increase 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. These are followed by minute tables and details of the various classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, the number of families, &c. &c.

SWITZERLAND.

ACCORDING to the last number of the *Archives Suisses de Statistique*, published at Bâle by Professor Bernouilli, the number of journals published in Switzer-

land is as follows: twenty-two German, four French, and two Italian journals. Most of them appear only once a week, some twice a week, and some only once a month. Berne, though the largest and most populous canton, has only one journal, and that a very indifferent one. The three journals of the canton of Vaud, and that of Geneva, are better; but almost all of them are subject to a very rigorous censorship, especially with respect to foreign intelligence.

The number of printing-presses in Switzerland may amount to 130, but the half of them are unemployed. The canton of Underwald has none. The towns of Appenzell, Thurgovia, Uri and Glaris have only one press each. The canton of Geneva has the most, viz. eighteen; next to Geneva is Zurich, which has seventeen; Bâle and Argovia sixteen; the canton de Vaud twelve; Berne, which ought to have at least as many as Geneva, has only nine, no more than St. Gallen, the population of which is not above half as numerous.

There are no less than ten societies for natural history in Switzerland, as we learn from the speech of the president of the Society at Lausanne.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

Bonn.—The first part, or half-volume of the *Râmâyan'a*, by Augustus W. Schlegel has just appeared. The delay in its publication has been occasioned by the accumulation of materials for the illustration of the text, and by some unforeseen difficulties, of which a detailed account is given in the preface. The whole work will be published in four livraisons, of two volumes each; but in order not to defer the publication too long, it has been decided to publish the first volume separately. The second portion of the first livraison will be published in the course of the year. The subscription will continue open one year longer for Europe, and two for Asia. The conditions of subscription, and the plan of the work, were announced in a prospectus published several years ago by Messrs. Treuttel and Co., copies of which may still be had. The editor hopes that the illustrious patrons and learned amateurs of Oriental literature who have honoured him with their subscriptions, will overlook the delay of the earlier appearance of this memorable monument of Indian antiquity, and he trusts that his anxiety to discharge his editorial duties, by exhibiting the work in as perfect a state as possible, will plead his excuse.

Paris.—M. Jaubert, author of the *Grammaire Turke*, &c., who has occupied, for some time past, a prominent diplomatic situation in the Turkish capital, is employed in preparing, as a supplement to the well-known work of Meninski, a *Dictionary of the Eastern Turkish*, containing 10,000 words; to which M. Klaproth has promised an addition of 2000 more. The work will also have the advantage of assistance from the rare vocabulary printed at Kasan, an excellent manuscript vocabulary of Father Amyot, and other documents, chiefly collected during the author's travels and studies. The work, it is expected, will be extremely welcome, particularly to the Russians, whose active genius turns all circumstances, whether of literature or politics, to the consolidation of their colossal power. The editor will acquire more honour than profit from his labours, and will undoubtedly do much towards promoting the knowledge of a language with which so few have been hitherto acquainted, but without the study of which the knowledge of the Western Turkish cannot be expected to yield much for the comparative researches of philologists.

PARIS.—The fourth part of M. Stanislas Julien's Latin translation of Mencius, the Chinese philosopher, is now finished.

PARIS.—In the press, *VENDIDAD SADË*, one of the books of Zoroaster, autographed from a Zendic manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris, accompanied by a table, pointing out the agreement of the text with the translation of Anquetil du Perron, and a memoir on the Zendic language, considered in its relation to the Sanscrit and the ancient idioms of Europe, by Eugène Burnouf.

Since 1771, the epoch in which Anquetil du Perron published his translation of the *Zend Avesta*, the study of the books of Zoroaster has made no sensible progress. The accuracy of the work of Anquetil has been admitted without examination, because the scarcity of original manuscripts rendered the verification of it very difficult, and the language itself in which they are written has remained almost unknown. The publication of the text of the *Zend Avesta* could alone attract anew the researches of learning and philosophy to the books of Zoroaster. It is with this view that the publication which we announce has been undertaken. It is composed of two distinct parts; the first comprises the Zendic work, entitled by the Persians *Vendidad Sadë*, including the *Izeschnë*, the *Vispered*, and the *Vendidad*, three of the theological and liturgic books attributed to Zoroaster. As no printing-office in Europe possesses Zendic characters, recourse has been had to *autography*, a process, the application of which has been the more sure and easy, as the original manuscript is written with perfect clearness. This manuscript, No. I. of the Supplement to the Collection of Anquetil, and the most beautiful which the Royal Library possesses, contains 562 folio pages; more than half the Zendic Texts hitherto known. The translation of this work occupies, in the *Zend Avesta* of Anquetil, the second part of the first volume. The publication of so extensive a Text, by means of a process which leaves no chance of error, will put an end, for the advantage of science, to the monopoly of Zendic books by some persons in Paris, Copenhagen, and London; and ought doubtless to hasten the moment when a more exact translation of the *Zend Avesta*, than that of Anquetil, may be given. This hope emboldens the editor to solicit for his undertaking the assistance of persons devoted to the study of Oriental literature, and of societies established for the encouragement of works of this kind. The *Vendidad Sadë*, comprising the *Izeschnë*, the *Vispered*, and the *Vendidad*, in Zendic, autographed from a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris, and accompanied by a table pointing out the agreement of the text with the translation of Anquetil, will form one volume in folio of nearly 600 pages. A hundred copies only of the work will be printed on paper folded double, in order that the lithography may not be crushed. It will be divided into ten fasciculi, each containing 56 pages of text, and will appear every three months. The price of each fasciculus, for those who subscribe before the publication of the second fasciculus, will be twelve francs, but will afterwards be raised to fifteen francs. The first fasciculus will appear in the course of March, 1829.

The second part of this publication consists of a *Memoir on the Zendic Language*, considered in its relation to the Sanscrit and the Idioms of Europe, containing a critical examination of the most important passages of the *Zend Avesta*. This memoir, of about 200 folio pages, may serve as an introduction to the *Vendidad Sadë*; it will be printed in the same form and on the same paper, and will appear before the completion of the autographed Text. The price of it will be fixed as soon as it is possible to estimate the expenses incidental upon the employment of Sanscrit characters.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM JANUARY TO MARCH, 1829, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY.

- 1 Gregoire, Histoire des Sectes Religieuses. Tom. IV. 1ère partie. 8vo. Paris. 4s. 6d.
- 2 Tiasot, Parallèle de Christianisme et du Rationalisme, sous le rapport dogmatique. 8vo. Paris.
- 3 Sainte Bible, en Latin et en Français, suivie d'un Dictionnaire étymologique et archéologique. Livraisons I. à VIII. 8vo. Paris. each 10s.; to be completed in 24 Livraisons, with 72 Plates.
- 4 ——— de Veuze, en Latin et en Français. 5me édition, avec notes, par Drach, Rabbin converti. Tom. IX. et XIX. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 18s.
- 5 Montlosier, de l'Origine, de la Nature, et des Progrès de la Puissance Ecclésiastique en France. 8vo. Paris. 8s.
- 6 Lingard, Mélanges de Controverses Religieuses avec l'Evêque de Durham, et quelques Ministres Anglicans. 8vo. Paris. 9s.
- 7 Bibliothèque Choisie des Pères de l'Eglise Grecque et Latine, ou Cours d'Eloquence Sacrée. Par M. N. S. Guillon. Tom. XXVI. et dernier. 8vo. Paris. 9s. (The work complete in 26 Volumes, 11l.)
- 8 Treherne (Evêque de Strasbourg) Défense de la Discussion Amicale, en réponse aux Difficultés du Romanisme de M. Stanley Faber. 8vo. Paris. 8s.
- 9 Collectio Selecta SS. Ecclesie Patrum, accurantibus Caillaud, Guilton, &c. &c. Tom. I. et II. 8vo. Paris. 18s. (To be completed in about 30 Volumes.)
- 10 De la Mennais, des Progrès de la Revolution, et de la Guerre contre l'Eglise. 8vo. Paris. 7s. 6d.
- 11 Peignot, Recherches Historiques sur la Personne de Jésus Christ, sur celle de Marie, sur les deux Généalogies du Sauveur, et sur sa Famille, &c. 8vo. Dijon et Paris. 6s.
- 12 Huber, Manuel pour faciliter l'Etude de l'Ecriture Sainte, traduit de l'Allemand, 12mo. Paris. 2s. 6d.
- 13 Rome et ses Papes, Histoire succincte du Grand Pontificat, 8vo. Paris. 9s.
- 14 Bibliotheca Sacra patrum Ecclesie Græcorum. Pars II. Philonis Judæi Opera omnia. Vol. V. 12mo. Leipzig. 4s. 6d.
- 15 Tschirner, H. G. Predigten, die Jahre 1817—1828 enthaltend. 3 bde. gr. 8vo. Leipzig. 1l. 4s.
- 16 Ammon Dr. Chr. Von, Predigten. 1r. bde. gr. 8vo. Dresden. 7s. 6d.
- 17 ——— Handbuch der Christlichen Sittenlehre. 3r bde. 1ste abthlg. gr. 8vo. Leipzig. 6s.
- 18 Clauson, Dr. H. N. Kirchenverfassung, Lehre und Ritus der Catholicismus und Protestantismus. 1r bde. gr. 8vo. Neustadt. 6s. 6d.
- 19 Geist aus Luthers Schriften. 2r bde. 1st Abthlg. gr. 8vo. Darmstadt. 5s.
- 20 Baumermeister, Dr. J. Phil. Commentarius in Sapientiam Salomonis. gr. 8vo. Göttinge. 4s.
- 21 Eusebii Pamphili Historie Ecclesiastica. Libri X. Ed. F. A. Heinichen. 3 vols. Leipzig. 1l. 17s. 6d.
- 22 Tschirner, Dr. H. G. Vorlesungen über die Christliche Glaubenslehre. gr. 8vo. Leipzig. 11s. 6d.
- 23 Testamentum Novum, Græcè, perpetua annotatione illustratum. Edit. Koppiana. Vol. VII. 8vo. Göttinge. 6s.

LAW, JURISPRUDENCE, AND ADMINISTRATION.

- 27 Raynouard, Histoire du Droit Municipal en France sous la Domination Romaine, et sous les Trois Dynasties, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 18a.
- 28 Ancest, Code des Commissaires de Police. 8vo. Paris. 10a.
- 29 Malpeyre, Précis de la Science du Droit Naturel, et du Droit des Gens. 32mo. Paris. 5s.
- 30 Baron C. F. L. Dupin, Histoire de l'Administration locale, ou, Revue Historique des divers changemens survenus dans l'Organisation administrative des Villes et des Communes, &c. 8vo. Paris.
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- 32 Annales du Barreau Français, ou, Choix des Plaidoyers, et Mémoires les plus remarquables. Tom. II. 2de Partie. 8vo. Paris. 9s.
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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Mémoires du Comte de Modene sur la Revolution de Naples de 1647.* Troisième édition. Publiée par J. B. Micille. Paris, 1827. 2 tom. 8vo.
2. *Le Duc de Guise à Naples, ou Mémoires sur les Revolutions de ce Royaume en 1647 et 1648.* Deuxième édition. Paris, 1828. 8vo.

THESE two works supply us with much curious information concerning a period of singular and agitating interest, when a poor young fisherman succeeded in reducing all Naples under his command, and when, after the fall of this adventurer, as sudden and extraordinary as his rise, a hero, after the most astonishing personal efforts, failed in establishing a new government in the room of that which so mean an agent had been able to overthrow. The story affords a melancholy proof how much revolutionary movements are in the power of the lowest and most ignorant of the people, and how insufficient are courage and talent of the highest order in extinguishing a conflagration which has been kindled by the most trifling accident.

The works which serve for our text throw considerable light on each other, and present, with some farther assistance, an interesting view of the stormy epoch at which our readers may remember that the attention of England was withdrawn from events passing in foreign countries, by the convulsions experienced at home during the great civil war.

The Memoirs of the Comte de Modene are the production of a man of rank, attached to the Duke of Guise's person as a gentleman of his chamber; for in the seventeenth century the old feudal custom was yet maintained, according to which, persons of undoubted nobility entered into the families of princes, as they now do into those of sovereigns, without being looked on as derogating from their condition by the sacrifice of their independence. The Count appears to have been a sincere friend to the Duke, but incurred his displeasure from causes which we shall notice in due place; and though he admits his patron's high qualities, he is,

in self-justification, severe in reprehending his errors of conduct and faults of temper, so that the work may be considered as a criticism on his romantic enterprize.

The other volume of *Memoirs*, published in 1828, is a very lively and spirited narrative of the adventures of Masaniello and the Duke of Guise, written in a pleasing and animated style, and with all the picturesque incidents and accessories which belong more properly to romantic fiction. The circumstances of the country and the peculiar character of the people are touched with great spirit. In a species of composition which takes a more ample scope and verge than the limits of strict history admit, it is allowable to introduce a little embroidery foreign to the subject. The ingenious author,* in pulling truth out of her well, has put some clothes on her "to come abroad;" but one or two trifles reflecting on the Duke of Guise's character he has suffered quietly to drop out of the story. The Comte de Modene is a dissector and anatomist, who lays bare the motives of the adventurous hero, while the author of the anonymous *Memoirs* of 1828 resembles a painter, who, in composing an historical piece, directs his best lights on favourable points, and throws the rest into shade.

In our task of reviewing these works, we have derived considerable advantage from the "*Memoirs, historical, literary, and political, of the Kingdom of Naples*," by Count Gregory Orloff, Senator of the Emperor of Russia, (5 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1825,) a very spirited and interesting production, but dedicated to a general view of the kingdom of Naples. Our principal assistance, however, is derived from the Duke of Guise's own *Memoirs*, (reprinted in 1826, in Petitot's *Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France*,†) which, though they are said to have been retouched by the prince's secretary, Saint-Yon, retain such strong internal marks of authenticity, that we have no doubt that the materials were supplied by the Duke himself. In our extracts we shall make use of an English translation of them, published at London in 1669, which is sufficiently faithful. The French and English of the 17th century run most easily into each other, and besides we thus save some trouble. We have looked at such other authorities as we have at hand, particularly the "*History of the Revolutions of Naples*, by Seigneur Andrew Giraffi, translated by J. H. Esq." (probably James Howel.)

Of these revolutions, that achieved by Masaniello is, from the extraordinary nature and importance of the events, crowded toge-

* Said to be M. de Pastoret, son of the Marquis de Pastoret.

† They form the 55th and 56th volumes of the Second Series.

ther within the brief space of ten days, most generally known and remembered. As a moral curiosity, however, evincing the struggles of genius and talent with all disadvantages of fortune, the subsequent revolution, directed by the Duke of Guise, is perhaps the more instructive spectacle of the two.

Dryden, in his *Essay on Heroic Plays*, has justified, in the following manner, the extravagant and romantic exploits imputed to his fictitious hero, the prototype of Drawcansir: "If the history of the late Duke of Guise be true, he hazarded more and performed not less in Naples, than Almanzor is feigned to have done in Grenada." To this may be added the testimony of the acute and severely-judging philosopher, Bayle, who tells us that "the duke's life needs few additions from invention to make it resemble a romance:" and in another place he observes, that the obstacles to his entrance into Naples were such, that Calprenede or Scuderi, the voluminous romance writers of the day, have never invented any more worthy of their fictitious heroes.

Doubtless then, an account of these extraordinary revolutions may supply an appropriate article for the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, more especially acceptable to our English readers, some of whom, in these days of Continental rambling, are perhaps better acquainted with the streets of Naples than with its history. Nor is it amusement alone which may be derived from a true story possessing all the interest of a fictitious narrative, and exhibiting so many strange vicissitudes of fortune, that it might almost pass for a romance, since it affords grounds of deep reflection for those who may be disposed to compare events passed on another stage and terminating in a different manner, with the singular occurrences of the same character which have astounded our own time. An insurgent populace, as we have seen, has in all ages and countries displayed the same aptitude for violence and bloodshed, the same blindness to their own real interests, the same liability to be duped by the dullest and most brutal among themselves:—finally the mob of an enlightened city like Paris in the 18th century, seems to differ little more from that of Naples in the preceding, sunk as it was in ignorance and superstition; than a philosopher differs from a clown, when they are both in the delirium of the same fever of the brain.

To present this curious picture before the reader's eye in detail, we must "commence with the commencement," which the name and fate of Masaniello have rendered so memorable. Studying brevity as much as possible, but remembering how much of the interest depends on the rapid succession of events, we shall throw the occurrences of each of the ten momentous days of this revolutionary hero's career, into the form of a journal.

The dominion of Naples and Sicily having passed from the imperial house of Hohenstauffen, to the royal family of Anjou, in the manner we have related in a former number (No. VI. p. 595,) continued in the possession of that family till the middle of the fifteenth century. In 1505, after various changes of masters, into which it is not our business here to enter, the sovereignty of these states devolved by conquest and by treaty upon Ferdinand of Arragon, King of Spain, husband of Queen Isabella, under whom, and whose descendants, for the next 200 years, they were governed by delegates, bearing the title of Viceroy.

It is seldom that viceroys can exercise their charge with advantage to the country over which they are temporary and delegated sovereigns. The very instability of their power, the necessity of maintaining their interest at the court of their sovereign, and the desire to improve their own fortune, all tend to withdraw them from any attention to the duties of their government beyond what is necessary to keep all quiet, and assure themselves that no explosion shall take place during their brief space of authority. It may well be doubted however whether more active cares and more strenuous exertion in the management of the dependant kingdom, would be the surest road to the favour of their sovereign and his ministers. All measures tending materially to the amelioration of a government must be necessarily slow in their operation. Whatever unpopularity attaches to such innovations at the commencement is the portion of the viceroy who may introduce them, while whatever merit or reward follows their happy issue must belong to his successors in office. A lieutenant or viceroy has as little temptation to venture on such experiments, however confident of the beneficial final result, as a tenant to stock his orchard with walnut plants, which cannot bear fruit till long after his lease has expired. It is well however when a viceroy is contented to be merely passive in his high office, and negatively a clog on the improvement of the state. But the situation being frequently given to some nobleman of high pretensions, embarrassed by debts, and overwhelmed by a large family or connections meriting his assistance, it too often happens that he considers the province over which he presides less as a country to be fostered and rendered happy under his charge, than as a mine from which he is to extract for himself and his dependants within the shortest possible space (for how can he reckon on the length of opportunity to be afforded him?) the greatest possible quantity of wealth. Revenue also is the usual demand from the court of the sovereign; the remittance of large sums forms the best mode of upholding the interest of the viceroy at home, so that he is at once instigated by avarice and

ambition to extort from the unfortunate people committed to his care, and that by imposts of the most oppressive kind, whatever former governors may have left them of wealth or tangible property. If we add that the viceroy is a native probably of the mother, or rather the step-mother country, a favourite of the king or minister, and at any rate occupied for the advantage of the former as well as his own, it may easily be foreseen that the complaints of the oppressed people will not, without the utmost difficulty, find their way to the royal ear, and when they do reach it, are likely to be treated with contempt or displeasure, as mutinous or calumnious.

In the long list of viceroys of Naples who had held the office during the century and a half which the Spanish dominion had then lasted, we are afraid that the characteristics of by far the greater number were such as we have here given. The picture given by Giannone of the state to which this beautiful kingdom was reduced at the period we are speaking of, is equally striking and impressive. "In the kingdom of Naples," says that historian, "the flames of Vesuvius were not so numerous as the internal fires by which the state was consumed. In this kingdom the Spaniards had placed their principal means of defence, because its wealth and fertility were such as to supply both men and money to every other province when attacked. Its fertility and opulence might have always supplied needful demands, if the incessantly craving rapacity of the Spanish ministers had not totally exhausted and robbed it even of its natural riches: but as in Spain that viceroy was most esteemed who contrived to extract most money, there was no machine which was not had recourse to in order to obtain the consent of the nobility and people, which was necessary to impose the taxes, and to extort the largest possible sum of money from them. As these were sold to the highest bidder, the burden was thus perpetuated, and the system of extortion aggravated; for the purchasers being foreigners, principally Genoese, greedy only of gain, there was no sort of vexation and cruelty which, reckless of the miseries of the wretched populace, they did not practise. Nothing more remained to be taxed, and the necessity still increased." *Istoria di Napoli*, lib. xxxvii. cap. 2.

The expensive wars of Philip II. in the Netherlands had occasioned such heavy debts and disbursements, that his indolent son Philip III., and his grandson Philip IV., both of whom exhibited the same nullity of character, saw no other resource but in authorizing, or, to speak more properly, permitting the most oppressive exactions on the people of their wide-spread dominions. Besides drawing imposts, direct and indirect, to an extent almost

incredible, the viceroys of Naples had exacted what were called *donatives* or *free gifts*, equivalent to the *benevolences* of the English royal revenue, and equally free as the latter were benevolent. The amount of those free gifts, from the time of Ferdinand the Catholic to that of Philip IV., was no less than forty-six thousand millions of ducats, in addition to the regular revenues.

The happy climate and rich soil of this enchanting country were such as to afford almost unlimited scope for this rapacity on the part of the Spanish government and its viceroys. The people subsist without murmuring on what the earth produces, almost spontaneously; and even their dress, in so mild a climate, is so simple as scarcely to be counted an article of expense, while many never look nor wish for any other habitation than cellars or the most wretched huts. In other respects the land was wealthy, and the commerce of the city considerable, and there was perhaps no place in the world, from the revenues of which so little was subtracted for the actual support of the lower classes, who lived in a state of contented indifference to many of the sensual enjoyments which are in poorer countries indispensable to comfort. The Spaniards were aware of this, and also of the happy and good-humoured turn of the populace, who, light and gay-hearted, are as easily amused with showy processions, festivals, popular music, and such trifles, as they are cheaply satisfied with food and raiment; and, while in their ordinary state of mind, are as tractable under a bad or indifferent government, as they are contented with the slightest shelter against the elements. But the temper of the Neapolitans strongly resembles that of their climate, which in general fair, serene, and delicious, profuse of fruits and flowers, is nevertheless subject to sudden convulsions of the hurricane, the earthquake and the volcano. The exterior, however, retains its wonted serenity of appearance until the moment of explosion, and no visible signs, physical or moral, warn those who are concerned to fly from its terrors.

Rodriguez Pons de Leon, Duke of Arcos, succeeded Don Juan Alphonso Henriquez, Admiral of Castile, as Viceroy of Naples, early in 1646. There was a war at that time raging betwixt France and Spain. The former kingdom was under the administration of the celebrated Cardinal Mazarin, who followed with unequal steps the policy of his great predecessor Richelieu, in endeavouring to diminish the power of the House of Austria, and for that purpose supported the Catalonian insurgents in a civil war against Philip IV. While the Admiral of Castile was Viceroy of Naples, he had been urged to send troops and money to support his master in the insurgent province; consequently he

convoked the parliament of Naples, from whose bounty he requested a free gift to meet the necessities of the ruling government. Upon being assured by this assembly that the resources of the city were entirely exhausted, and the people reduced to the last extremity of distress, the viceroy withdrew his demand. This compliance with the popular voice was represented at the Court of Spain as a dereliction of his duty to the crown. The admiral received peremptory orders to persist in his demand, and being of a noble and humane disposition, he preferred the resignation of his office to becoming the agent of oppression.

The successor of this just and high-spirited nobleman was a man of very different stamp. The Duke of Arcos was haughty, sullen, and resolute in right or wrong; vindictive in his temper, but capable of concealing his resentment, and of postponing revenge till it could be taken safely. These are national faults, but the Duke of Arcos was also subtle and treacherous—attributes which are held alien to the Spaniard's proud but generous character.

Scarcely was the new viceroy arrived in Naples when he saw himself in a manner forced on those harsh and unpopular courses, to avoid which his predecessor had retired from office. France had sent a fleet into the Mediterranean to disturb the Spanish possessions in Italy, especially to endeavour to take advantage of the discontents in Naples, and again to organize, if possible, the French or Anjou faction, once so powerful in that kingdom. Against this expedition the Duke of Arcos equipped an armament, which was successful in frustrating the proposed disembarkation, and in beating off the French squadron.

To meet the expenses of this armament, and of keeping up a force to guard against the attacks of the French, who had possessed themselves of the strong holds of Tuscany, the viceroy had recourse to the parliament, which voted an *extraordinary gift* of a million of ducats, leaving it to him to devise the tax by which that sum was to be raised. The practice of that day was to borrow the amount of such gift of some capitalist, to whom a branch of the public revenue was mortgaged for the interest and repayment of the loan, and who generally derived an exorbitant profit from the transaction. In this case the lender and the million were soon found, but it was not so easy to devise an impost for the purpose of repaying it, as every existing branch of revenue was already similarly engaged. It was proposed by Andrea Nauclerio, the *eletto del popolo*, (a sort of provost of the merchants,) to lay a tax of a carlin per pound on all the fruit and vegetables that were brought to market, and which, in point of fact, formed

the principal articles of food to the temperate Neapolitans. This proposition, after some objections, was finally adopted, and the edict, imposing it, was issued on the 3d of January, 1647. On several former occasions this very tax had been had recourse to, but it was almost always taken off immediately, from the experience of its odious and oppressive nature. The edict was no sooner published, than there arose a deep murmuring among the people, made desperate through the oppressive character of a regulation affecting their daily food, and calculated to abridge them of that, which men out of providence, if not from humanity, give to their very labouring cattle—sufficiency of natural aliment. From murmurs they proceeded to threats and violence; every time the viceroy went abroad, his coach was surrounded by crowds, loudly calling out for the abolition of the tax; numerous placards were exhibited denouncing its oppressive character, and one night the booth in the market-place, where the duty was collected, was burnt down. The symptoms of an approaching insurrection became so alarming, that various councils were held by the viceroy, in order to devise some other tax of a less grievous nature; but such was either the want of credit in the government, or of skill in its financial advisers, that no feasible substitute was either suggested or adopted, and the tax on fruit continued to be levied. The discontent and clamours of the people became in consequence every day greater and greater, and there were not wanting instigators who added fuel to the flame, and urged that the opportunity was at last arrived to throw off the yoke of their Spanish oppressors. Among these, two priests, Julio Genuino, and F. Savino, a pettifogging attorney, Cieco d'Arpaya, and a gunsmith, Gennaro Annese, made themselves very conspicuous. On the 12th of May the admiral's galley, the chief of the Spanish flotilla then lying in the harbour, with 300,000 ducats on board, took fire and blew up, with the strongest appearance that the disaster arose from treachery. The popular discontent became at last so threatening, that the viceroy considered it safe, at the risk of still farther increasing it, to forbid the annual procession, in honour of St. John the Baptist, on the 24th of June, lest the concourse should lead to open insurrection.

Among the populace at this time was a young fisherman, who observed and shared deeply the general discontent. His anger and resentment had been roused by the rough treatment which his wife had experienced from the tax-collectors, who, detecting her in the act of concealing a small bag of flour in order to evade the payment of the duty, had put her in prison. Her husband paid a fine in order to obtain her release, but swore vengeance upon the oppressors, and was not long in finding the opportunity of

fulfilling his vow. This man's name was Tommaso Aniello,* of Amalfi, commonly called MASANIELLO, for whom fate had destined such rapid change of condition as never mortal underwent within the same space of time. He was of middle stature and handsome countenance, with lively dark eyes, short, curly hair, a frank and bold address, noted among his companions for smartness and activity, and about twenty-four years of age. He wore a fisherman's blue jacket with white linen trousers, a sailor's red woollen cap on his head, and was barelegged and barefooted.

Matters had arrived at this pass, and preparations were making by the populace for the celebration of one of their great festivals, that of Our Lady of Carmel, which takes place in the middle of July. One of the amusements, in which the people took the greatest delight on that occasion, was the mock siege of a wooden fortress of considerable elevation, erected on the site of the ancient castle, which was defended by fishermen, disguised as Turks, against the attacks of the lazzaroni in their ordinary attire. The better to enable them to perform their part, both parties were accustomed to assemble on the three Sundays immediately previous to the festival, forming themselves into companies, carrying small canes, marching about, preceded by a standard, and making a display of their newly-acquired discipline. Our journal now commences.

July 7th.—This being the second Sunday before the festival, there was an unusually early assemblage of boys and young people, who were to be actors in it, headed by Masaniello, who had been chosen the leader of the besieging party; being market-day, there was also a large concourse of peasants and gardeners from the surrounding country, and the supply of fruit and vegetables was so abundant that purchasers could not be found for it. The tax-collectors insisting upon receiving the duty for all, whether sold or not, a dispute arose whether it was to be paid by the countrymen or the retail dealers; the dispute was referred to Naucerio, the *eletto del popolo*, who decided that it must fall upon the person who brought the fruit to market. One of the persons aggrieved by this decision happened to be a peasant from Pozzuoli, and a brother-in-law of Masaniello. Indignant at the decision, he took

* The author of *Le Duc de Guise à Naples* mentions, that in an insurrection which broke out at Naples exactly a century before this, (in 1547,) on account of the Spanish government wishing to introduce the Inquisition into that kingdom, another Masaniello, a fisherman, had headed the insurgent fishermen and lazzaroni. On this point we find the following remark in a curious volume published recently, *Mélanges d'une petite bibliothèque*, par Charles Nodier, p. 361. "When the revolution of 1647 broke out at Naples, a unanimous tradition attested that liberty had been on the point of being conquered a century before by another Tommaso Aniello of Amalfi, and that this man had died predicting to his countrymen that they would be delivered at the end of another century by one of his descendants."

the basket of figs, which had given occasion to the dispute, and throwing it down, scattered its contents about, at the same time exclaiming, "This belongs to me, I give it to you, my friends;—our tyrants shall have none of this at least." "Let them have some of it!" said Masaniello, who stood by his side, and snatching up a bunch of figs, struck Nauclerio over the face with it. His example was instantly followed by his numerous companions. Masaniello then addressing them in bold and ready eloquence, such as the occasion demanded, conjured them to stand by him, promising, in the most decided terms, redress for the grievances of which they had to complain. They then commenced acts of violence, broke down and destroyed the booths of the tax-collectors, burst into the houses of such as were conceived to have enriched themselves by farming the imposts, and spread alarm through the whole city. Their numbers had by this time increased to many thousands, armed with weapons which they had taken from gunsmiths' shops, and wherever they could find them. They compelled the Prince of Bisignano, a Neapolitan nobleman, to go with them and act as their chief; but being shocked at their excesses, and alarmed for the consequences, he contrived to make his escape. Contrary, however, to the custom of ordinary rioters, the insurgents took no spoils for their own use. Mutinies and riots often commence with scruples on the part of the actors to profit by pillage, but it is seldom that these vehement patriots do not finally give way to temptation. They next proceeded to the viceroy's palace, forced their way into his presence, despite of his guards, and peremptorily demanded the abolition not only of the new gabelle on fruits, but of all other imposts whatsoever, demands which, under the immediate influence of terror, the viceroy assented to. They then destroyed the most valuable effects in the palace; the viceroy himself endeavouring to escape from the insurgents by throwing himself into a coach, was discovered, abused, and grossly insulted; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he succeeded, by throwing money among them, in effecting his retreat into the *Castello Nuovo*. The populace then, by unanimous consent, placed themselves under the command of Masaniello, who was installed "Captain-General of the most faithful people of Naples," and such coadjutors and counsellors were added (chiefly of low rank and infamous character) as appeared to him best qualified to assist him. He used little council however, and while he sat by a chafingdish of fire, by which he spent the night, at the Tower of the Carmelites, which he had made his head-quarters, his advisers could only draw from him these words: "I feel a weight like boiling lead in my head, but the Virgin and Saints appear to me every night, and promise me their

protection. I have assured the people that I will give them freedom, and they shall be free." By his directions the prisons were broke open, and the captives set at liberty; the few inhabitants who resisted were put to death; and one house, where there chanced to be a quantity of gunpowder, was blown up, an accident which cost eighty-seven persons their lives.

July 8th.—The people having once tasted the pleasures of license, prepared with tenfold force to repeat their riot. In the meantime the Duke of Arcos was taken absolutely unprovided. He had indeed about three thousand soldiers, most of them Germans and Spaniards. But though he garrisoned the three castles Nuovo, dell' Uovo, and Saint Elmo, the citadels of Naples, cutting them off by hasty fortifications and entrenchments from the city, the number of troops was scarcely sufficient to protect these important strong holds, and such out-posts as were essentially necessary to their defence. A German regiment of five hundred men was defeated and disarmed in an attempt to enter the city. The provincial militia were even more easily repulsed, and many joined the insurgents. Thus it became almost evident that the city, and ultimately the kingdom of Naples, were lost to Spain, in case the nobility and gentry of the city should unite with the populace against the government. There were no doubt deadly feuds of old standing betwixt the two orders, and Arcos, though secretly as hostile to the nobles as to the people, resolved to make use of the former in negotiating a truce with the latter, in order to effect a general pacification, and prevent the ominous conjunction of their forces. He employed in this perilous negotiation a Neapolitan nobleman, the Duke of Matalone, whom he held at that time a prisoner in the Castle Nuovo, and who was easily prevailed on, by flattery and promises, to forget for the moment his own injuries, and undertake the part of mediator between the Spanish viceroy and the insurgents. Successful and unopposed, the multitude now raised their demands. They required not only the abolition of all the imposts, but the restoration of all privileges granted by Ferdinand the Catholic, and his successor, Charles V., to the citizens of Naples; in particular, with a view of becoming acquainted with the full extent of these immunities, they demanded the production of a charter, written, as they said, in letters of gold, and granted by Charles V. to the city of Naples. Whatever were the viceroy's motives, whether he had no such deed, or did not choose to deliver it, he acted equally foolishly and criminally in endeavouring to palm on the populace some other document in place of that which they required. As for his unfortunate envoy, the Duke of Matalone, they seized on his person, loaded him with insults, and dragged

him to prison. In the meantime they followed their course of burning and destroying the houses of all whom they regarded as enemies of the people, and inspired such general terror, that bodies of a hundred men fled at the approach of one of Masaniello's lazzaroni, although they were merely ragged lads, armed with long poles headed with iron hooks, usually employed for steering their boats, but now wielded for the purpose of pulling the gentlemen (as they said) from their horses. The very women took arms and formed themselves into companies, marching through the streets with muskets on their shoulders, swords by their sides, and poignards in their bosoms. Others brought their children in their arms, and made them cast burning brands into the houses of the Duke of Matalone and other nobles, whom they now considered their enemies as much as the Spaniards. "These lambs," they cried, "shall take vengeance for the loss of the bread they have been deprived of by traitors!"

July 9th.—The insurrection was equally progressive and increasing. The insurgents, after overcoming the efforts of a company of soldiers, placed for the protection of that important post, possessed themselves of the steeple and church of St. Lorenzo, which commanded the city. Masaniello and his successors in his stormy exaltation as chief of the people, made use of the great bell of that church as a tocsin or alarm bell, and the Duke of Arcos was wont to say, long after, that he never heard it toll without thinking of the judgment peal. Cardinal Filomarino, Archbishop of Naples, was now employed, instead of the Duke of Matalone, to negotiate with Masaniello and the people. He was a subtle and sagacious churchman, popular with the citizens, from having occasionally taken their side against the Spanish government, to which he was not supposed to be partial, though willing to contribute the weight of his character and influence to effect a pacification in this dreadful emergency. After much cavilling, he convinced the people and their leader that he had sufficient powers from the viceroy to assent to all their demands, and that the papers which he exhibited, and to which the viceroy expressed himself willing to conform, were the authentic charters of Ferdinand and Charles V.

July 10th.—Masaniello had appointed a general rendezvous of the people to be held in the Piazza del Popolo, to hear the terms proposed by the cardinal. But events took place which gave a different turn to affairs. Various parties of banditti, long the dishonour and plague of Naples, seeking naturally to find their own advantage amid rapine and slaughter, now made their appearance. They were welcomed as friends of the people, and one of them, named Perrone, a particular confidant of Masa-

niello, was entrusted with the care of the prisoners who had been arrested. The Duke of Matalone being under this person's charge, (of whom he had formerly some knowledge,) found little difficulty in engaging him, and another chief of banditti, named Pepé Palombe, by a promise of twelve thousand ducats, in an attempt to end the insurrection by assassinating Masaniello. At the same time the imprisoned duke was allowed to escape from custody. An immense throng of citizens crowded the square where the assembly was held, when five hundred banditti assembled among them, completely armed and well mounted. Their appearance in such numbers excited suspicion, and Masaniello required them to dismount and divide themselves; instead of this order being obeyed, seven arquebuses were fired at the *Capo del Popolo*, so near that they burned his shirt, though not a ball touched him! The populace instantly discharged a volley of musketry on the troop of banditti, and killed thirty of them; the rest fled into a neighbouring church, which notwithstanding the respect usually paid in Catholic countries to such an asylum, proved no place of refuge. The gates were unhinged, the vaults resounded to the fire of musketry, while the people slew the wretches at the very altar, flooding the church pavement with gore. Such of the banditti as were examined and executed confessed the existence of the plot to assassinate Masaniello, after which they hoped to disperse the insurgents, by assaulting them at unawares, while astonished at the loss of their captain. Other reports were added,—namely, that mines were formed below the *Piazza del Popolo*, where the insurgents were to meet,—though, in truth, the conspirators had neither time nor means for such a gunpowder plot. All agreed, however, in naming the Duke of Matalone, and his brother, Don Joseph Caraffa, as the instigators of the conspiracy, who were immediately sought after with the most vigorous alacrity. Masaniello, meantime, remained in the great square, surrounded by the heads of the slain banditti, planted upon pikes, exaggerating the dangers which he had encountered, and calling for vengeance on the aristocracy. The Duke of Matalone had the good fortune to make his escape, but his brother, Don Joseph Caraffa, fell into the hands of the people, who were dragging him before Masaniello, when a butcher, called Michael de Santis, struck off his head with a cleaver. His miserable remains were brought to the insurgent chief, who struck and spurned the senseless body, which was afterwards gibbeted in the market-place. Masaniello's rage against the banditti was so great that he ordered that no person, even ladies of condition, or priests of the highest orders, should dare to wear long garments in the streets of Naples. Even cardinals and pre-

lates were obliged to go in such succinct dress, as to warrant that they were not banditti in disguise carrying arms under their robes. The nobles and aristocrats were compelled to surrender their arms to the popular officers, and with admirable consistency, an excise on all eatables brought to market was imposed, for the maintenance of that revolutionary government which had its origin in the abolition of the gabelles.

The scene is well described, and without exaggeration, by the author of the "*Le Duc de Guise à Naples*."

"Horrid outcries rent the air; bleeding carcasses were tied to horses' tails, and, attended by fishermen and sailors, were dragged through the streets; children, covered with blood, ran behind, followed by women and lazzaroni, carrying the royal banners, and firing muskets into the windows. In the market-place was a wooden scaffold hastily constructed, and inclosed by a circular range of pikes, on which the insurgents fixed the heads of their victims, while their mangled bodies laid below, bound with ropes to the palisade. Masaniello ascends the scaffold, still dressed as a sailor, with sword in hand, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth; '*Bring the head of the traitor!*' he exclaims, and then insults the remains of Joseph Caraffa; he speaks to him in mockery, he touches his hair and ghastly lips, while the multitude raise the most ferocious acclamations. In all quarters victims are sought after; even the old and helpless are not spared, and their bodies are dragged about; the squares are covered with carnage, the streets resound with cries of affright, the palaces are in flames. The churches, however, are open; the altars are invested with the ornaments of the festivals for the dead; and before the Most High, priests and prelates call for peace, bewail the victims, and pray for the guilty. In passing by the churches, the ruffian, who has just committed murder, or the incendiary, who still brandishes his flaming torch, uncovers his head, kneels for a moment, and each returns to his work of destruction."

July 11th.—In the mean time, the accommodation proposed by the viceroy, through the mediation of the Cardinal Filomarino, though somewhat checked by Perrone's conspiracy, was still proceeding. The truth is, that whether the conspiracy succeeded or failed, the Spaniards were the party sure to benefit by it. Had Perrone effected his object, they would have been rid of Masaniello; and although he had failed, the death of Don Joseph Caraffa, with other consequences, had removed all possibility of a reconciliation between the nobles and the people, of which the viceroy was so justly apprehensive. Assisted by the two persons we have already mentioned, Genuino and Arpaya, who had been formerly employed in political business, Masaniello had a set of articles drawn up, in which the gabelles were abolished, all former privileges renewed and confirmed, and the actors in the late tumults, including himself and his counsellors by name,

assured of pardon. These articles were read publicly in the church of our Lady of the Carmelites, after which the Cardinal Filomarino passed in procession to the Castello Nuovo, followed by the whole tide of the population, amid loud acclamations. On this occasion Masaniello, at the cardinal's suggestion, exchanged his mariner's habit, which he had rendered more awful than imperial robes of Tyrian purple, for a splendid suit of cloth of silver, and mounted on a fine charger, proceeded to pay his respects to the viceroy, who received him with the utmost respect, and had an opportunity to see the wonderful and alarming influence which this fisherman had attained over the populace. Vast numbers of the insurgents had crowded in after the procession, and filled the castle yard. Alarmed at the length of Masaniello's stay, they began to show symptoms of uneasiness. The *Capo del Popolo* was then with the cardinal and viceroy in the cabinet of the latter, when stepping to the window he silenced them by a word of his mouth and a signal of his hand. At another signal, all the bells of the city were tolled; at a third, the deafening peal was silenced. He waved his hand, and the people shouted; he placed his finger on his lips, and the roaring multitude became hushed as death. Finally, he commanded them to disperse to their homes, and the court yard, as if by magic, was evacuated in an instant. The viceroy and his courtiers looked at each other with astonishment. It was no wonder that the viceroy felt it necessary to recognize the authority of captain general of the people in a demagogue possessing such complete influence over his constituents. The Duke of Arcos went so far as to put a gold chain round his neck, and to salute him by the title of Duke of St. George. So closed the fifth day, the events of which augured a restoration of public tranquillity.

July 12th.—The events of this day proved, however, that peace was yet far distant. Masaniello, agitated perhaps by apprehensions of the banditti, no longer received petitions and applications in the open market-place, but at a window of his own cottage, which was close by it, where he stood in his fisherman's dress, with a loaded blunderbuss in his hand, which put the suitors in some terror for the reply which they might possibly receive. His house was surrounded by numerous guards, and on this occasion he exhibited himself—

“————— as a man busied about decrees,
Condemning some to death and some to exile;
Ransoming one, or pitying; threatening the other.”

The petitions which were presented to him, he himself being unable to read or write, were examined and answered by masked secretaries, who wrote the necessary reply, which the *Capo del*

Popolo attested by a mark. His sentences, his executions, his burning and pillaging, still indicated his being thoroughly imbued with that implacable hatred to the aristocracy, proper to a man of the lowest class.

July 13th.—A solemn ceremony was appointed to take place in the cathedral, where Masaniello presented himself before the viceroy, the cardinal archbishop, and the whole of the constituted authorities of the kingdom, holding a drawn sword in one hand, and the charter of Charles V. in the other. Here, after religious service, the Duke of Arcos took a solemn oath to observe the articles stipulated betwixt him and the *Capo del Popolo* on the part of the people of Naples. In the course of this ceremony, Masaniello, for the first time, showed marks of deranged intellect. In discussing the different articles of the capitulation he made freakish and absurd interruptions, and at the conclusion of the solemnity was with difficulty—almost perforce—prevented from stripping himself of his ceremonial dress, in order to resume his mariner's rags, in presence of the viceroy, the cardinal, and the whole assembly. The viceroy, on returning from the ceremony, seeing the wife of Masaniello at a window, saluted her with the greatest respect.

July 14th.—This day, being Sunday, the eighth of the insurrection, the conduct of Masaniello became still more capricious and fantastic than on the preceding,—attracted general notice, and began to diminish the respect paid to him even by the ignorant multitude. In the morning he resumed the exercise of his judicial functions; afterwards gave orders for the surrender of the principal posts to the Spanish troops, and at the moment the popular chiefs were attending him in council, rushed out suddenly, half undressed, mounted his horse, and galloped off to invite the cardinal to sup with him at Pausilippo. The cardinal, not daring to refuse, excused himself from accompanying him immediately, on account of his spiritual duties, and promised to join him in the afternoon. Masaniello then proceeded to the viceroy's residence, and invited him also to be of the party; the Duke of Arcos contrived to excuse himself, but gave orders that his barge should convey the *Capo del Popolo* to the foot of Pausilippo. On his way to the barge, he committed all sorts of extravagances, and on his arrival at Pausilippo, he went into the church to hear mass; after which he threw himself into the sea, swimming about with his clothes on, and an hour afterwards ordered supper. It was supposed that Masaniello at this time had been poisoned with some liquor having the power of creating lunacy. We believe the art of medicine knows no such drug as would destroy the mind, leaving the body uninjured, though there

is no want of liquors by which a temporary suspension of the faculties may be produced. To these also Masaniello applied himself, having drank twelve tumblers or flasks of the wine called *Lachrymæ Christi*, a dose which could not tend to calm his frenzy. He was carried home, and, for the first time probably since his exaltation, slept soundly.

July 15th.—The ninth day of the insurrection exhibited fresh proofs of Masaniello's frenzy, and every class of persons began to be equally tired of its consequences, which were sometimes ludicrous, sometimes fatal. The people of every condition, and even many of the popular chiefs, headed by Genuino and Arpaya, expressed an earnest desire to be rid, by whatever means, of their own beloved *Capo del Popolo*. With this view a new conspiracy was formed to assassinate him, as one whom friends and foes were alike desirous to be rid of. During the day, he kept his absolute authority in complete exercise. He drew his sword and cut furiously around him,—became, in short, so outrageously mad that his attendants and friends were forced to bind and secure him for the night.

It is probable that the mind of this demagogue had always the strong tendency to insanity, which is so frequently visible in men capable of bold and daring actions, and indeed, where license is given to the passions, in men of genius of every description. In his rapid rise to despotic authority Masaniello was like the boy who ascends a precipice step by step, but becomes giddy and terrified when, unsupported and alone, he looks around him from the summit. For the indulgence of vanity, that fruitful source of madness in various shapes, no one indeed could have so much cause as a poor fisherman, whom a week of tumult had raised to be the companion and controller of princes. The possession of arbitrary power has deranged many, and being so suddenly acquired as it had been in this instance, it must undoubtedly have had a deleterious effect. Masaniello's rapid and stupendous elevation was the most unlooked-for occurrence of the kind which had perhaps ever been witnessed. Personal apprehension, which almost always accompanies, and sometimes is sufficient of itself to cause insanity, was inseparable from the situation of Masaniello,—possessed, as he must have felt himself, of a "power too great to keep or to resign." His extravagant fears of the banditti, and of the nobles by whom he believed them to be instigated, is one proof of his feverish alarm; it is another that he would take no food from any other hand than that of a relation called Pizzacarolo; while he often expressed his belief, that within a week after he had resigned his authority he would be slain, and his body dragged through the streets. Lastly, want of sleep is at

once a cause and a symptom of madness, and Masaniello for several nights was, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, visited with *insomnium*. He had scarcely laid him down in bed when he would start out of it, exclaiming "Up, up, there is no sleeping for us till we are masters of Naples!" It is needless surely to seek farther for causes of Masaniello's insanity. No "Colchick drugs" can be more potent to create and promote frenzy than vanity, the consciousness of arbitrary power, the uncertainty how to proceed in circumstances altogether new and peculiarly arduous, the pressing apprehension of conspiracy and death, the constant and strained exertion of mind, the effects of increasing daily toil, and the privation of nocturnal repose.

July 16th.—Upon the tenth and last day of his singular career, Masaniello, escaping from his best friends, (those who detained him in custody as a lunatic,) rushed into the church of del Carmine, the day being the festival of the Virgin patroness. The cardinal Filomarino performed the service, and after its conclusion, Masaniello, in a desponding mood, harangued the people with a crucifix in his hand; complained of being forsaken by them, mingling expressions which were of a pathetic description with such as were utterly irrational and ridiculous. He behaved with such indecorum of speech and gesture, that the priests were obliged to withdraw him from the pulpit by force. To the cardinal he next had recourse, expressing his purpose to resign all his power to the viceroy. The prelate with difficulty prevailed on him to enter the adjoining cloister, and cease interrupting the prayers of the congregation. While the unfortunate man was yet in the cloister, the assassins, few in number, but followed by many others who favoured them, burst into his place of refuge, exclaiming "Long live the king of Spain, and death to Masaniello!"—"Do ye seek me, my people?" answered Masaniello. "Here I am!" As he turned round he received the fire of four arquebuses, which killed him on the spot, giving him but time to exclaim,—“Oh ye ungrateful traitors!” So low was his popularity fallen, that the thousands, then assembled in the church of del Carmine, heard, without the least emotion, that Masaniello was slain. Thereafter his head was carried to the viceroy, and his body, after being dragged through the streets by a rabble of boys, among whom the nobility threw pieces of money, was at length tossed into the city-ditches.

But the flame which Masaniello had kindled was not extinguished by his death. Even in the morning which succeeded his exit, some of the striplings, who had constituted the guard and lictors of their murdered captain-general, sought out his dishonoured remains, and carried them to the cathedral. The mangled

corpse was arrayed in royal robes, decorated with a crown and sceptre, and after being carried in funeral procession, followed by thousands of armed men, it was at length solemnly interred in the church, with many tears, prayers, and lamentations.

Thus ended the short but eventful life of Masaniello, who, in the course of ten days, rose from the most humble situation to an unrivalled height of despotic authority; and after reigning like a monarch, was, by common consent, shot and dragged through the city like a mad dog, yet finally buried like a prince, and almost worshipped as a saint. It is worth while to look somewhat more closely at a character subjected in so short a space of time to such extraordinary vicissitudes.

There are two classes of persons, both remarkable for the parts they have performed in life, who must yet be carefully distinguished from each other. The first consists of the men of commanding genius and strong character, who may be considered as arbiters of their own destinies, and those of others. They possess force of mind and power of judgment, if not altogether to direct, at least to influence and controul their fellow-men. The second class consists of mere creatures of circumstances, which elevate or depress them as the tide of events chances to ebb or flow. The first resemble the experienced mariner, who can manage to steer his course even by means of gales which seem the most adverse; the second may be compared to an unskilful landsman, who drifts at the mercy of wind and wave. There can be little hesitation in affirming that Masaniello belongs to the second class, and that his extraordinary rise was rather the work of fortune and contingency, than of his own device in the conception, or his own exertions in the execution.

As this opinion has been disputed, it is proper to mention our reasons for entertaining it. We conceive that whatever task is undertaken upon premeditation by a man of talents must exhibit in its progress some marks of a regular purpose and plan. Of this we can see no traces in the commotion effected by Masaniello. The fact is, he appears to have had no plan or principle whatever, except the very obvious idea that the imposts were unpopular and disagreeable, and therefore desirable to be got rid of. This was what he called freedom, and it is indeed the most popular and most tangible notion of freedom among the lower orders in all countries. "Independence," said a South American to Captain Basil Hall, "consists in getting a shirt cheaper by nine-tenths than we used to do." When Masaniello proposed to restore his country's freedom, all he meant was a removal of the imposts, and the vagueness of his ideas upon the topic is best understood from what he said concerning the apparitions of saints and angels,

and the scalding lead in his brain. This hatred of taxation was probably the feeling of all men of his class in Naples, and he being an active, bold, and probably half-mad fellow, spoke out loudly what every one thought. But he entertained no purpose whatsoever of freeing his country from the Spanish yoke. On the contrary, he professed the deepest devotion to Philip IV., never named him but with signs of respect, and paid almost superstitious honours to his portrait. And when one of his advisers suggested the alternative of calling in the French to back their insurrection, he threatened if he heard a word more on the subject to bring him to trial as a rebel. He was no less unable to form a scheme which might give the Neapolitans, by union and cordiality amongst themselves, the means of opposing a bulwark to the oppression of their Spanish masters. Above all, Masaniello was totally destitute of that knowledge of mankind so essential to a truly great leader, which enables him to select counsellors and assistants suitable to the times and the purposes in which he is engaged. Julio Genuino was a subaltern political agent, grown old in paltry intrigues, in which he had so conducted himself as to be branded and condemned to the gallies. By Masaniello's influence he was chosen the *Eletto del Popolo*. Cieco d'Arpaya was that most degraded of beings, a paltry retainer of the law, conversant in the tricks and subtleties of his profession, but incapable of receiving or comprehending its nobler lessons. He also had been a galley-slave at Oran, yet was, on the selection of the *Capo del Popolo*, recommended to be chosen counsellor of the insurgents. Such were his civil auxiliaries! His military assistants were as unhappily chosen. Dominico Perrone had been a thief-taker, a profession which he exchanged for that of a captain of banditti. He became Masaniello's lieutenant. Gennaro Annese, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter, was a common gunsmith, an ignorant and brutal mechanic, cruel, avaricious, and cowardly; yet one of the most important quarters of the city was entrusted to his charge. All these four men were faithless to Masaniello; and though Perrone failed in his attempt to assassinate him, the other three were accomplices in his actual slaughter. Of his other adherents, whom he distinguished by appointments, not one seems to have been recommended by character, probity, or talents.

It would be doing Masaniello injustice, however, if we did not add, that having no distinct prospect of rendering essential service to his country, he was at the same time totally free from any sinister views of personal aggrandizement. He appears to have been sincere in his wishes, that when he had set Naples free,—by which he understood the abolition of imposts,—the government

of it should be committed to a popular management, composed of such men as we have mentioned. The Memoirs of 1828 record a singular circumstance with regard to this point, on the authority of De Santis. While, on Friday, July 12th, the sixth day of the insurrection, he was sitting in his judgment-seat, a female masked, or man in woman's habit, approached and whispered, "Masaniello, we have reached the goal, a crown is prepared, and it is for thy brows."—"For mine?" he replied, "I desire none but the green wreath with which we honour Our Lady's festival in September. When I have delivered my country I shall resume my nets."—"You find them no more. Rebellion should not be undertaken, or it should be carried on to the end."—"I will resume my nets," said Masaniello steadily. "You will not find them," said the intrusive monitor. "What, then, shall I find?"—"Death!" answered the masked figure, and withdrew into the crowd. An evidence of the purity of his intentions, though combined with gross ignorance, was afforded by the rigour with which he insisted on the destruction of the treasure and rich moveables found in the houses which were destroyed during the first days of the tumult. Latterly, indeed, he yielded to the suggestions of Genuino and d'Arpaya, that these things should be preserved for the good of the state, and for the purpose of presenting them as a donative to Philip IV. in place of the abolished gabelles. But whatever was the case with regard to less scrupulous insurgents, he participated in no plunder, until vanity produced madness, or madness vanity. On the whole we may conclude, that he was a man whose principal characteristic was the boldness with which he pursued an object ardently desired, but who was alike incapable, from want of knowledge and talents, to avail himself of the success which so wonderfully crowned his enterprise. How far his cruelty was the effect of natural disposition, or a consequence of his malady, is a question that must be left to Him to whom alone it can be known.

Masaniello had not been dead four days when new disturbances broke out betwixt the populace of Naples and the Duke of Arcos. They discovered that in the agreement made betwixt them and the viceroy, the duke had privately excepted from the abolished gabelles those which were in existence during the reign of Charles V., and all such as had been farmed by the government to any individual. Other causes of jealousy intervened before these suspicions could be allayed, and the populace, now organized and accustomed to combine and use their superiority of numbers, again rose in insurrection. They advanced to renew the blockade and investment of the castles and posts maintained by the viceroy, and the war, which had been suspended, was in a great measure renewed.

The leaders of the populace, being at length conscious that they stood in need of more experienced advisers than their order could supply, resolved to supply the place of Masaniello by electing Don Francisco Toralto, prince of Massa, a nobleman of Spanish origin, of gentle and popular manners, and who had distinguished himself as an officer in defending Catalonia against the French. The unfortunate nobleman saw the whole danger of accepting a command to be held at the pleasure of a fickle and uncertain people, who would assuredly set down to their leader's imputed treachery the bad success which might be owing to their own want of discipline. On the other hand, if he raised banners against the viceroy, he subjected himself to the pains of rebellion. To guard against this he communicated secretly with the Duke of Arcos, and obtained his sanction for accepting the command of the popular army, in order at once to restrain them within the bounds of discipline, and temporize till they should grow weary of the fatigue and dangers of war. This was on the 29d of August.

By the influence he possessed with the new commander of the popular forces, and by the opportunity which he thereby obtained for bribing several of the Neapolitan chiefs, the viceroy obtained a truce, until he should receive instructions from Spain, and in the meanwhile exerted himself to revictual the three citadels and increase the number of his forces. The articles of truce contained a number of popular clauses, to which the viceroy hesitated not to consent for the time, under the internal belief that the court of Spain, to which they were to be ultimately referred, would be sure to reject them.

On the first of October a fleet of five-and-thirty large vessels entered the port of Naples, and by display of the royal standard from the castles, the people learned that King Philip's natural son, Don Juan of Austria, was on board one of the ships composing this princely armament. On the event of this young dignitary's arrival being known, the Neapolitans showed great joy, anticipating that he brought the ratification of the articles which had been sworn to by the Duke of Arcos. It would appear however that the viceroy, from a spirit of revenge, and smarting under the mortifications and insults he had received from the Neapolitans, had persuaded the youthful commander that he had no alternative but to employ force in reducing them to obedience. Two days after the arrival of the fleet, therefore, without any answer being returned to the deputation sent to invite the son of their sovereign on shore, and while the citizens were preparing to receive him with every mark of personal respect—without any declaration that the truce was terminated—the Spanish troops

were suddenly landed from the vessels, and united with those in the castles, after which, with swords in one hand and torches in the other, and commencing a most furious cannonade on the city from the forts and shipping, they made a general attack on all the posts in possession of the people, which lasted for three days. This treacherous attempt met with its deserved fate. The insurgents, rallying vigorously, repulsed the Spaniards in every direction. Open war was the consequence, without the possibility of renewing a treaty which had been made a cloak for such treachery. The situation of the Prince of Massa now became excessively delicate. Considering the King of Spain as his lawful sovereign, he had undertaken the office of captain-general of the popular forces, as being likely to afford him the means of accomplishing a reconciliation between the sovereign and the people. The prospect of this was indefinitely removed, and his situation rendered him the direct, although involuntary, enemy of the Spanish government; while the Duke of Arcos's treachery had rendered any pacific arrangement next to impossible. The prince's motions were now closely watched by the people, and indicated coldness, if not unwillingness, to exert himself in their cause. He visited the posts with less punctuality, and was frequently absent at the almost daily skirmishes which took place betwixt the exasperated factions. This conduct, it is said, was owing to the persuasions of his wife. By his courage and composure the Prince of Massa escaped the consequences of one tumult, in which the people threatened his life. But the causes of the public suspicion increased, and were fostered by those favourite chiefs of the populace who envied his authority. His general of artillery went over to the Spaniards. A mine wrought under his direction, to destroy the cisterns of the Castle of St. Elmo, failed of its effect. The Prince of Massa at last became the victim of a popular tumult, headed by Gennaro Annese, the gunsmith already mentioned, and was beheaded without even being allowed time for his devotions. His head was paraded on a pike, his body dragged through the streets, his heart torn out with the brutality usual in such proceedings, and presented to his wife in a silver basin. No one can doubt that the people did wisely to deprive the Prince of Massa of his command; as, from the beginning, he accepted it by constraint, and with a reservation of his sworn fidelity to Spain. To have dismissed him in safety would have been an act of humanity; his murder was only the means of rendering the breach betwixt the nobles and the people irreconcilable. This was accordingly the case. The provinces of the kingdom were in as disorderly a state as the capital. Large troops of banditti pretending or possessing commissions from the popular chiefs, overran some districts. In

others the nobles and their feudal followers took arms, assembled a flying army of 3000 horse, declared common cause with the Spaniards, and blockaded the city, preventing the importation of corn, and threatening Naples with famine. Even Gennaro Annese, who by a tumultuary election had been created captain-general of the people, could now see that, without foreign assistance, the populace of Naples must be subdued by the united force of the Spaniards and the nobles, whom they had driven into making common cause. To obtain this assistance envoys were despatched by him and his council to Rome, to France, and to every other country of which they thought the rulers might be moved to lend them succour. This brought new actors upon the scene.

- HENRY DE LORRAINE, DUKE OF GUISE, was one of the most remarkable men at the court of France. Richelieu had, indeed, subdued and chained to the throne those great princes whose power had repeatedly shaken it; but their children still continued to cherish the high spirit of chivalry which had been the idol of their fathers; and glory and lady's love were no less the topics of the court than when Francis I. did homage to the beautiful Diana of Valentinois at Fontainebleau.

The Duke of Guise united in his person the qualities both of the romantic heroes of the period, and of such as stood high in the political world. Young, handsome, accomplished in all exercises, witty and agreeable as Grammont, amorous as Amadis, and inconstant as his brother Don Galaor, he was accounted irresistible among the fair sex. A soldier brave as Bayard, and possessed of all the ambition of all the Guises, Henry of Lorraine was fit both to conceive and to execute the most extraordinary enterprises. With the most perfect resolution, and the most acute discernment, he possessed the art of eloquence that addresses the heart through the ear, the graces of dignified simplicity which men love, but in a superior degree the power of using at will that species of cold politeness which is the most poignant way of expressing contempt. Such a character was formed to amuse, and perhaps to scandalize, the court with his amours, and disturb it with his political intrigues, in both which spheres he was remarkably active.

The Duke of Guise had been originally designed for the church, and at fifteen years of age was promoted to the archbishopric of Rheims, though his taste inclined him towards the army. But on the death of his elder brother, the Prince of Joinville, in 1639, he instantly renounced the archbishopric, the duties of which had been performed by other hands while he was pursuing his military career in Italy and Germany, and on the death of his father next year, he joyfully returned to France, to exchange the

first ecclesiastical peerage of the kingdom for the peerage of his family, more happy in his freedom than within the limits of a profession to which he could have done no honour. He fell in love with Anne de Gonzague, youngest daughter of the Duke of Nevers and Mantua, and the lady shared his passion. But having entered into the conspiracy against Richelieu, formed by the Count de Soissons, the Duke of Bouillon and others, and fomented by the Court of Spain, the Duke of Guise partook of their disgrace in 1641, and was obliged to fly. Anne de Gonzague rendered his triumph complete by escaping in pursuit of him in male attire. She hastened to Flanders to console her lover under the sentence of high treason and confiscation, pronounced against him during his absence; she came—and found Guise not only in love with, but actually married to another woman. Indignant at his perfidy, she instantly returned to France.

The lady who had the honour of fixing for a moment his wavering affections was a Flemish beauty, Honorine de Glimes, widow of the Count de Bossu. The marriage ceremony was performed by a bishop, one of the lady's relations; what were the grounds on which the duke afterwards sought to annul the marriage, we have not been able distinctly to make out. The union, however, did not last much above three years, during which he contrived to dissipate his wife's fortune, at the end of which time both Richelieu and Louis XIII. were dead; and the Duke of Guise having submitted himself to the queen's (Anne of Austria's) mercy, and received his pardon, secretly left Brussels and his wife, and in 1644 reappeared in all the splendour of his adventures at the French capital. The duke's next conquest was that of the beautiful Madame de Montbazon, which led him into an adventure that reminds us of the catastrophe of that one among Gil Blas's masters who was killed in the flower of his age for circulating forged *billets-doux*. Madame de Montbazon, who nourished some female spite against Madame de Longueville, had imputed to that lady the writing of certain love-letters which were not her's. The courtiers took different parts on this important occasion, and Henry of Lorraine loudly advocated the cause of his mistress. The Count de Coligni was the champion of Madame de Longueville; and the lineal representatives of the great Guise and the no less great Admiral de Coligni, who fought with the fate of a kingdom and its religion on their swords, waged as deadly a war about a lady's love-letters. The Duke of Guise was victorious; he disarmed and wounded Coligni, who died within five months, partly of grief, partly of his wounds. Shortly after, the duke's *liaison* with Madame de Montbazon was broken off by the exile of his mistress.

After this separation, the Duke of Guise fixed his fluctuating affections upon Mademoiselle de Pons, of the highly descended family of d'Albret. This lady, whose vanity was much more flattered than her affections were excited by the attentions of the Duke, showed herself inaccessible to every species of courtship save that which led to the altar of Hymen. The Duke of Guise would have gratified his passion even at that rate, but the claims of his Flemish spouse formed an impediment which must first be removed. Measures were adopted to obtain a divorce betwixt the duke and the countess, who pertinaciously maintained her conjugal rights. Meantime the Duke of Guise made two campaigns in Flanders, among those gay volunteers who entered the trenches to the music of violins, and showed the same gaiety in the field of battle as in the ball-room. On his return, though covered with glory, Mademoiselle de Pons seemed to look coldly on him, and objected (like an unreasonable woman) to the duration of his suit with Madame de Bossu, as if, either in France, Rome, or elsewhere, a law-suit can end when a lady is tired of it. Guise, spurred by her reproaches, and fancying that his agents were remiss in his interests, declared his resolution of setting out instantly to Rome, and using his personal interest with the Pope to hasten the conclusion of his divorce. But his jealousy made it a condition, that during his absence Mademoiselle de Pons should retire to a convent, which the lady regarded as a considerable sacrifice. This was in the autumn of 1646.

At Rome the Duke conducted himself with considerable address to gain the weather-gage of his Holiness. Pope Innocent X. was inclined at first to the Spanish faction on his elevation to the pontificate. This had been resented by the French ministers at Rome with marks of wilful disrespect, which incensed his Holiness so much, that he set himself to thwart and oppose the views of Cardinal Mazarin. He had an opportunity to do so in a tender and personal point, for Mazarin was anxious to have his brother, the Archbishop of Aix, made a cardinal—an honour seldom conferred upon two members of the same family. While conversing with the Duke of Guise on the subject, the Pope even shed tears of anger, at which the French prince was not much moved, "being aware that he could shed such at his pleasure, and was indeed an excellent actor." His mode of address to the Head of the Catholic Church was of this singular kind.

"However, I persuaded myself I gained upon him, and confidently told him, that having discovered where he was attackable, I had brought about my design, and that he must yield, having no more defence against me; then I asked him if his predominate passion were not revenge, as is usual with all Italians? and whether he would not thank me

if I ruined at court such as he was dissatisfied with, making their conduct to be disapproved, and them to pass for malicious and undiscerning persons; and in fine to cause them to lose their employments, which should be bestowed on such as were more agreeable to him? He cast his arms about my neck, promising, if I could effect this, there should be nothing in the world he would refuse to do for my sake. You must then, said I, make the Archbishop of Aix cardinal, with the assurance that you had done it sooner but for the ill conduct of those you had to deal with."

Pope Innocent, upon reflection, satisfied himself that he would obtain a sure reconciliation with Mazarin by the promotion of his brother,—that he would be able to transact with France without having communication with the Marquis de Fontenay-Mareuil and the other French agents, who had used him disrespectfully, and whose disgrace he hoped by this means to effect. He was so much captivated by the duke's plan, that he consented to bestow the hat of which Cardinal Mazarin had despaired, upon his brother, who afterwards took the title of Cardinal of St. Cecilia.

By this manœuvring the Duke of Guise imagined that he had secured in his interest the Pope, the French ministers, and the new-made cardinal. The issue of the expedition showed that though he had been the means of their coming to agreement, they completely outwitted him.

Just as this intrigue was completed, messenger after messenger brought to Rome the accounts of the miserable condition of the people of Naples, without a head from whom any conduct was to be expected, or any apparent means of rescue, about to fall a sacrifice to the vengeance of the King of Spain, and his viceroy the Duke of Arcos. The State of Naples, like an oppressed princess in a romance, seemed to offer herself as a reward to the champion who should relieve her from her present state of extremity. His descent from King René of Anjou gave Henry de Lorraine a connection with that family whose claims on the kingdom of the Two Sicilies were not forgotten; and an opportunity was thus offered to the lover of Mademoiselle de Pons to place her on a throne, which her beauty would grace so highly.

Guise examined all mariners who came from Naples; he loaded them with presents and caresses; he spoke of their suffering country expressing an ardent desire to put a stop to its miseries; and after more than one of his emissaries had been intercepted by the jealous vigilance of the Spaniards, the duke at last succeeded in conveying his good wishes to the ears of the people of Naples. They heard that there was a prince at Rome, beautiful and graceful as imagination could conceive, with riches inexhaustible, and liberal in proportion to his wealth, descended from that house of Anjou which had formerly swayed the Neapolitan sceptre, who

was disposed, if invited by the people, to place himself at their head, and take his risk of death or conquest.

The heads of the people, particularly Gennaro Aunese, were for the present satisfied that no efforts of theirs could conduct the revolution to order or safety. A person of more character, Vincenzo Andrea, who appears to have entertained intentions of forming a republic—several others who were looking for their own safety and advancement—some also whose brains having been deranged by the crisis had never again become settled—began all at once to turn to this new-risen Star of Hope. They obtained a resolution of the people, that the Royal Republic of Naples should invite the Duke of Guise to command their armies, and enjoy the same authority at Naples as the Prince of Orange did in the Netherlands, the extent of which was probably wholly unknown to them.

When the measure was agreed upon, the most singular exaggerations took place on both sides—on the one, to impress the duke with a false idea of the forces of the people—and on the other, to fill the people with an extravagant expectation of the assistance to be derived from France. To the former, 170,000 men were said to be in arms, with ample funds for their maintenance, derived from confiscations, to the amount of two or three millions in gold. Powder, they said, they had in abundance, and two or three hundred men were engaged in making more. The whole military posts were described as well mounted with cannon and the place as abundantly provided with corn by those districts which had joined the insurrection. On the other hand, one Luigi del Ferro, a crack-brained person, who had taken upon himself the quality of ambassador of France at Naples, had offered the people in the French king's name a million of gold, fifty ships of war, thirty gallies, ten vessels laden with corn, fifty pieces of cannon, twelve thousand foot, and four thousand horse, with ammunition sufficient for above two years; he asserted also, that the Duke of Guise was coming to put himself into their hands as hostage for all these things, and offered to give himself up as prisoner to secure them with the price of his head. In a word, this self-created diplomatist advanced such exorbitant proposals as appeared totally incredible and ridiculous.

It must always be remembered, that the general intercourse between states, which were even in a close neighbourhood, was then in the highest degree imperfect, and that intelligence concerning what was passing at Naples could only be derived from the ordinary boatmen or fruit-sellers, who brought their tidings to Rome with all manner of popular exaggeration, or from those interested and sanguine persons, who came with such news as

were most likely to be agreeable, and to render the bearers welcome. On the occasions now mentioned they did what was equally fatal to both sides, they disguised from the Duke of Guise the necessities of the Neapolitans, and exaggerated to the citizens the means of the duke to supply them.

It is probable that Guise gave only a limited credence to the flattering tales which were brought to him of the state of the city. But he was a willing dupe to a great part of the exaggeration. The reason lay here. If the duke waited the arrival of a French fleet, French soldiers, French money and French stores, he could only make conquests under the auspices of France. Nay, in such case France might send to Naples a prince of the blood royal, to reap that harvest which the adventurous duke might have challenged as his own. If he threw himself into Naples before any French armament was advancing thither, unfettered by instructions, unaided—but at the same time uncontrolled—by a French army, which would of course be guided by commands from Paris, he might, according to his ardent views, “trust to his stars, his fortunes, and his strength,” to attach so strong a party of the Neapolitans to his side as might render him the director of future events, and compel whatever French auxiliaries might be sent to his assistance to act as subjects, not brothers of the war. The Duke of Guise was therefore resolved at all risks, and without the attendance of any Frenchmen, save a few of his own family, to throw himself into the midst of the disorderly capital of Naples, and by his own energies establish his authority.

The Marquis de Fontenay, the French minister at Rome, disapproved of the duke's enterprize, considering that this scheme, if unsuccessful, was likely entirely to destroy the French interest at Naples, but, if successful, that it would lead to consequences more favourable to the duke's ambitious projects than he was disposed to encourage. If Naples were to be a separate kingdom, and only an *appanage* of France, unquestionably Cardinal Mazarin would have desired that a prince of the blood should hold the throne. The Duke of Anjou, the Prince of Conti, or Prince Thomas of Savoy, might either of them have met his views as a candidate. Much more would he have wished that so fair a kingdom should have been made a direct dependancy of France, to be governed by a viceroy. Either of these plans was inconsistent with that of the Duke of Guise, the power of whose house, which had been with such difficulty reduced, there seemed little policy in restoring, especially when its representative was a man of so much genius and enterprize. These opinions of the cardinal and the French envoy were probably justified by their knowledge of Guise's character. His ambitious spirit was not likely to be satisfied with holding the place of a mere temporary viceroy, and still less to

yield up the authority which he should gain by his sole personal risk. On the contrary, although when the affair was canvassed he protested that his conquests and acquisitions should be all at the King of France's unlimited disposal, yet, should he be once placed at the head of affairs in Naples, it was likely that some nominal acknowledgment of feudal dependance, and the advantage of having weakened Spain by dismembering such a limb of her empire, would be the only important results which France would reap by the Duke of Guise's success. Moved by these considerations, they endeavoured to keep the duke in suspense until they could equip a squadron, and take the adventure into their own hands, allowing him no other than a subordinate share. But the duke felt his advantage, and pressed both the cardinal and his brother, M. de Fontenay, and the other French ministers at Rome, extremely close. He had received, as he showed them, an invitation from those who were at the head of the insurgents at Naples, but it must be instantly accepted, or would be for ever lost. The people, he stated, would be driven to despair. They might lay down their arms to the Spaniards: they might call in the Turks, who were within fifty miles of them. In short, France would lose the most precious opportunity to lower the power of the house of Austria, which had occurred for a century. At the same time, the duke protested that the blame should be at the door of the servants of the crown, since he himself was ready to venture his person upon an expedition so precarious without any attendants save a few servants. Cardinal Mazarin and the French ministers were now obliged to consent, imputing the reluctance which they could not conceal to their anxiety for the duke's safety. In reply to his application to the French minister at Rome for instructions, the duke says that all he could get from them was, "Manage well the war, and drive the Spaniards out of Naples, and for all else regulate yourself as you shall judge to be the best purpose, and as you shall find good or evil conjunctures."

The Duke of Guise took into his party of fourteen persons very few who were above the rank of mere domestics, and of these few only two were French. It was supposed proper to accustom the Neapolitans to the sight of the French by degrees, as their character for engaging in petulant and licentious intrigues made them highly offensive to the jealous Italians. The fact might probably be, that, in taking few French, the duke avoided incumbering himself with any spies on the part of the French government.

The first, and most important of the two Frenchmen who shared the dangers of the Duke of Guise in this enterprise, was Esprit de Raymond, Comte de Modene, author of the *Memoirs* before us. He was born in 1608, and educated at court as a page of Monsieur, brother of Louis XIII. This gentleman was

person of sense and sagacity, well acquainted with military affairs, and a bold and determined leader. But he was addicted to the study of astrology, and appears to have been opinionative and disputatious to a degree which the Duke of Guise, to whose fortunes he had attached himself, could not tolerate. They were sincere, and even affectionate friends, but we think we can see from the commencement the causes which failed not at last to sow discord between them. Older by eight years, "graver by many pound of phlegm," the count, from the original concoction of the expedition, seems to have established himself as the duke's Mentor, a part only fit to be personified by Minerva or the abstract spirit of wisdom, since, in merely human hands, it is apt to degenerate into an almost intolerable nuisance. In reading the Comte de Modene's reflections, we must own, we forgive the Duke of Guise for his occasional impatience when suffering under the indication of his advice. The count's remarks are, indeed, always sensible, and often undeniable; but they are detailed with such unnecessary minuteness, that the reader sees the meaning, as Lord Ogleby does the lady in Lovegold's pleasure-ground, long before the "crinkum-crankum" of the expression permits you to reach legitimately. Besides, when attained, it often turns out to be a proposition so obvious and undeniable, that it must be conceded in a moment. In addition to this inclination for prosing, with which the consciousness of superior age and superior gravity had invested the Comte de Modene, he had also the rage of intruding his advice upon the most delicate and tender topics; for example—that of the Duke's attachment to Mademoiselle de Pons; and he wondered when he found his patron, the most mercurial of men, fretted and irritated, instead of receiving his sermons with the deference of *puer sub ferulâ*.

The second Frenchman of whom we spoke was M. de Cerinthes, a young man of quick parts, a poet and a good scholar,—grave and active, but petulant and ambitious. He had charge of the correspondence, in cypher, which was to pass between the duke and the French government; and in this way often volunteered direct communications from himself, in which he did not always preserve the respect due to his patron.

A small fleet of feluccas (boats barely capable of conveying three men) was sent from Naples, to transport thither in safety, if possible, a general, without troops, arms, ammunition, or artillery. Meanwhile there remained one want which was absolutely indispensable. To give an idea of the Comte de Modene's singular talent of proving that which required no proof, we shall here quote his own words:—

"He represented to the duke, with his ordinary sincerity and frankness, that, having been so successful as to gain the envoy of the Nea-

politans, and obtain the consent of the French ambassador to his departure, there were two things which he must absolutely attend to;—one being to agree to the popular conditions, on which he was called to Naples,—the other to procure some money, for which he must necessarily have occasion, both for the expense of his voyage and the price of some equipments and stores which he must take with him, and also to bear the expenses at the outset of his government. Moreover, it would have no indifferent effect on the populace, if, having supposed him unequipped with any means of relief, save money, they should observe that he was in want of that most indispensable article also; farther, &c. &c. &c.

In short, we defy the most accomplished *bore* (the word I have been at the point of our pen for a quarter of an hour) in Christendom, to ring more changes on Iago's simple chime, "Put more in the purse."

The duke had not waited for these elaborate proofs of an disputable truth. His letter to his brother, the Chevalier of Guise, (29th October,) is couched in terms which at once intimate the height of his hopes and his earnestness of preparation. He exhorts him to "rifle" their friends and relations of whatever money or jewels they can spare, since the whole family are interested in assisting their *Head* on this occasion.

"If we may believe honest Machiavel, I shall be more puissant than the great Turk, since he could not draw together a hundred-and-seventy thousand men, which is the number that in arms attend to receive orders. Naples is a fair theatre of honour, where I am to encounter the son of the King of Spain, put his army to flight, take three castles and other fortresses of the kingdom, and recover ten posts that have been lost to the enemy, and kept by them well fortified in that one corner. Who hath more work to do, and more honour to gain, if I play my part well? How difficult soever it may appear, I am made believe I shall overcome it very shortly after my arrival; I will keep something yet for you to do, and you shall have your part if you take care to send me good store of money. Adieu,—I detain you too long, considering the little time I have for making my despatch. Plunder all you can get out of your hands on, and, if possible, the great diamonds of honest Cheverev leave nothing in the Hotel de Guise—in a word, let neither locks nor bolts be proof against your fingers."

He anxiously solicited his mother also.—"You must not answer the noble lady, "be stopped for want of a little more money. I send all my jewels, amounting to 10,000 crowns. If you are unfortunate, I can get others. But unfortunate you will not be." He raised other supplies as he could, the Cardinal of Cecilia assisting him in negotiating a loan with a banker in Rome, and the duke mentions a female who came to offer him all

plate and jewels, and 10,000 crowns, the whole savings of her life, which he generously refused to accept.

The sinews of war being thus provided, the Duke of Guise determined to embark. Followed by all the French in Rome, who accompanied him on horseback to his boats, he took his route to Fiumicino. As they passed the hotel of the Spanish ambassador,—“Guise,” said the duke, “must not go to war in silence,”—and he commanded his trumpets to blow a point of defiance.

With his slender stores, a retinue of twenty-two men, including the Neapolitan envoys, and a fleet amounting to three brigantines and eight feluccas, the party finally embarked on the 13th day of November, late at night, the least and lightest of the feluccas carrying “Cæsar and his fortune.” At first, their course was without obstacle; but on the evening of the 14th, when they had been at sea twenty-four hours, and were coasting Mount Circello, they beheld the Spanish galleys, which, apprised by signals from the watch-tower, stood out from the Isle of Ponza and the port of Gaeta to intercept them. The feluccas dispersed different ways; that which had the duke on board ran towards the coast of Gaeta, and by that means avoided suspicion, as the Spaniards supposed it to be landing some country people. Another danger arose; the weather became squally, and the boatman, unable to pursue his course, declared there was absolutely a necessity for going ashore, though the country was in possession of the Spaniards, or the nobility, their allies. The duke insisted upon keeping the sea, and the weather becoming milder, seemed to yield to his resolution. On nearing Naples, he directed his felucca to be steered straight for the Spanish admiral, as if it had been an advice-boat coming with despatches. This manœuvre ensured their safety for some time. But when, altering her course suddenly, the felucca shot down towards Naples, the attention of all within and without the city was directed towards her. All the Spanish galleys opened their guns on this minute object, while the duke stood up on the felucca, as if to brave his enemies, and show himself to his friends of the city, who crowded the beach to receive him; and they, in their turn, fired eagerly for his protection, both from batteries and with musquetry. Sea and land were in equal agitation, friends and enemies watching the event. At length, the felucca touched land; and the Duke of Guise was received with such rapturous welcome as was likely to be inspired into a lively and quick-feeling people, by the romantic and perilous mode of his arrival. His companions reached Naples in safety two days after him.

The prepossessing countenance of the Duke of Guise, his

fine person, the grace with which he managed the steed which was brought for his use, enchanted the populace, and even the better classes of Naples, who augured from his appearance that he would place a limit to the fury of the democracy. Meanwhile having heard mass, the duke received a message from the Captain general, Gennaro Annese, who, having taken possession of the Tower of the Carmelites, a strong bastille or species of citadel lived there with a band of wretches, his companions and instruments in plundering, scarcely daring to leave it for fear of the forces which threatened him, and which he deserved infinitely better than Masaniello. We shall let the Duke of Guise himself paint the scene of Cacus, the picture of his household, and the effect produced by the appearance of Luigi del Ferro, whom the French ministers addressed as the ambassador of their master. The *Mémoires* of 1828, though written with great spirit, are not quite so *naïve* as the original on which they are founded, which, although like the work of a Dutch painter it has its coarse features, nevertheless a curious likeness of a Robespierre or Marat of the 17th century.

Being introduced to Gennaro Annese :—

"I was not a little surprised," says the Duke, "at the blindness of the people of Naples, to have chosen such a man their general; the person seemed to me so extraordinary, that I cannot omit to give you his picture. He was a little man, very ill made, and very black, his eyes sunk in his head, short hair, which discovered large ears, a wide mouth, his beard close cut and beginning to be grey, his voice full and very hoarse; he could not speak two words without stammering, ever inquiet, and so very timorous that the least noise made him tremble. He was attended by a matter of twenty guards of as ill men as himself. He wore a buff coat with sleeves of red velvet, and scarlet breeches, with a cap of cloth of gold, of the same colour, on his head, which he hardly took the pains to take off when he saluted me; he had a girdle of red velvet, furnished with three pistols on each side; he wore no sword, but instead of it, carried a great blunderbuss in his hand. His first civil act was the taking off my hat, and instead of it, causing to be brought me in a silver basin such a cap as his own; and then taking me by the hand, led me into his hall, whose doors he very carefully caused to be shut, with most strict orders to his guards to let none enter, lest they should cut his throat. As soon as we were seated, I presented him with M. de Fontenay's letter, with assurance (as I had been ordered) of the protection of France, and of the coming of the fleet, and all such supplies as the Neapolitans should stand in need of, towards attaining their liberty and deliverance from the Spanish oppression. He answered me with much more satisfaction than eloquence, and having opened the letter I delivered him, ran it over with his eyes, and having turned up every one of the four sides, cast it to me again, telling me he could not read, and desiring me to acquaint him with its contents.

"Whilst this passed, somebody knocked at the door, as if they intended to break it down: this gave us an alarm, and the cry from without mentioning the ambassador of France that was desirous to see me, the door was opened; and preparing myself to go and receive him with the ceremony due to his character, I was amazed to see a man without a hat, his sword drawn, two great chaplets (like a hermit's) about his neck, on the one whereof, he said, he prayed for the king, and on the other for the people, who, casting himself down at his full length, and throwing away his sword, embracing my legs, kissed my feet; with much ado I raised him up, and was doubtful whether I should give him M. de Fontenay's letter, which treated him with the quality of excellence, and the king's ambassador; seeing in the person of Sieur Luigi del Ferro rather the figure of a madman broke out of Bedlam, than of the minister of a great crown; but supposing he might have some concealed good quality that I had not yet discovered, considering the great credit he who encharged me with that letter assured me he had acquired amongst the people, I thought myself obliged to deliver it, lest I might be blamed for not executing punctually what had been enjoined me.

"We heard a great noise in the street, occasioned by a tumult of much people as demanded to see me; to satisfy their curiosity I went to a window; and Gennaro having caused to be brought me, in two basins, two bags of money, one of gold and the other of silver, I cast it amongst the people, and whilst they were at cuffs about gathering it up, I thought it was time to call for dinner, having eaten nothing since my departure from Rome, because of the roughness of the sea. Gennaro made excuses for the ill cheer he should give me, not daring, for fear of poison, to make use of any other cook than his wife, as improper for that employment as personating the lady of quality. She brought the first dish, having on a gown of sky-coloured wrought satin, embroidered with silver, with a farthingale, a chain of jewels, and a fair necklace of pearl, with pendants of diamonds in her ears, all plundered from the Duchess of Matalone; and in this stately equipage it was pleasant to see her dress meat, square dishes, and divert herself in the afternoon with washing and smoothing linen. I invited Luigi del Ferro, as ambassador, to wash and sit down with us; but Gennaro told me, sure I was not in earnest, for he had wont to use him like a dog: and when I called for drink, he fetched it, saying, it belonged only to him to serve me, because of his quality. He presented me the cup on his knees, which, when I would not permit, Gennaro told me he served him in the same manner, which presently after I saw verified. Dinner lasted not long, and all things were so nasty and unsavory, that had it not been for the bread, wine, sallad, and fruit, which were indeed excellent, I had run hazard of starving."

On examining the state of affairs as narrowly as he could, the Duke had the mortification to find the popular fury against the Spaniards subsided to a low ebb, and that had he not arrived when he did, the people had almost agreed to lay down their arms,

while the chiefs, accusing one another of a secret correspondence with the common enemy, fortified their quarters against each other with much more anxiety than against the Spaniards. Of the divisions between them the Duke saw a curious instance the very evening of his arrival.

"A butcher, one of the city captains, called Jommo Ropolo, a man seditious and violent, broke down the door of the chamber where we were at council, and coming up to Gennaro, and calling him traitor, with all his force gave him three or four blows on the neck, which were bare, with the flat of his hand, swearing he would cut off his head, from which nothing detained him but my presence, and the respect he bore me. Gennaro cast himself at his feet, weeping, and embracing his knees, begged his life. I interposed to make them friends, and did so as having authority, sending Jommo Ropolo to his quarter, which he promised to visit the next morning, as well as all the rest of the city, appointing him in the mean time to keep good guard."

The next details, with which the Duke was treated, conveyed the information that instead of a hundred-and-seventy thousand men in arms, the service of three or four thousand, scarcely sufficient to defend the various forts, was all that could be relied on, and that money was wanting for their pay, without which there was no reliance to be placed upon them. To add to this ominous intelligence, so different from what he had been taught to expect, he himself witnessed the return of a force chiefly composed of banditti which Giacomo Rosso had led on an expedition against the nobles, with every token of a severe defeat. Amid the gloomy thoughts which this state of things generated, the Duke had still to go through the most extraordinary part of the evening.

"It being now very late and I wanting rest, every one retired, and I had a supper brought as unhandsome and distasteful as my dinner; it lasted not long, and inquiring in what part they had prepared me a bed, I was not a little surprised when Gennaro told me I should lie with him; having refused this as much as possibly I could, out of pretence not incommoding his wife by taking her place, he told me she should sit on a quilt before the fire with her sister, and that it concerned his safety to share his bed with me, without which his enemies would cut his throat, the respect of my person being the only means to secure him from that danger, whose apprehension had so strongly prepossessed him, that he awaked twenty times in the night in disorder, and, with tears in his eyes, embracing me, besought me to save his life, and secure him from those that would murder him. He conducted me to lodge in his kitchen, where I found a very rich bed of cloth of gold, and at the foot of it, in a cradle, a little blackamore slave about two years old, full of the small-pox; a great deal of plate, both white and gilt, heaped up in the middle of the room, many cabinets half open, out of which tumbled chains and bracelets of pearl and other jewels, some bags of silver and

some of gold half scattered on the ground, very rich household stuff, and many fair pictures thrown up and down disorderly, which made sufficiently appear what profit he had made by plundering the houses of the richest and best-qualified persons of the town; though he could never be induced to assist the people with the smallest part of it, either to buy ammunition or victuals, for paying the troops already raised, or making new levies. This put me in a rage, to see myself in want of every thing, and yet to have so considerable supplies at hand, which I might make no use of.

"On the other side of the kitchen were all necessaries, in great quantity, which had been plundered in several quarters, with all manner of arms, all in an extraordinary confusion, the presents and contributions he daily received of all manner of venison and wild fowl powdered, and all the walls tapestried with whatever is edible.

"This was the sumptuous apartment prepared for entertaining me, and when even oppressed with sleep, I thought of nothing but a speedy unclothing myself to get into bed, Luigi del Ferro would suffer none to come near to pull off my boots, maintaining it belonged to him alone to do me all manner of services; but I refused him, till Gennaro advising me to let him do it, caused his own stocking to be pulled off, to give me example, which I afterwards followed without controversy, and got into bed as fast as I could. Gennaro came presently to lie down by me, and setting a candle on the bed, and unbinding his leg to dress it, I asked if he had received any wound? He answered, that being naturally replete and full of humours, a physician, his friend, had advised him to make use of a remedy I forbear to name, lest its mention offend others stomachs as much as its sight did mine.

"You have heard now how I passed the first day of my arrival in Naples, and my reception, whose disagreeable beginning (the first surprisal of sleep over) made me pass very thoughtfully the remainder of the night with many reflections on the present condition of my affairs, and the danger I was to undergo. But, at last, having resolved myself against all events whatever, I expected day with extreme impatience, that I might begin to work all things necessary as well for preservation of the place into which I had cast myself, as my own particular, since my safety or ruin could no longer depend on any but myself, and that myself alone must become the artificer of my good or evil fortune.

"Saturday in the morning, as soon as I was up, I went with Gennaro to hear mass at the Carmelites, who failed not (for upholding his quality of the people's general) to take the right hand of me. Luigi del Ferro went before us bareheaded, carrying a naked sword, and (in compliance with the French mode) with a great deal of hair; he had a black perriwig made of a horse's tail, such as in our theatres are worn by furies, and incessantly cried out, 'Let the people live, and General Gennaro, and the Duke of Guise;' and, transported either with joy or madness, struck with his sword all that came in his way, and hurt so many, he had like to have made a tumult. To be quit of him I was fain to give him an employment."

It may be worth mentioning that this admirable representative

of royalty was so well acquainted with the state of the court and royal family of France, that in walking through the streets, happening to encounter a picture of Henry IV. with his long grey beard, he went on his knees to pay homage to it as the picture of the reigning monarch, Louis XIV. who was then a child.

The unfortunate hero of this extraordinary enterprize was thus literally doomed to experience that "politics as well as misery make men acquainted with strange bedfellows," and for eight nights the lover of the beautiful Montbazou, and of Mademoiselle de Pons, continued to share the couch of the gunsmith. Henry de Lorraine, however, did not suffer all this penance uncompensated. By means of the Signora Annesse (the arguments which he used are not mentioned) he abstracted from Gennaro's hoards considerable treasure, which the miser missed, but for want of being able to read, write, or keep accounts, he could not make out the deficiency. This is one of the points which the author of the "*Duke of Guise at Naples*," leaves in the shade. The Comte de Modene also says he extracted from Gennaro a large sum of money for the Duke's levies, but whether by the same species of alchemy we are not informed.

Whatever be the state of a general's affairs, he never fails to have plenty of competitors for the commissions in his gift. Shortly after Guise's arrival a violent competition took place for the office of camp-master-general, to which no less than four persons laid claim; namely, his secretary Cerisantes, the Comte de Modene, Pepe Palombe, and Michael de Santis the butcher, whose pretensions were founded on his having cut off the head of the unfortunate prince of Massa. It is worth noticing, however, as a curious specimen of the honour of the time, which was like a hot-tempered horse, more terrified at the shadow than at the substance of dishonour, that the Duke dismissed Santis with unrepressed contempt, which did not prevent his acting as if he had got the office. He excused himself to Palombe, whom he suspected of intercourse with the Spaniards; he rebuked Cerisantes for pretending to an office he was unfit for; and he made Modene his camp-master-general, not, however, until the latter had obtained the commission from Gennaro and the captains of the quarters and heads of the people, with whom he had ingratiated himself. The Duke was displeased at this proceeding, as an encroachment on his authority, and signed another commission for him, commanding him to carry back that of the people, and cancel it before them, which he did, "very much satisfied to have by such address obtained his purpose." The Comte protests that he only desired the office in order to keep it open till the arrival of the Duke's brother, the Chevalier de Guise; but this could not have

been very clearly understood by the Duke, who seems to think his Mentor acted rather selfishly on the occasion, in hastening too early to demand a share of the spoils ere the adventure was achieved.

In respect to the general state of the kingdom, the Duke of Guise found it totally and inextricably embroiled by the contending factions. In the three castles and ten fortified posts, and on board of the considerable fleet which lay in the bay, there was quartered a Spanish army, not numerous enough to conquer so large a city, while the heat of the insurrection lasted, but which waited with the vindictive composure and patience of Castiliana, till time and opportunity should bring the season of revenge. Secondly, in the kingdom of Naples several large towns had followed the example of the capital; others, with the provinces, were swept by robbers or banditti, who now assumed the more honourable name of popular soldiers. But the main part of the open country was held by the nobility at the head of their feudal vassals, who, although unfriendly to the Spaniards, were incomparably more exasperated against the populace of Naples, who had murdered their friends and relations, burned their houses, pillaged their property, and raged against them more cruelly than against the Spaniards, the oppressors of both. Thirdly, the Neapolitans themselves were disunited. The lower orders, with whom the tumult had originated, were well enough pleased to maintain the revolution, which plunder and idleness rendered a thriving trade. But, on the other hand, the lesser nobles and gentry of the city, the merchants, lawyers, and principal shopkeepers, in short, all the class distinguished as *Black cloaks*,—that is, men of decent attire, manners and education—were totally averse to the revolution, although far from being able to agree on the best means of ending it.

Upon considering this state of affairs, the Duke of Guise adopted the natural plan of endeavouring, by means of Cardinal Filomarino and other fitting agents, to give such satisfactory assurances of his favour to the noblesse as might induce them, under confidence in him and his protection, to make common cause with the people. This plan seems to have been defeated chiefly from the want of money, troops, stores, and all the *materiel* of war, a want which, in the eyes of a jealous party, is not to be compensated by valour, talent, courtesy, nor the other virtues of an individual, however princely. On the other hand, the Spaniards began with great policy to countermine the councils of the Duke of Guise. They employed a sly and insinuating person named Augustino Molló, a lawyer, to worm himself into the confidence of the Duke, who, in pretending to point out the

measures which he represented as likely to conciliate the better order of citizens or *Black Cloaks*, thrust upon him such as were sure to excite the suspicion and hatred of Gennaro Annese and the *Unshod*, as they were called, that is, the *Sans Culottes* of the place and time.

The Comte de Modene says he foresaw that the Duke would fall into this snare, and regrets that his office of camp-master-general carried him to the army without the walls, and prevented his remaining on his post near the Duke, so that he might have warned him against his prevailing foible, a susceptibility to flattery and assentation on the part of artful counsellors. It is not unlikely that the Duke had this defect, as few men are without it, and that the profuse reason of the Comte de Modene might have supplied a sort of mental tonic, if the patient's stomach would have been able to support it.

But the truth seems to be that the manners and conduct of the Duke were universally acceptable to the nobility and the *Black Cloaks*, as well as to the common people, and if he had received any considerable part of the succours which he expected from France, and appeared at the head of an independent force at his own disposal, they might have trusted and united with him. But what was there to give the nobility confidence in a prince who for his only soldiers, commanded the Lazaroni and Cavaoli, (inhabitants of cellars,) the agents in the late revolutionary murder which had so often deluged the streets of the capital with blood. And yet these, with regiments of Turkish galley slaves and banditti, were the only forces which the Duke of Guise could assemble.

"These last," says the Duke himself, "are a sort of people very proper for insurrections, but that commit so many disorders and outrages, that they ruin all wheresoever they pass; and who afterwards are usually made sacrifices to the public hatred, the affection of the people being regained at the price of their heads, after they have performed all such services as they are capable of; they regard neither word nor oath in the capitulations, nor make any difference in the usage of such towns as places as yield voluntarily, or are stormed by force; with them the example of fathers is to be followed, who burn the rods after the correction of their children."

The spirit which was infused on the Duke of Guise's arrival by his wise dispositions, his gallant bearing in the field, produced a general inclination in his favour. It was necessary to open the communication betwixt Naples and the country, in order that the markets might be supplied with corn. He encountered near Aversa a superior force of the army of the noblesse. He attacked it, pistol in hand, rallied his men repeatedly, fought alone when no one would stand by him, realized the exploits of an Amad

and, though rather vanquished than victor, remained master of the field. He opened a communication with some of the principal noblesse of the kingdom, where much courtesy was shown on both sides; but which produced no other result than the expression of their pity that so truly brave a prince should be reduced to fight at the head of such cowardly troops. He left the Comte de Modene to press the siege of Aversa, and returned to the capital, where a French fleet, equipped from Toulon, had appeared in the bay.

Here, then, was the point to which the enterprise had been conducted. The French succours, so long looked for, and which might be expected to turn the scale in his favour, had at last arrived. Of these he was promised about 2000 men, with arms, powder, and other supplies; but, on explanation, these supplies were not to be placed in his hands, but in those of Gennaro Annese, with whom, as captain and generalissimo of the Neapolitan people, the leaders were ordered to communicate on the part of the King of France. A scheme was thus intimated altogether to pass by the Duke of Guise and his authority, and to put the French succours under charge of an animal equally cowardly and incapable. The Duke of Guise, astonished at the turn which was thus given to the expedition, exclaimed against the ignorance, brutality, and treachery of Gennaro, and exalted his own superior interest with the people. "Let that appear, then," said the Abbé Basqui, the French envoy, who accompanied the expedition, "when we see you at the head of the people of Naples, you shall command the supplies—till then, Gennaro Annese is the principal authority, and with him alone can we communicate."

It would have been of the highest importance to the duke's project, if he could have reconciled the jealous and rankling disposition of Gennaro to act in concert with him. The French troops once landed, it was easy to see who must command them, and Gennaro would not have sate more securely, though his power might have lasted a little longer. But the duke, intent on exhibiting to the French envoy his complete power over the Neapolitans, collected his own partizans, and had the pleasure to hear twenty or thirty thousand men salute him with the title of king. He declined it, indeed, but the proposal having been made, alarmed the jealousy of all who, like Vincenzo Andrea, had any views towards a republic, and still more the French, who were by no means prepared for the acknowledgment of the Duke of Guise as sovereign of Naples. As yet, however, the title depended on the resignation of Gennaro; but that imbecile demagogue, from sheer intimidation, submitted to the superior claims and

courage of the Duke of Guise, although internally burning with hatred and the thirst of vengeance. The duke, if we may believe the evidence of his father confessor, Capecio, (which is not however altogether disinterested, owing to quarrels between them at a later period,) was dreadfully enraged against the French for disappointing him of the supplies, and at the necessity which made him limit himself to the title of Duke, instead of King of Naples. In bitterness of heart, he is averred to have trampled upon a piece of embroidery, because it exhibited *fleurs de lis*, and abused the French in the most coarse terms. Something of this may probably be true, but the vulgar Italian friar has certainly lent his own sentiments and language to the high-born courtier of Louis XIV.

On the 21st of December, Henry of Lorraine was formally recognised as *Duke of the Republic, Protector of the Liberties, and Generalissimo of the Armies of Naples*, and the *Memoirs of 1647* give us an interesting account of the order and ceremony with which he maintained the dignity of his high office. The attendance of guards, dinners in public, with the graceful carriage of one of the most graceful princes then living, all contributed to adorn the emblems of sovereignty. But if the assumption of this title elevated his authority in appearance, it operated in reality to diminish and undermine it. While he had no distinct situation, save that of commander-in-chief, no faction was willing to disturb him, because each had hopes that he might steer its course. Now that he had shown a precise object, and that a tendency to self-aggrandizement, he lost the support of all who, in that distracted city, would willingly have desired another termination of the revolution, as well as of the greater though more ignorant masses who found their interest in continuing the state of confusion.

The first fatal consequences of this false step was the retreat of the French fleet, after what a British sailor would call a *lubberly* action with the Spaniards, in which the French, however, had the advantage. Under pretence of want of water, they bore away to return no more, leaving the duke not merely without succour, but with the discredit of being disowned and abandoned by his country. This was a blow not to be recovered.

Left thus to his own resources, Guise availed himself of them with the most undaunted spirit. Every day brought some fresh danger, every danger found him ready to meet it; he suppressed tumults, and punished the leaders—quelled mutinies of troops under arms, and killed with his own hand the mutineers who opposed him, maintaining to the very last the character of sovereign which he had assumed. On one of these occasions, his friends having remonstrated with him on the personal danger

which he exposed himself, he made the characteristic reply "that he had a natural contempt for the rabble, and that when God framed a person of his quality, he imprinted something on his forehead which could not be beheld by it without trembling!" He escaped assassination by the dagger, he eluded another attack upon his life by poison. It is much less to his honour, that in one of the transactions which we assuredly do not find in the modern account of his reign at Naples, he condescended to retort on the miserable Gennaro Annese, by measures only fitting such a miscreant to employ. Here is the passage from his *Memoirs*, and the reader will admire the coolness with which it is told.

"Angustino Mollo, to free me from this difficulty, came at night and told me, 'I have brought you that will free you from Gennaro; his treasons merit death, and in what manner justice be done on him is not very material: look on this vial-full of so clear and beautiful water, in a few days time it will punish all his infidelities; the captain of the guard shall undertake to give it him, without his distrust, it having no taste at all.' On the next day, which was Friday, he caused him to drink it all at dinner; but whether the dose was too weak, or that having eaten nothing but cabbage dressed with oil, (which is certainly a great antidote,) he fell a vomiting immediately, which freed him from a danger so evident, and that appeared so certain. He escaped with a head-ache and pain in his stomach for four or five days, without any suspicion of the matter."

Another instance of punctilious scrupulousness, where one would hardly have expected any thing of the kind, occurred in a similar practice upon Annese's life by the agency of the captain of his guard. This conscientious person, equally obliging in his disposition, and punctilious in his duty, readily offered to *poison* Gennaro whenever the duke pleased, if his highness would provide him with wherewithal to do it, but he would not willingly undertake to *poniard* him, as that would be unhandsome, and unbecoming in an officer of his guard. We may suppose, in the same manner, that a cook of Gennaro would have declined putting ratsbane in his master's porridge, but saw no objection whatever to cutting his throat, or chopping off his head with a cleaver. The duke tells us fairly where his own scruples on the subject lay:—"I would not," he says, "undertake his death in such a manner that I might appear the author of it, lest it might acquire me the indignation of France, who, believing him faithful to her, would rather attribute his death to my particular ambition, (he being the main obstacle in my way,) than to the just punishment of his disloyalty."

* The words of the original are, "que naturellement je ne craignois point la canaille, et que quand Dieu formoit une personne de ma condition, il lui imprimoit je ne sais quoi entre les deux yeux qu'elle n'osoit regarder sans trembler."

The Duke of Guise's indifference on the subject will remind the reader of similar incidents in the court history of France, about the same period. But the frequent instances of arbitrary power on which his situation forced him, seem to have awakened in the duke the spirit of despotism which was of old a characteristic of the house of Lorraine. His Mentor, the Comte de Modene, had been some time absent from him. He had however rendered him great service. He had taken Aversa and threatened Capua, a place of still greater importance. Whether pluming himself on his merits, and therefore acting with a certain degree of independence, or whether imposed upon by his officers, who were chiefly captains of banditti, he had opposed some orders of the duke, had permitted, as his commander was informed, some pillage in Aversa, and finally had declined to see the duke's orders fulfilled respecting the execution of certain soldiers. From these accusations the Comte de Modene justifies himself at great length, while the duke also exculpates him from evil intentions, and only blames him for being too much influenced by his inferior officers, and presuming upon their former friendship, without consideration of the circumstances, which rendered him hot and choleric. At length, in one of their last interviews together, the Comte de Modene, who had been ordered to Naples by the duke, was informed by him that, apprized of the weakness of the Spaniards, he had called most of his troops from the country, to take part in a general attack upon their forts, by which he meant to put his fortunes on the cast of a bold adventure. The humour of contradiction seized the count, and in an evil hour he criticized the scheme severely, without producing any other effect than seeing his office divided, and the exercise of it in the city committed to another person. To add to his disgrace with the duke, the count was seized that night with a sore throat or quinsy, which prevented his taking a part in the general attack. His absence was doubtless set down to disaffection, and he seems to have augmented suspicion by holding intercourse with persons whom the duke distrusted.

Meantime the regiments of banditti from the country poured in. They wore the same picturesque dress and arms which are still used by them in such parts of Italy as they are suffered to subsist in, and which is found to produce such an effect on the imagination of young persons, that it is prohibited as a disguise even at masquerades. We cannot help inserting the duke's description of them.

" They were three thousand and five hundred men, of whom the oldest came short of five-and-forty years, and the youngest was above twenty. They were all tall and well made, with long black hair for the most

part curled, coats of black Spanish leather, with sleeves of velvet or cloth of gold, cloth breeches, with gold lace, most of them scarlet; girdles of velvet, laced with gold, with two pistols on each side, a cutlass, hanging at a belt suitably trimmed, three fingers broad and two feet long, a hawk-ing bag at their girdle, and a powder-flask hung about their neck with a great silk ribbon; some of them carried firelocks and others blunderbusses; they had all good shoes, with silk stockings, and every one a cap of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver of different colours on his head, which was very delightful to the eye."

Having reviewed this extraordinary and romantic-seeming army, the Duke of Guise never questioned but that he would be next day complete master of Naples. But to steal and rob is one thing, and to fight another; the famished and exhausted Spaniards beat off almost all the attacks, and several of the chiefs of the banditti behaved like cowards or traitors. Mellone, the camp-master-general for the city, proved a Spaniard at heart, and acted coldly, which increased the Duke of Guise's displeasure towards the Comte de Modene.

In the duke's resentment, he did one notable act of justice. Paul of Naples, one of the most powerful of the banditti chiefs, who had plundered the citizens during the night-attack, and set his authority at defiance, coming to him at the head of his regiment, he had him secured, in spite of their formidable protection, and sent him to prison. He was afterwards condemned and executed. He confessed (under torture), a design on the Duke of Guise's life, and innumerable crimes besides, incident to his lawless profession.

Another action of the duke, following on this failure, is of a much more doubtful complexion. He arrested three of the officers of the army of Aversa, Father Capece, his own confessor, and the unfortunate Comte de Modene. The three first were executed, and the Comte de Modene was thrown into a dungeon, to reflect at leisure on the bad consequences of preaching to the ears of princes upon disagreeable texts. It would appear that his real crime in the duke's eyes was the separate and independent influence which the count had acquired with the army lying at Aversa, the officers and soldiers of which began to think that "Sempronius was as good a man as Cato." But in his Memoirs (as we have already said), he acquits his unfortunate Mentor of any other crime than suffering himself to be easily imposed on by his inferior officers. The duke, therefore, was so far from thinking of putting him to death, that he meditated sending him to France in safety, when fate precipitated his own fall.

The Spaniards had maintained their garrisons in the three castles of Naples for eight months, suffering great privations, repelling repeated assaults, waiting with national patience and obstinacy,

till the hour of triumph and vengeance should arrive. Their position respecting the city of Naples resembled that of the bird and the rattle snake. Without much effort, great supplies, or any of the exertions by which kingdoms are won and lost, they waited with composure till the experience of the evils of misgovernment and uncertainty had reconciled the minds of the people to the Spanish sway, and induced them to desire its restoration even with all its exactions, as preferable to the continuance of a state of bloodshed, battle, and tumult. The experiment of the Duke of Guise had totally failed, unless in so far as he himself, by his own personal exertions,

“ In spite of spite, alone upheld the day.”

But the French had abandoned him—the Neapolitan noble would not join with him, though they suffered him to flatter himself with the idea that they would do so; the *Black Cloaks*, a better class of citizens, saw that his power rested on no sure foundation, and besides were secretly attached to the Spanish sway as being the most durable and best supported. Of the common people, many were weary of the hardships of war, others were impatient that they no longer enjoyed the advantages of riot and pillage; so that the Duke of Guise was literally secure of no party, save that of which the popular inconstancy gave him momentary possession, when, by some noble or courageous action he attracted their plaudits, which, like bubbles on water, sun with the agitation that gave them birth. The unfortunate prince had no counsellors of sagacity and integrity, hardly any regular troops which could or would observe discipline; his best soldiers were banditti, his best officers their chiefs, men stained with every crime; and especially interested in the continuance of disturbances which every honest man was desirous of seeing put an end to.

The Spaniards, we have said, looked on with a patience resembling apathy till the popular fury decreased. But the Duke of Arcos had made himself so very obnoxious to the people of Naples; that in January, 1648, the Collateral Council had, with the Duke's own consent, judged it prudent to remove him from his situation of viceroy, and appoint Don Juan of Austria in his stead. This prince, however, who was only eighteen years of age, was considered by the Court of Spain too young and inexperienced to direct in such critical circumstances; the Conde d'Onate, therefore, a wise and prudent statesman, then ambassador at Rome, received a commission to supersede him, and his arrival at the Castle of St. Elmo on the 2d of March was looked upon as the sign of a speedy reconciliation between Naples and the Spanish government.—Another ominous circumstance for the power

of the Duke of Guise was, that although he had defeated his antagonist Gennaro in council, and had him more than once apparently at his mercy, yet he was unable to deprive him of the Tower of the Carmelites, that strong post, garrisoned with his own satellites, and in which the duke, at his first arrival, had shared the *noctes carneque delin*, already commemorated. In daily terror of his life, Gennaro already would have been content to surrender to the Spaniards, and no doubt kept up intelligence with them. This, indeed, was the case of most of the Neapolitan leaders; Augustino Mollo, the agent of the *Black Cloaks*, and much trusted by the duke, is, by the Comte de Modene, positively stated to have held such communication, and at last even Vincenzo Andrea, the most staunch partizan of the republic, relapsed into the same interest.

The Duke of Guise was not himself left unattempted by such means as bewilder the brave and wise. He tells us, indeed, of his resisting the temptations thrown in his way by the introduction in public of a most beautiful young woman, who afterwards offered a more private rendezvous, which he declined with more prudence than gallantry. His policy was not always so vigilant, if we may believe Guy Patin, who, after comparing him to an empiric who has made great cures, tells us, he lost all at Naples, in order to keep a rendezvous with a lady who sold him to the Spaniards. "After such a piece of policy," adds Patin, "he need not play the braggart too much."*

This is, perhaps, too severe. The man who could form and execute such great schemes with such small means, and at such great personal risk, is not to be termed a braggart. But the Duke of Guise must be allowed to have viewed with too sanguine hopes the few chances in his own favour, afforded by the desperate game he played. He should have had a more clear and distinct understanding with the French government, respecting the nature of the undertaking, and the amount of the stipulated succours. Whether it was politic in France to leave him to himself, is a different question. It would have been a master-stroke of Mazarin's policy, if he could have separated Naples from Spain, whether he could or not annex it to France; the first point being gained, the other might have been left to the chance of events, and would probably have taken place. But when the disappointment concerning the French troops was ascertained and indubitable, the edifice of Guise's power, being a mere temporary structure, showy indeed in appearance, but daubed with untempered mortar, was sure to fall into ruins on the slightest force being applied to it.

* Naudouze et Patiniana. — Paris, 1701. p. 112. Patiniana.

The Duke himself gives us an extraordinary account of the warning he received of his impending fate. On the 2d of April, as soon as he awoke, he was informed that Cucurullo, a celebrated Italian astrologer, desired to speak with him. Being instantly admitted, this man stated that his object was to obtain a passport and permission to leave Naples, as he had ascertained by consulting the stars, that fortune, which had been hitherto favourable to the Duke, had now turned to the side of the Spaniards; anticipating disturbances, therefore, and anxious to leave a place where he could no longer pursue his studies in tranquillity, he wished to depart forthwith. The astrologer, who had drawn the Duke's horoscope, informed him of the *data* on which his predictions were grounded; and the Duke very learnedly attempted to prove to him that the danger was passed, and that he had nothing more to fear. Cucurullo, however, confident in his art, assured him that within eight days he would be a prisoner, and offered to wager everything he possessed in proof of the certainty of his prediction. The Duke gave him the passport he demanded, and dismissed him.

Naples never seemed more completely in the Duke's power than at the period he was about to lose it for ever. He had resolved to make an expedition against the little island of Nisita, opposite to Pausilippo, where the Spaniards had established themselves. In the midst of a sharp skirmish, a note reached him from Augustino Mollo. "Naples is worth more than a wretched shoal—Return. The city will be presently attacked." Notwithstanding this hint, the Duke, ever eagerly intent on the matter actually before him, continued the attack of Nisita, took one battery, and waited till dawn to get possession of the island. But ere dawn rose, his kingdom had passed from him. The post had been reviewed on the preceding evening, by the Duke's command, and the guards never seemed more numerous and vigilant.

On the 6th of April, 1648, a general sally was made from all the castles, headed by Don Juan of Austria, and the new viceroy, the Conde d'Onata. Landi, one of the bravest and, as was thought, most faithful of the Duke of Guise's officers, gave the Spaniards free admission; and hardly even the semblance of opposition was offered to them in the streets, from which they had been so often repulsed. The minds of men were prepared for the alteration of government, as in a theatre for a change of scenes. Nothing was heard from the citizens in the windows, and the populace in the streets, but the cry of "Long live Spain;" and, from the raptures with which Don Juan of Austria was received, he might have been inclined with Charles II. to say, that since everybody was so rejoiced to see him, it must certainly have been his own fault that he was so long absent. Public festivals

were celebrated, public rejoicings made, Gennaro rendered up his strong hold—

Sic furor evanuit tenues populares in auras.

After a vain attempt to enter the city, the Duke of Guise, rejecting the advice of such of his followers as recommended to him to fly to Rome by sea, resolved to throw himself into the mountains of Calabria, and renew the war. But his attendants dropped off from him, his movements were watched by the cavalry of the nobility, and many parties formed by his own banditti officers, whose cupidity was now tempted by the reward set on the duke's head. At length he was made prisoner, but not before he had defended his personal liberty with the same gallantry he had shown in protecting his sovereignty. He was treated with respect by the Neapolitan nobles, to whom he surrendered; but when transferred to the Spaniards, was in some danger of being put to death, as acting under no established flag. Don Juan of Austria prevented this barbarity. The duke was sent to Spain, where he remained till August 1652, more than four years, in expiation of about as many months of sovereignty. He obtained his freedom by the intercession of the Prince of Condé, then in Guienne, and in alliance with Spain, during the wars of the Fronde in France. Perhaps it was expected by the Spanish ministers, that so active and mercurial a genius might breed disturbances at Paris. Guise, however, to whom Mademoiselle de Pons had proved ungrateful and faithless, seemed more disposed to console himself for her loss by fresh gallantries, than to repair his ruined schemes of ambition by new adventures. He did make another attempt, however, upon Naples, as rash as that of Joachim Murat's last attempt on the same kingdom, but fortunately attended with less tragic consequences; this was in 1654. He made himself master of Castellamare, but was soon obliged to give it up again.

After this, his leisure was spent in the "hot vanities" which distinguished Louis the XIV.'s court, where he held the office of grand chamberlain. In the celebrated Carousel of 1662, he distinguished himself particularly; and indeed his parts, perhaps, better fitted him for the dazzling and splendid, than the great and substantial affairs of life. As the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Guise caracoled together along the Place de Carousel—"There they go together," said Cardinal du Retz, "the heroes of history and romance." The Duke of Guise died in 1664, the first who bore that formidable name, the sound of which had so often shaken the throne of France.

ART. II.—*Biographie W. A. Mozart's. Nach original Brief-Sammlungen alles über ihn geschriebenen, mit vielen neuen Beylagen, Steindrücken, Musikblättern, und einem Fac-simile.* Von Georg. Nikolaus von Nissen, Königl. Dänisch wirklichen Etatsrath und Ritter von Dannebrog-Orden, &c. Nach dessen Tode herausgegeben von Constanze, Wittve von Nissen, früher Wittve Mozart. (W. A. Mozart's Biography from original Letters, and Collections of all that has been written upon him, with many additions, Lithographs, Pages of Music, and a Fac-simile. By George Nicolaus von Nissen, &c. &c. Published after his death by Constanze von Nissen, formerly the Widow of Mozart.) 2 vols. 8vo. Leipzig, 1828.

At length ample justice is done to the memory of Mozart. Independently of the high gratification which his admirers must derive from being made acquainted with the habits and peculiarities of the man, the criticisms and opinions upon the art contained in the familiar letters of this great master constitute a legacy to the musical world which is quite invaluable. They not only settle at rest many disputed questions of taste, but establish the correctness of some opinions, which a diffidence in their own judgment alone has prevented others from avowing. When Mozart is arbiter, there can be no appeal from the decision. The relations of the Biography before us throw a new light upon the subject of Mozart's invention, of his rank with respect to other composers, and of the real services which he rendered to music, and truly, in the contemplation of the sublime attributes of his genius, and the imagination and feeling which he displayed from childhood to manhood, there is enough to gratify his warm admirers, and to elevate and ennoble humanity. Of his sixty-three symphonies for the full orchestra, it appears that the half-dozen masterly compositions with which we are familiar in England were written considerably before Haydn's journey to this country to complete his engagement with Salomon; so that Mozart had reached perfection in the symphony style, and won the race, before the man who had made the first strides in it, and who was the start of him in years and experience. Respecting the opinion of Mozart we had also fallen into an error, which, it must be confessed, when their extreme excellence is considered, was a natural one; viz. that they had cost him at the rate of a year's labour each to polish and refine. Quite the contrary was the case. *Idomeneo* occupied him but six weeks, *La Clemenza di Tito* 18 days: these, be it remembered, are works which defy the scrutinizing and rigorous examination, exhibit melodies which never tire, and unequalled management of the orchestra.

the production of these models of the dramatic style, Mozart required no longer time than a common-place Italian composer takes for the concoction of his ephemeral novelties; and it is not unreasonable to conclude, that had his dramatic genius been properly appreciated and encouraged, instead of being opposed, we might have enjoyed at least five-and-twenty operas from his pen. When we bring into one view all the qualifications of Mozart as a composer and practical musician, the result is astounding. The same man, under the age of 36, is at the head of dramatic, *sinfonia*, and piano-forte music—is eminent in the church style—and equally at his ease in every variety, from the concerto to the country dance or baby song: he puts forth about 800 compositions, including masses, motetts, operas, and fragments of various kinds; at the same time supporting himself by teaching and giving public performances, at which he executes concertos on the piano-forte, the violin, or the organ, or plays *extempore*. But when we learn that the infant Mozart, at four years of age, began to compose, and by an instinct perception of beauty to make correct basses to melodies; and also that he became a great performer on two instruments, without the usual labour of practice, we cease to be surprised at the mechanical dexterity of his fingers in after-life, when composition and other pursuits had engrossed the time usually employed in preserving the power of execution.

The father of Mozart held the situation of Vice Kapell-meister and violinist in the chapel of the archbishop of Salzburg. In the service of this haughty and ignorant nobleman, (who appears to have been a complete feudal tyrant, and to have represented all the pride and insolence for which the then beggarly princes of Germany were remarkable,) he was so ill paid, that notwithstanding his utmost exertions as an instructor, it was with difficulty he supported a wife and family. Anna Maria,* born August 29, 1751, and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, born January 27, 1756, were the only two of seven children who survived. The sister made such progress on the harpsichord, that in the first journeys which the father took in order to display the talents of his children, she divided the public attention with her brother. Wolfgang, however, not only profited as a player, from the careful instruction which both the children received from their parent, but began then to exhibit the extraordinary precocity of his musical mind; the minuets and other little movements which he composed from

* This lady is at present living in Salzburg, and in 1826 had not entirely given up her occupation as an instructress in piano-forte playing. Many pupils have been brought up under her, who by a peculiar neatness and precision of performance, evince the excellent tuition of Nanette Mozart.

the age of four to seven show a consistency of thought and symmetry of design which promised a maturity of the highest genius. Of the first expedition of Leopold Mozart with his son and daughter, in January, 1762, little account is preserved, further than that they visited Munich, and played concertos on the harpsichord before the royal family. In the following autumn (Wolfgang being then in his seventh year,) the father proceeded in the same company to Vienna; the journey was made by water, and the family gave concerts at the principal towns they passed as occasion served. Leopold Mozart writes, "On Tuesday we arrived at Ips, where two Minorites and a Benedictine who accompanied us said mass,* during which our little Wolfgang *tumbled about* upon the organ and played so well, that the Franciscan fathers, who were just sitting down to dinner with some guests, left the table, and ran with all their company into the choir, where they were filled with wonder." A little before he says: "the children are as merry as when they were at home. The boy is friendly with every body, but particularly with military officers, as though he had known them all his life. He is the admiration of all." At the Court of Vienna the family was received with great favour, the Emperor Francis I. being mightily pleased with "the little magician," as he used playfully to call young Mozart. "There is nothing wonderful," said the emperor one day, joking with him, "in playing with all the fingers, but to play with *one* finger and with the keys covered, would really be surprising." Upon which the child instantly performed in this manner with as much neatness and certainty as if he had long practised it. The father writes, "you will scarcely believe me when I tell you how graciously we have been received. The empress took Wolfgang on her lap, and kissed him heartily." It was at this time that Mozart began to display the feeling of a great artist; just before he commenced a concerto, seeing himself surrounded by people of the Court, he asked the emperor "not M. Wagenseil here? *he* understands these things." Wagenseil was called forward to the harpsichord; "I am going to play one of your concertos," said the boy, "will you turn over for me?"

* Probably at a convent.

† The following anecdote is recorded in the history of this journey:—Little Mozart one day, on a visit to the empress, was led into her presence by the two princesses, one of whom was afterwards the unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Being unaccustomed to the smoothness of the floor, his foot slipped and he fell. One of the princesses took no notice of the accident, but the other, Marie Antoinette, lifted him up and consoled him. Upon which he said to her, "you are very good, I will marry you." She related this to her mother, who asked Wolfgang how he came to make this resolution. He answered, "from gratitude—she was so kind to me whereas her sister gave herself no trouble."

As yet Mozart had only played on keyed instruments, but on his return to Salzburg he practised privately on a little violin which he had purchased in Vienna, and, to the surprise of his father and some friends who had met to play over some new trios, he performed the second violin part, and then the first, with correctness, though without method. His horror of the sound of the trumpet in childhood, and the early passion he displayed for arithmetic, are well known; to the last he was fond of figures and was extremely clever in making calculations; though very improvident in his pecuniary affairs. The peculiar delicacy of Mozart's organization is displayed in the fine sense of hearing which he evinced at a tender age. Schachtner, a trumpeter, who used to visit his father, had a violin that Wolfgang was fond of playing upon, which he used to praise extremely for its soft tone, calling it the "*butter fiddle*." On one occasion, as the boy was amusing himself on his own little violin, he said to Schachtner "if you have left your violin tuned as it was when I last played upon it, it must be full half-a-quarter of a note flatter than mine." Those present laughed at a nicety of distinction, upon which the most critical ear could hardly pronounce; but the father, who had had many proofs of the extraordinary memory and exquisite feeling of his son, sent for the instrument, and it was found to be as the boy had said. Although he daily gave fresh instances of his extraordinary endowments, he did not become proud or conceited, but was always an amiable and tractable child. The affection and sweetness which characterize his airs were inherent in his disposition, and the following anecdote accounts for the prevalence of those delightful qualities in his vein of melody:—"Mozart loved his parents, particularly his father, so tenderly, that every night before going to bed he used to sing a little air that he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him. During the singing he often kissed his father *on the top of the nose*, (the epicurism of childish fondness,) and as soon as this solemnity was over, he was laid in bed, perfectly contented and happy." The young artist, in his eighth year, began to show a manly intellect. It was in the third tour through Germany to Paris, London, &c. that the fame of Mozart extended throughout Europe; but as many particulars of this period of his life are already known, from the account published by Daines Barrington in the *Philosophical Transactions*, the Letters of Baron Grimm, and other sources, we shall only notice the newest and most interesting incidents of this part of the Biography. From Wasserburg, Leopold Mozart writes, "We went up to the organ to amuse ourselves,

where I explained the pedals to Wolfgang. He began instantly to make an attempt with them, pushed back the stool and precluded standing, treading the bass to his harmonies as if he had practised for months." The violin-playing of Nardini, whom the party heard at Ludwigsberg, is much praised by Leopold Mozart for the neatness of the execution, and the beauty and equality of the tone. At Frankfort, Wolfgang one morning on waking began to cry. His father asked him the reason. He said he was so sorry at not being able to see his friends * Hagenaur, Wenzl, Spitzeder, and Reibl. Though the children performed before all the persons of distinction they met on their route, yet as they were often rewarded with costly presents, swords, snuff-boxes, trinkets, &c. instead of money, the father had much anxiety on this account. He says, in a letter from Brussels, "At Aix we saw the Princess Amelia, sister to the King of Prussia, but she has no money. If the kisses which she gave my children, especially to Master Wolfgang, had been louis d'ors, we might have rejoiced." In Paris little Mozart performed feats which would have done honour to an experienced Kapell-meister, transposing at sight, into any key whatever, any airs which were placed before him, writing the melody to a bass, or the bass to a melody, with the utmost facility and without premeditation. His deep acquaintance with harmony and modulation surprised every one, and his organ-playing was particularly admired. A very pleasant picture † of the musical family was painted in Paris, of which an engraving is given in the Biography. Mozart's sister relates, that when they were at Versailles, Madame de Pompadour had her brother placed upon a table, and that as he approached to salute her, she turned away from him; upon which he said indignantly, "I wonder who she is, that she will not kiss me—the empress has kissed me!" At Versailles the whole court was present to hear the little boy of eight years play upon the organ, and he was moreover treated by the royal family with great distinction, particularly by the queen. When she dined in public, young Mozart had the honour to stand near her, to converse with her constantly, and now and then to receive some delicacy from her hand. The father writes, "the queen speaks as good German

* The persons here named were musicians of the chapel in Salzburg. This is one out of a crowd of instances of the sensibility he evinced in tender years. It is curious that the letters of the infant Mozart contain no mention of his own precocious triumphs in music, but earnest desires to be made acquainted with what was going on among his friends at home.

† By M. Carnottelle, an amateur. "The engraver, M. Mechel, is now busily employed upon our portraits—Wolfgang is playing the harpsichord—I, behind his chair, the violin—Marian is singing, leaning with one arm on the harpsichord, and in the other hand holding her music."—*Correspondence of Leopold Mozart.*

as we do. As, however, the king understands nothing of it, the queen interprets all that our heroic Wolfgang says." Mozart's Opera 1^{ma}, consisting of two sonatas for the harpsichord, with accompaniment for a violin, dedicated to Madame Victoire de France, was printed in Paris. One of these in G has a lovely flow of melody, and the parts are put in a masterly and finished style.

On the 10th of April, 1764, the family arrived in England, and remained there until the middle of the following year. Leopold Mozart fell ill of a dangerous sore throat during his stay, and as no practising could go forward in the house at that time, his son employed himself in writing his first *sinfonia*. It was scored with all the instruments, not omitting drums and trumpets. His sister sat near him while he wrote, and he said to her, "remind me that I give the horns something good to do." An extract or two from the correspondence of the father will show how they were received in England.

"A week after, as we were walking in St. James's Park; the king and queen came by in their carriage, and, although we were differently dressed, they knew us, and not only that, but the king opened the window, and, putting his head out and laughing, greeted us with head and hands, particularly our Master Wolfgang."—"On the 19th of May we were with their Majesties from six to ten o'clock in the evening. No one was present but the two princes, brothers to the king and queen. The king placed before Wolfgang not only pieces of Wagenseil, but of Bach, Abel, and Handel, all of which he performed *prima vista*. He played upon the king's organ in such a style that every one admired his organ even more than his harpsichord performance. He then accompanied the queen; who sang an air, and afterwards a flute-player in a solo. At last they gave him the bass part of one of Handel's airs, to which he composed so beautiful a melody that all present were lost in astonishment. In a word, what he knew in Salzburg was a mere shadow of his present knowledge; his invention and fancy gain strength every day."—"A concert was lately given at Ranelagh for the benefit of a newly-erected Lying-in-Hospital. I allowed Wolfgang to play a concerto on the organ at it. Observe—this is the way to get the love of these people."

A large portion of Leopold Mozart's letters is occupied with masses to be offered up for their health, &c. and during his sojourn in the Five-fields, Chelsea, he appears to have been in considerable hope that he had converted a Mr. Sipruntini (a Dutch Jew, and a fine violoncello player,) to Catholicism. After dedicating a set of sonatas to the queen, and experiencing great patronage from the nobility, Mozart, with his father and sister, in July, 1765, crossed over into the Netherlands. At the Hague a fever attacked both children, and had nearly cost the daughter her life. On their recovery, they played before the Prince of Orange, and

Wolfgang composed some variations on a national air, which was, just then, sung, piped, and whistled through the streets of Holland. The organist of the cathedral in Haerlem waited upon the Mozarts, and invited the son to try his instrument, which he did the next morning. Mozart senior describes the organ as a magnificent one, of sixty-eight stops, and built wholly of metal, "as wood would not endure the dampness of the Dutch atmosphere." Upon the return of the family to Salzburg, Mozart enjoyed a year of quiet and uninterrupted study in the higher walks of composition. Besides applying to the old masters, he was indefatigable in perusing the works of Emanuel Bach, Hasse, Handel, and Eberlin, and by the diligent performance of these authors, he acquired extraordinary brilliancy and power in the left hand. On the 11th of September, 1767, the whole family proceeded on their way to Vienna; but as the small pox was raging there, they went to Ollmütz instead, where both the children caught that disorder. At Vienna, Mozart wrote his first opera,* by desire of the emperor. Though the singers extolled their parts to the skies, in presence of Leopold Mozart, they formed in secret a cabal against the work, and it was never performed. The Italian singers and composers who were established in this capital did not like to find themselves surpassed in knowledge and skill by a boy of twelve years old, and they therefore not only charged the composition with a want of dramatic effect, but they even went so far as to say, that he had not scored it himself. To counteract such calumnies, Leopold Mozart often obliged his son to put the orchestral parts to his compositions in the presence of spectators, which he did with wonderful celerity before Metastasio, Hasse, the Duke of Braganza, and others. The injurious opinion of the nobility, which these people hoped to excite against the young musician, had no success; for he composed a Mass—an Offertorium—and a Trumpet Concerto for a Boy—which were performed before the whole court, and at which he himself presided and beat the time. The year 1769 was employed by Wolfgang in studying the Italian language, and in the practice of composition; and at this time he was appointed concert master to the court of Salzburg.

Father and son now made the tour of Italy, and met in every city with an enthusiastic reception. Young Mozart had not as yet ventured out of the beaten track of composers, but preserved

* For this work, "*La finta semplice*," an opera buffa, the original score of which contained 558 pages, Mozart did not receive a krentzer. "The whole hell of music here," writes Leopold Mozart, "has risen to prevent the talent of a child from being seen. The singers have sworn, that if they are obliged to perform it, they will give it as miserably as they can, and do their best to spoil it."

the old forms of melody and harmony, and wrote in a style which was particularly learned and correct. His operas produced about this period were thought to have an air of stiffness, from the contrapuntal knowledge which they exhibited; what principally distinguished him, therefore, from other composers, was the facility with which he scored, and the extraordinary fluency of his ideas. The father writes from Mantua, Jan. 11, 1770: "We arrived yesterday, and an hour afterwards went to the opera. We are well, thank God! Wolfgang looks as if he had made a campaign—a little reddish brown about the nose and mouth—something like the complexion of the emperor." At a concert which was given in the Philharmonic Society's Room, young Mozart, in presence of all the literati, the official, military, and other personages of distinction in Mantua, among other things composed two sonatas out of two ideas which were given to him by the orchestra director on the violin—to the violin part of a sinfonia he added all the other parts—and from the simple subject of fugue which was laid, he produced such masterly combinations in its developement, that he created as usual the highest astonishment. Anacreontics, sonnets extempore, and verses of all sorts, were literally showered upon him. Every poet was ready with his effusion. "Al Signore Amadeo Mozart, giovinetto ammirabile"—"dulcissimo puero et elegantissimo lyristæ, &c." The father writes from Milan, Feb. 3: "We were yesterday at the last rehearsal of the new opera '*Cesare in Egitto*,' which is very good. . . . Wolfgang can add nothing to my letter to-day, as he is composing two Latin motetts for two castrati—one fifteen, the other sixteen years old. It was at their earnest request—and, as they sing beautifully and are comrades, he could not refuse them." Again—"As Count Firmian is now better in health, we have had the honour of dining with him. After dinner he sent Wolfgang the works of Metastasio, in nine volumes, of the beautiful Turin edition, and handsomely bound. You may imagine how pleased we are with this agreeable present." It was probably from reading Metastasio, that Mozart's taste in lyric poetry was formed; for he was, in maturer life, fastidious in the choice of the words which he set to music; and the uninterrupted flow of melody and versification distinguishes his airs from those of any other composer. Another circumstance of the Italian tour, highly influential upon the after life of Mozart, was the daily hearing of the highest and most pathetic style of church music—Italy having in the latter part of the last century produced some of her greatest ecclesiastical works. In the celebrated Requiem, which was composed purely from love of the *expressive* in sacred music, we may find the result of the author's young devotion to this branch of the art—

the consequence of listening to choral effects in the cathedrals of Italy. Mozart having made an engagement to produce the first opera for the carnival of Milan, our travellers proceeded to Bologna, where Wolfgang found an enthusiastic admirer in the great contrapuntist, Padre Martini, who was astonished to find a boy of fourteen years old capable of giving the answers instantly in the *rigore modi*, to any subject of fugue which might be laid before him. At Parma, the Mozarts were invited to the house of a Signora Guari, surnamed *Bastardella*, who sang three airs to them. This singer's voice was of an incredible compass. Leopold Mozart thus describes it:—"I should not have believed it possible that she could reach C in *altissimo*, had not my ears convinced me of the fact. The passages as Wolfgang has written them were in her air, and she sang these something softer than the deep notes, but as beautifully as an octave pipe in an organ. In short, the trills and the whole were, note for note, what Wolfgang has marked. Her voice extends down to G. She is not handsome, nor yet ugly, but has at times a wild look in the eyes, as you may see in persons subject to convulsions—she has also a lameness in one foot."

In Rome, Mozart gave a miraculous attestation of his quickness of ear, and extensive memory, by bringing away from the Sistine Chapel the "Miserere of Allegri," a work full of imitation and repercussion, mostly for a double choir, and continually changing in the combination and relation of the parts. This accomplished piece of thievery was thus performed:—the sketch was drawn out upon the first hearing, and filled up from recollection at home—Mozart then repaired to the second and last performance, with his manuscript in his hat, and corrected it.* A letter of the father, from Rome, is so pleasantly graphic that we cannot refrain from making an extract—

"14th April, 1770.—On the day of our arrival we went to St. Peter's to the *Capella Sisti*, to hear the *Miserere* at matins. On the 12th, we saw the pope, and indeed stood very near to him as he waited upon the poor people. Our elegant attire, and the air with which I speak to my valet in the German language, had much influence on the armed Swiss, who ran to make way for us, and assisted us through every difficulty in our passage. Some took Wolfgang for a German cavalier—others for a prince—and the servant did not deceive them. I was supposed to be his tutor. In this estimation we went to the table of the cardinals. Wolfgang happening to stand between the seats of two cardinals, one of them (Pallavicini) beckoned to him and said, 'Will you have the goodness to inform me, in confidence, who you are?' Wolf-

* Mozart produced his copy at a concert in Rome, and the Castrato Christofori who sang at the performance of the *Miserere*, pronounced it perfect.

gang told him. The cardinal answered in the utmost surprise, 'What, are you that famous boy of whom so much has been written to me?' Upon this Wolfgang inquired, 'Are you not the Cardinal Pallavicini?' The cardinal replied, 'I am—why?' Wolfgang then said, that we had letters to his eminence, and would be glad to pay our respects. The cardinal was much pleased, said that Wolfgang spoke Italian well, and continued—'*Ick kan auk ein venig deutsch spreken.*' When we took our leave, Wolfgang kissed his hand, and the cardinal lifted his bare head from his head, and said something extremely complimentary.

"You are aware that the celebrated *Miserere* of this place is so highly prized, that the *musici* are forbidden, on pain of excommunication, to take any part away from the chapel, to copy it themselves, or allow any other person to do so. However, we have got it. Wolfgang has already written it out; and we should have sent it with this letter to Salzburg, had not our presence been necessary in order to perform it. More lies in the execution than in the composition itself—meanwhile, we will not suffer this mystery to fall into other hands, *ut non incurramus mediate vel immediate in censuram ecclesie*. Wolfgang is well, and sends a country dance. He wishes that M. Cyrillus Hoffmann* would compose the steps to it."

Particular directions for producing effect in this dance occupy the remainder of the letter. The slow voluptuous movement of the style of dancing prevalent in Italy gave Mozart great pleasure; in the postscripts to his father's letters, which he generally addressed to his sister and playfellow, he speaks of this subject with as much zest as of his own art. Later in manhood he became a pupil of Vestris, and the gracefulness of his dancing was much admired, especially in the minuet. Mozart's frequent request for books of arithmetic is also characteristic of the bias of his inclinations at this time of life; and herein may, perhaps, be discovered the foundation of that regularity and symmetry which distinguish his compositions, for, had he not joined exquisite imagination and sensibility to his faculty for numerical calculations, he must have fallen into the dryness of a pedantic contrapuntist.

Leopold Mozart gives a pleasant account of the meeting of his son with Thomas Linley. This youth, who was brother to the celebrated Mrs. Sheridan, and one of the most promising violin players that England ever produced, was unfortunately drowned, while amusing himself on the canal in the pleasure-grounds of a nobleman in England, to whom he was paying a visit. The passage will show the estimation in which our little countryman was held by a foreign judge:—"At Florence we met with a young Englishman, who is a pupil of the famous Nardini. We became acquainted with this boy at the mansion of the learned poetess,

* Dancing-master to the court of Salzburg.

Signora Corilla, to whom we had recommendations from M. Laugier. He is just of Wolfgang's size and age, and plays exquisitely. . . . The other day the little Englishman, who is a most charming boy, brought his violin to us, and played the whole afternoon. Wolfgang accompanied him upon the violin. The following day we dined with M. Gavard, treasurer to the Grand Duke. After dinner the two boys played by turns, not like boys, but men. Little Thomas accompanied us home, and wept bitterly, when he understood that we were to continue our journey on the morrow. As, however, our departure was to take place at noon, he came to us at nine o'clock in the morning, and gave Wolfgang, among many embraces, a copy of verses which he had made Signora Corilla write for him the preceding evening. He went with our coach as far as the city gates. I wish you had seen this scene.

About this time Mozart's voice began to break, and he ceased to sing in public, unless words were put before him; the violin he continued to play, but mostly in private. The alarming illnesses which had attacked his children on their journey kept Leopold Mozart in continual anxiety—the malaria of Rome and the heat of Naples were alike dreaded by him. He writes, "Wolfgang is as careful of his health as if he were a grown man;" in another place, "Wolfgang is well, only he has, *as usual*, a little toothache on one side." The travellers arrived at Naples in March, and fortunately procured cool and healthy lodgings. Here they visited the English Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, whose acquaintance they had made in London, and whose lady was not only a very agreeable person, but a charming performer on the harpsichord. She trembled on playing before Mozart. The concerts given by the Mozarts in Naples were very successful, and they were treated with great distinction: the carriages of the nobility, attended by footmen with flambeaus, fetched them from home and carried them back; the queen greeted them daily on the promenade, and they received invitations to the ball given by the French Ambassador on the marriage of the Dauphin.

If Mozart had not been engaged to compose the carnival opera for Milan, he might have written that for Bologna, Rome, or Naples, as at these three cities offers were made to him, a proof of what his genius had effected in Italy. Returning to Rome, at the last stage of their journey, a serious accident had nearly happened to the party, for one of the horses plunged, reared, and fell on his side.* Leopold Mozart carefully held his son from falling, though at the same time his own leg was severely grazed by the iron of the broken harness. On revisiting Cardinal Pallavicini

* "Two horses and a postilion," the father observes, "are three beasts."

Mozart was surprized to be addressed *Signore Cavaliere*,* and thought it a jest, until the cardinal presented him from His Holiness with the order of the cross, the same honour which had before been conferred on Gluck. Mozart concludes a few lines to his sister thus:—"I am astonished that you can compose so beautifully! The song is delightful. Try something often. Send me soon the other six minuets of Haydn. *Mlle. j'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble serviteur et frère, Chevalier de Mozart.—Addio.*"

We have a pleasing picture of the little "*Signore Cavaliere*" on his arrival at Rome, after travelling twenty-seven hours without sleep: his father writes, "As soon as we had eaten a little rice and some eggs, I put Wolfgang in a chair. He began instantly to snore, and slept so soundly, that I undressed him completely, and laid him in bed, without his giving the least sign of waking. He continued snoring though I lifted him from the seat, and set him down again. When he awoke in the morning at nine o'clock, he could not think how he had got to bed." At Bologna, Mozart received the *libretto* of the opera he had undertaken to compose, and with it a list of the persons who were to perform. The name of the opera was "*Mitridate, Re di Ponto*," the production of a Signora Cigna-Santi. In this city Mozart was unanimously elected Member of the Philharmonic Academy, but not before he had passed through the usual examination. On the 9th of October, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he was obliged to attend in the hall of the academy, where he received from the *Principes Academiae*, and the two censors, in the presence of the whole society, an antiphone to set in four parts. The beadle led him into an antichamber and locked the door. In little more than half an hour he was ready, and was then visited by the censors and others, who voted by black or white balls. As the balls were all white, when Mozart was called in, he was welcomed by a general clapping of hands, and the congratulations of the assembled musicians. He had finished the task in about one sixth of the time which it commonly occupied. The biographer has given us a copy of the Gregorian subject, which was amplified by Mozart; the canto fermo is in the bass, and the three upper parts are so close in the imitation, and put together with so much symmetry and knowledge of counterpoint, that had not the abstraction of the *Miserere* from the Pope's Chapel exhausted admiration, it must have been excited in the highest degree by this performance.

On the 26th of December, 1770, the opera seria, *Mitridate*,

* Mozart only maintained his title "*Ritter von Mozart*" in youth; Gluck, however, kept his state on all occasions.

was brought out, and met with remarkable success, many parts of it being encored, which was unusual with new dramatic compositions. Scarcely an air but was followed by loud applause and cries of *Evviva il Maestro—Evviva il Maestro!* For the first three representations Mozart accompanied the recitative at the first harpsichord; Maestro Lampagnani played upon the second; afterwards Maestro Melchior Chiesa played the second and Lampagnani the first. During the composition of the *Mitridate*, Leopold Mozart writes, "If our friends would, as they have lately done, send us a little merriment in their letters, it would be charitable, for Wolfgang is now so intensely employed on serious matters, and is himself become so serious, that I am glad when something droll falls into his hands." In Venice the Mozarts were surprized to hear, what they certainly did not expect to hear in Italy, two poor people in the street, singing together in *fifth*. At first they imagined them to be singing different songs, but as the performers came nearer, the music proved to be a *beautiful duet* in pure fifths; the father observes, with characteristic national partiality, "I have never heard such a thing in Germany." Mozart returned to Milan in 1771, and wrote *Ascanio in Alba*, a serenata for the marriage festivities of the Archduke Ferdinand; most of the chorusses in this piece formed accompaniments to the ballet. In January 1773 Mozart produced his second opera seria for the carnival of Milan, entitled *Lucio Silla*. Mozart in this piece studied the capacity of the famous prima donna, De Amicis, and gave her passages of display with which she was well satisfied; but the opera did not create a great effect on its first appearance, owing to the awkwardness of the first tenor, who unfortunately so exaggerated the anger which his part expressed that he raised a laugh among the audience. De Amicis, egrossed by her part, did not perceive the cause of the laughter, and on the first evening did not sing well; on the ensuing performances the music had better fortune, and the opera was given more than twenty times successively.

Between the years 1773 and 1775, Mozart visited Vienna and Munich, with his father. In the latter city he composed two grand masses, an offertorium, a vesper service, and the opera buffa *La finta Giardiniera*, and on his return to Salzburg, *Il Pastore*, a serenata for the Archduke Maximilian. The epoch in which Mozart's genius was ripe may be dated from his twentieth year; constant study and practice had given him ease in composition, and ideas came thicker with his early manhood—the firmness of the melodiousness, the boldness of harmony, the inexhaustible invention which characterize his works, were at this time apparent; he began to think in a manner entirely independent, and

perform what he had promised as a regenerator of the musical art. The situation of his father as Kapell-meister, in Salzburg, indeed gave Mozart some opportunities of writing church music, but not such as he most coveted, the sacred musical services of the court being restricted to a given duration, and the orchestra but poorly supplied with singers; it was therefore his earnest desire to get some permanent appointment in which he could exercise freely his talent for composition, and reckon on a sufficient income. When childhood and boyhood had passed away, his *quondam* patrons ceased to wonder at, or feel interest in his genius, and Mozart, whose early years had been spent in familiar intercourse with the principal nobility of Europe, who had been from court to court, and received distinctions and caresses unparalleled in the history of musicians, up to the period of his death gained no situation worthy his acceptance, but earned his fame in the midst of worldly cares and annoyances, in alternate abundance and poverty, deceived by pretended friendship, or persecuted by open enmity. The obstacles which Mozart surmounted in establishing the immortality of his muse, leave those without excuse who plead other occupations and the necessity of gaining a livelihood as an excuse for want of success in the art. Where the creative faculty has been bestowed, it will not be repressed by circumstances.

One passage from a letter to the Padre Martini, written by Mozart in his twentieth year—a period at which youthful vanity even in men of genius is often strong—well displays the constitution of his mind. The Elector of Bavaria desiring to see what experience in counter-point the young composer possessed, commanded him to produce a motett, to be performed at the offertory on the following Sunday. This composition, hastily written as it was, Mozart sent to the Padre Martini at Bologna, requesting him to give his candid and unreserved opinion upon it, adding with a beautiful modesty “we live in this world to be continually improving, and it is in science and the fine arts especially, that by communicating our sentiments one to another, we are ever making advances.” So thought Mozart at twenty, and such were the noble aspirations of his mind at five and thirty, when he looked down from the eminence of his *Requiem* and *Il Don Giovanni* upon all other creations in church or dramatic music.

In the hope of gaining some comfortable settlement in life, Mozart quitted Salzburg for Paris in 1777, in company with his mother, and to this journey, stimulated as he was by the necessity or exertion, we owe some of his most masterly compositions. His extreme youth was however an impassable barrier to his

reception of the office of Kapellmeister, in an age when wig and wrinkles were the only title to respect. The careful and good father,* whose life, as he expressed it, *hung* on his son's, parted from him with great sorrow and melancholy forebodings—Paris was a dissipated city, and Mozart then at an age when nature herself is the young man's enemy. At this portion of the work an autobiography commences, in the course of which we are presented with some opinions upon music which are absolutely valuable. On this journey Mozart remained some time in Munich, offering his services in such capacity as they might be deemed useful, but the answers which he received to his applications for employment were "you are too young"—"you must first travel in Italy and gain fame"—"there is at present no vacancy." In spite of these disappointments, he meditated a plan for settling in Munich, and of engaging to produce two serious and two comic German operas every year. He wrote to his father "I am here much beloved—and how much more will this be the case, if I raise the character of the national musical drama." In another place he says "most of the nobility have a dreadful mania for every thing Italian." He gives the following account of a singer then at Munich:

"The first female singer of the German opera, named Keiserin, native of this place, and daughter of the cook to a certain nobleman here. She appears on the stage a very agreeable girl, but I have never seen her nearer. It was the third time of her performance when I heard her. She has a beautiful voice, not strong, nor yet weak, but very pure and with a good intonation. Her master is Valesi, and you may soon perceive by her singing, that he not only knows how to sing, but how to teach singing. I was astonished to hear how beautifully she managed the *crescendo* and *decrecendo*. Her shake is at present very slow, but that pleases me well, as it will be so much the more clear and articulate when she quickens it; besides it is easier to make it rapid. The people are quite pleased with her, and I with them. My mother was in the parterre; she went at half-past four to get a place. I went two hours later, as I can go into the boxes, being well enough known. I went to the box of Hausa Branca; I looked at Keiserin through my opera glass and called out *brava, bravissima*, as I remembered it was only her third appearance. The piece is called *Das Fischermädchen*, and is a very good adaptation of the music of Piccini. They talk of giving her a German opera seria, and it is wished that I may compose it."

Leopold Mozart dissuaded his son from settling unappoin-
in Munich, as a scheme at which he says the archbishop would

* To show the humble means of the Mozart family at this period, it may be noted that Leopold M. recommends his wife and son to put up at the Lamb in Augsburg "where," he says, "there are pretty little chambers, and dinner costs only six kreutzers per head."

ough; "there is as yet no necessity to make yourself so cheap: you may live so in any place." When Wolfgang went to deliver his letters of recommendation in Augsburg, he was accompanied by a substantial citizen who "had the honour" of cooling his heels in the front of the house like a lackey, while he paid a long and ceremonious visit to some very tiresome people. Here is a lively portraiture of the party:*

"I had the honor of playing for three quarters of an hour upon a good pianoforte of Stein, in the presence of the starched son-in-law, his long-necked young wife, and a silly old woman. I played *fantasias* and all the music they had, *prima vista*, among other things a very pretty piece of one Edelmann. They were all extremely polite, and so was I, as it is my custom to be with people as I find them. As I said I should go after dinner to Stein's,† the young gentleman offered to take me there himself. I thanked him for his kindness, and promised to meet him at two o'clock. I went in company with this son-in-law, who has the complete look of a student; although I had begged him not to mention who I was, M. von Langemantel was imprudent enough to say to M. Stein. 'I have here the pleasure of introducing to you a virtuoso upon the pianoforte,' and then he smirked. I began immediately to protest against what he had said, and added that I was an unworthy pupil of M. Sigl of Munich. Stein shook his head and replied, 'have I the honor of seeing M. Mozart?' 'O no,' said I, 'my name is Trazom, I have a letter for you.' He took the letter, and would have opened it, but I did not give him time, and said 'Don't read the letter now, let us go into the room where your pianofortes are, I am most anxious to see them.' I ran immediately to one of the three pianofortes in the room, and began to play; he could hardly get the letter open, for eagerness to know who was. The signature was enough, 'O!' cried he, and embraced me overjoyed."

Some idea of his organ playing may be gathered from the following observations:—

"When I said to M. Stein that it would please me to try his organ, as I had a passion for organ playing, he was much surprized, and said 'how can a man like you, such a pianoforte player—like to play upon an instrument which has no *douceur*, no expression, no *piano* or *forte*, but is from beginning to end alike? No matter, however; after all, the organ is, in my opinion, the king of all instruments.' We went together. I soon found out by his talk that he thought I should play the organ in the pianoforte style. He told me that he had taken Robert at his own desire to the organ, and 'I was sorry,' said he, 'that Robert had informed every body, as the church was pretty full; for though I knew that the man possessed fire, spirit and rapidity enough, those qualities are not good for organ playing. However, when he began, I altered my opinion of him.' I only answered, 'do you think, M. Stein,

* These extracts are from Mozart's letters to his father.

† A celebrated pianoforte maker.

that I shall *run about* upon the organ? that requires something very different.' We at last came into the choir; I began to prelude, then came a fugue, after which he said, laughing, 'I can easily believe that you like to play the organ, when you play in that style.'

Before Mozart left Augsburg he gave a concert, to which the next letter refers:—

"I must not mention the concert until I let you know how I spent my time previously. Last Saturday I was at St. Ulrich; on Sunday I dined in the convent of the Holy Cross, where there was music during the repast. Badly as they fiddle, I prefer the music of the convent to that of the orchestra in Augsburg. I gave a symphony and played Wanhall's violin concerto in B major with universal applause. The cantor, whose name is Zeschinger, is a pleasant good-natured man in relation of Eberlin, and knows you well. At supper I played the Strasbourg violin concerto, *it went like oil*; every one was delighted with the beautiful round tone. After this a small pianoforte was brought upon which I preluded, and played variations by Fischer. Then someone whispered M. Zeschinger, that I might play in the organ style. I asked for a subject, which was given to me by one of the monks. The fugue was in G minor; in the middle I began in the major, in rather a playful manner, but in the same time, then came the subject inverted at last the thought struck me of giving a sportive character to the end of the fugue. I did not stop long considering, but played it at once and it went as accurately as if it had all been cut out before. Zeschinger was beside himself with pleasure: 'well! *that's done*,' said he, 'I could not have believed it. The Bishop indeed told me that he had never in his life heard any one play the organ so smoothly and solemnly. The Bishop had heard me a few days before, when Zeschinger was present there. They then brought me a fugued sonata: 'gentlemen,' said I, 'you are too exorbitant; I cannot so easily play this sonata.' 'Yes,' returned Zeschinger, with great emphasis, 'that is a like matter—we should be glad to find any thing too difficult.' 'I will do it, however.' While I was playing, I heard the cantor exclaiming continually behind me, 'O, you arch-roguer! O, you——' I played eleven o'clock, and at last was absolutely pelted with subjects and fugues. *Apropos* of M. Stein's daughter; whoever sees and hears her play, and does not laugh, must be *von Stein**, like her father. She does not sit in the middle of the instrument, but near the treble, so that she may have more opportunity to move her body and make grimaces. Her eyes appear convulsed: if a melody comes twice, it is played twice as slow; if three times, slower still. When she plays a passage, she lifts her arms into the air; if emphasis be required, she gives it with the arm and not with the finger, as heavily and bunglingly as possible. The most amusing thing in her performance is, that when a passage comes which ought to flow smoothly as oil—which of course requires that the fingers should be changed—she does not give herself any trouble, but at the necessary time lifts up her hand, and begins again.

* A pun upon the father's name, which signifies *Stone*.

quite at her ease. I only write this to give you some ideas in piano-forte playing and instruction, which may be useful to you at a convenient time. M. Stein is wrapped up in his daughter; she is eight years and a half old; at present learns every thing by heart. She may become clever—she has talent—but by this method she will do nothing; she can never attain rapidity of finger, because she labours as hard as she can to make the hand clumsy. She will never acquire the *most necessary* and *difficult* part of music—namely, the tempo—if she endeavours as much as possible to play out of time. I talked with M. Stein for two hours upon this subject. He is already of my opinion, and asks my advice; for he believed Becché* infallible. He sees and hears now that I can play better than Becché; that though I am no grimacier, I play so *expressively* that no one of his acquaintance knew so well how to use his piano-fortes; and that I am always accurate in time. They are all astonished at that. In the *tempo rubato* of an Adagio, they cannot comprehend how I manage the left hand, for they are accustomed to make it follow the right. Count Wolfegg and others, who are enthusiastic admirers of Becché, have just said publicly, that I have put Becché on the shelf. Count Wolfegg walked constantly about the concert room, saying, ‘I never heard any thing like it in my life.’ Turning to me, ‘You have played to-day as I never heard you before; and I shall tell your father so when I go to Salzburg.’ What think you was the first after the symphony? The concerto for three piano-fortes. Demler played the first, I the second, and Stein the third. Then I played alone the last sonata in D for Durnitz, and my concerto in B; next a fugue in C minor in the strict style; lastly, a grand sonata in C major, and so with a rondo *out of my head* made an end. There was a prodigious hubbub and noise. Stein did nothing but make faces and grimaces of astonishment, and Demler laughed continually. This last is quite a curious fellow; when any thing greatly pleases him, he laughs most horribly. He almost began to swear at me.”

Mozart next went to Mannheim, where he remained until March, 1778, about five months; so agreeable did he find his residence there, that he made many efforts to obtain the humble appointment of music-master to the children of the royal family, purely for the sake of remaining among ardent friends and admirers of the art. He gives a delightful account in his letters of being assisted by a goodnatured governess in his little stratagems to procure the situation he desired. When the prince walked up to the place where Mozart was standing overlooking the practice of the children, the governess said, “Mr. Mozart here has written a beautiful rondo;” he was desired to play it. As soon as she could again find an opportunity, she said, “Mr. Mozart has composed some variations upon Fischer’s Minuet;” these he likewise performed, and they pleased excessively. The benevolence of this good creature in assisting Mozart to display his

* His daughter’s Music-master.

readiness in piano-forte playing and composition, failed in producing the desired effect; the elector paid Mozart compliments but did not receive him into his household. When we think of the genius of such a composer—one, as he himself says, “eager to work,” might have been easily retained in Manheim for about four pounds a year, we may imagine the obtuseness of the age with respect to music. The applause of the nobility and gentry which Mozart played to them, followed as a matter of politeness, but not from conviction of his merit. He writes, “They think because I am little and young, that nothing great or old is in me, but they shall, however, soon see.” Mozart appears to have been disgusted with the mode of life in Salzburg, and to have dreaded that his father might recall him on account of his ill success in the real object of his expedition; and this is partly the reason why his letters from Manheim contain an unusual relation of the praises and compliments which resounded on all sides of him. His object in this was to prop the hopes of his father. Wendling, a flute-player in Manheim, was a firm friend of Mozart. As the latter had been buoyed with expectations of employment in the elector’s family, when undeceived, he was in some difficulty about the means of living longer in Manheim. When Wendling was informed of this, his face flushed, and he said to Mozart: “We must find a way. You must stay here at least two months until we can go together to Paris.” Mozart writes to his father:

“The other day I went to dine as usual with Wendling, who said to me, ‘Our *Indian* (a Dutch gentleman who lives here upon his fortune and is a great lover of the arts,) is a fine fellow. He will give you two hundred florins to write for him three little, easy, and short concertos and a couple of quartets for the flute. You will get through Cannabich two pupils at least, who pay well. You must publish by subscription a set of duets for the violin and piano-forte. You will dine and sup here every day, and can lodge at the house of the Counsellor Serarius; these matters will cost you nothing.”

This amicable arrangement was adopted, and the friends afterwards proceeded in company to the French capital.

On the 23rd of March, 1778, Mozart arrived in Paris, accompanied by his mother, who, in the July following, was attacked by a sudden illness, of which she died, to the great grief of her son; on this occasion he experienced much kindness from Baron Grimm, with whom he lived in the house of Madame d’Epinau. He writes, “I have here a pretty little room, which commands a pleasant prospect, and am as comfortable as circumstances will allow me to be.” Mozart entered Paris buoyant with hope, as the following passage from his correspondence shows: “Nothing pleases me more than the thought of the *concert spirituel*”

Paris, as I shall probably have something to compose for it. The orchestra is so large and good, that they will be well able to perform my favourite compositions—chorusses—and these I am happy to say the French like Until now the Parisians have been accustomed to Gluck's chorusses. Rely upon me, I shall use my utmost exertions to make the name of Mozart renowned, and I am not at all afraid of succeeding in the attempt." In this city Mozart wrote much instrumental music, particularly for four wind-instrument players, who were his personal friends: Wendling (flute), Ramm (oboe), Punto (French-horn), and Ritter (bassoon). By writing concertos, and through intimacy with the performers themselves, he created an effect in the management of this part of the orchestra that other composers had never dreamed of. However, the life he led in Paris was far from being enviable—his designs were perpetually thwarted by the intrigues of music directors—he heard good music spoiled, and his own ideas frequently misrepresented in the performance of them. With reference to the cabals which were formed by petty musicians against the performance of his works, he writes, "If I were in a place where the people had ears to hear, hearts to feel, who only understood and possessed a little taste for music, I should laugh heartily at these things; but as far as regards music, I am living among mere beasts and cattle. How can it be otherwise—they are just the same in all their joys and sorrows, and in every thing else. No place in the world is like Paris. You must not think that I ramble when I talk in this manner of the music here; ask whom you will about it, if he is capable of giving an opinion, and not a Frenchman born, he will tell you the same." Mozart concludes by saying, that he daily prays God he may bring honor to Germany, and become rich enough to help his father out of his straitened circumstances, that they may all live happily together. Mozart had here as pupil in composition a daughter of the Duc de Guines; he instructed her for two hours daily, and was well paid for his trouble. The account he gives of her to his father is extremely characteristic:—

"She plays magnificently upon the harp, and possesses much talent and genius, particularly an incomparable memory, for she can play all her pieces (about two hundred) by heart. She doubts, however, whether she has any genius for composition, any thoughts, or ideas; her father (who, between ourselves, is a little too much in love with her) says that she certainly has ideas, but that she is too diffident, and wants confidence in herself. We shall see. If she has no ideas (and I have as yet discovered none), God knows I cannot give them. Her father does not wish to make any great composer of her. He says, '*She shall not write any operas, airs, concertos, or sinfonias, but merely grand sonatas for her*

instrument as *I do for mine.' To-day I gave her the fourth lesson, as far as concerns the rules of composition, I am tolerably satisfied with her. She put the bass very well to the first minuet that I set before her. Afterwards she began to write in three parts. She tired herself with attempts at this, but I could not help her, and it was too early to make any further advance unless she had genius, but she has no ideas. I have tried her in all possible ways; among others, it came into my head to give her a simple minuet, to see if she could make a variation upon it. Now, thought I, 'she does not know how to begin;' so I began to write the first bar, and told her she should keep to that idea, and carry it forward; at last that was finished pretty well. I then requested her to begin something herself—only a first part—a melody—so she revolved for a quarter of an hour, and nothing came. I therefore wrote four bars of a minuet, and said to her, 'See what a stupid fellow I am—I have begun this minuet, and cannot finish the first part of it—be so good as to do it for me.' She thought it impossible; at last, with infinite labour, something came to light. I was thankful that something had come at last."

Mozart was offered the situation of organist at Versailles, which he would not accept; "some good employment," writes, "would be very agreeable to me, but nothing undignified as Kapellmeister, and well paid." The equanimity of his temper was never so much put to the test as by the orchestra in Paris. The only movement of anger which he displayed throughout his whole correspondence is after hearing one of his *sinfonias* twice spoiled successively at rehearsal; he could not endure to hear it so scraped and huddled off. He had resolved, if it had gone on thus at the performance, to have entered the orchestra, taken the violin out of the leader's hand, and directed it himself. We cannot omit another passage characteristic of Mozart. He was recommended by Baron Grimm to the Duchesse de Chabot, and of the reception which he had from this lady he gives the following description:—

"I was obliged to wait half an hour in a great chamber, which had no fire-place, but was cold as a vault. At last came the Duchesse de Chabot, and politely begged me to excuse the state of the piano-forte, as none of theirs were in good order. I said that I would play willingly, but now it was impossible, as I could not feel my fingers cold, and begged she would allow me to go into a room where there was a fire. *O oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison*—was the only answer. I then sat down and began to draw, in company with several gentlemen who all sat round a large table. I had the honour to wait a full hour. Doors and windows were open, and I became not only in my hands, in feet and body cold as ice, and my head began to ache. They were all very silent, and I did not know what to do from cold, head-ache, and long waiting. I often thought that if it had not been for

* The duke was an amateur flute-player.

Grimm I would instantly have gone away. At last I played upon a miserable, wretched piano-forte. What annoyed me most was, that the lady and gentlemen kept on drawing, and I was obliged to play to the chairs, tables, and walls. I lost all patience at this, and so, after playing the half of Fischer's Variations, I rose up, and received a world of compliments. I said, however, that I could do myself little honour upon such a piano-forte, and it would give me much pleasure to fix upon another day when they had a better one. The lady did not receive my excuse, and I was obliged to remain another half hour until her husband came. She now came and sat by me, and listened to me with great attention, and I at once forgot all the cold and head-ache, and the miserable piano-forte, and played as I am used to do when in good humour. Give me the best piano-forte in Europe, and people for hearers who either do not or will not understand or feel what I play, and I should have no pleasure in it."

Leopold Mozart, finding his son disappointed of his object in Paris, and disgusted with the bad taste of the French, seized the opportunity of pressing his return to Salzburg, which, as it lay equally between Vienna, Munich, and Italy, offered facilities towards his writing an opera, if an engagement came from either of these quarters. There was another little circumstance which it is not improbable powerfully reinforced the paternal advice, which was, that Mozart had heard, in Manheim, a certain Mademoiselle Aloysia Weber* sing so much to his satisfaction, that he had fallen in love with her, and as the sentiment was mutual, they parted, depending on each other's fidelity. When Mozart again visited her in Manheim, he found altered affections in the lady—she would hardly recognize him; upon which he transferred his regard to her sister Constance, who appreciated his talents better. She became his pupil on the piano-forte, and he instructed her with pleasure.

Mozart, according to the Court Calendar of Salzburg, of 1780-1781, was in occupation as organist to the court and cathedral; and at this time was engaged to compose *Idomeneo*, a German serious opera, for the carnival at Munich. So well pleased was he with the singers and the subject fixed upon that he reckoned his temporary residence in Munich, while composing the airs, or superintending the rehearsals of his opera, among the happiest part of his life. Dorothea and Lisette Wendling, and Raff, a tenor, who was his particular friend, were the principal performers in *Idomeneo*; they were de-

* At a later period the celebrated Prima Donna, Madame Lange. She possessed all the perfections of a great singer, and was successively engaged at the Court Theatre in Munich, at the Grand Opera in Vienna, at Schroder's Theatre in Hamburg, and lastly at the German Opera in Amsterdam, where she received 800 ducats, two benefits, and lodging free of expense. She now resides privately in Vienna.

lighted with the airs Mozart wrote for them, as was the orchestra with the accompaniments, which so excited the genius of the composer, that though he gained in maturer years greater correctness in the minutiae of writing, he never surpassed the fire and beauty of the ideas which he developed in this work. Even after *Don Giovanni* had appeared, *Idomeneo* remained a favourite opera of the composer, and indeed ranked second in his estimation. Mozart was the most philosophical of musicians, and would suffer no passage to remain in any drama upon which was employed, where there was anything irreconcilable between the music, the poetry, and good sense: of this kind was his objection to the sentences *apart* sometimes introduced by the poet into airs, that have an absurd effect in the repetition which the symmetry of musical thought requires. The following criticism clearly evinces his vocation to dramatic music. He writes to his father:—

“Tell me, do you not think that the subterranean voice is heard so long? Conceive rightly—picture to yourself the theatre; the voice should be fearful, it should make the bearer thrill from the sense of reality; this effect cannot be produced where the length is great. If the Ghost in Hamlet did not speak so long, it would make a strong impression on the audience. It is easy to shorten this passage, which will gain more than it will lose by it.” He adds, “I want for the march in the second Act, which is first heard from a distance, some *sordini* for trumpets and horns such as are not to be had here. Send some by the next diligence, that I may have others made from them.”

Mozart heard in Munich a mass by one Grua, of a kind which he writes, “one might easily compose a dozen every day.” Respecting his opera airs, it was a saying of his, that he liked to give them to the singer, as a tailor did a well-made coat to the bearer of the wearer. He had some difficulty in suiting Raff, who was an old man, and not in a condition to sustain any very lengthened effort. During the progress of the opera he writes,—

“I have still another alteration to make, which is Raff’s fault. I am however in the right, and if he were not, *still one must do something to give his grey hairs pleasure.*” In another place, “I had almost forgotten to tell you, that last Sunday, after mass, Count Seau stopped and spoke to me very condescendingly, and said, ‘I am rejoiced to see you here again, and when I said I would do my best to gain the applause of His Highness, he patted me on the shoulder and said, ‘Oh! I have no doubt of that.’” “Munich, Dec. 1, 1780. The rehearsal has had extraordinary success. There were only six violins, but all the wind instruments were present; no hearers were admitted but the sister of Count Seau and the young Count Seinsheim. I cannot describe to you what joy and astonishment prevails; I expected nothing else, and assure you that I was to this rehearsal as serene in mind as if I were going to a feast. Count

Seinsheim said to me, 'I assure you, though I expected great things from you, I really did not expect this.' At Cannabich's they are all my especial friends. When I went there after the rehearsal, (for we had much discourse with the count,) Cannabich's wife came out to meet me and embraced me, for joy of my success; afterwards Ramm, Lang, and I, went home full of spirits and gaiety. Ramm said, (when you know this you will say, 'that's a true German—you can read his thoughts in his face,') 'No music has ever made such an impression upon me, and I can assure you I have thought fifty times of the delight your father will have when he hears this opera.' But enough of this. My cough has become worse in attending these rehearsals." "I have just received intelligence that the opera is to be put off another week; the last rehearsal is fixed for the 27th of January, my birth-day; I am glad of it, they will have time to practise more carefully. Among several little disputes, I have had a hard contest with Count Seau about the trombones.* I call it a hard contest, because I was obliged to be rather surly with him before I could get my own way."

Leopold Mozart, his daughter, and a great body of the town's people of Salzburg travelled to Munich to be present at the first representation of *Idomeneo*, and were witnesses of the rapturous applause which was bestowed on that composition. The celebrated offertorium, *Misericordias Domini*, was written at this period, to show Count Seau what the composer could do in the church style.

In the middle of March, 1781, Mozart was called to Vienna by command of the Archbishop of Salzburg, whose employment he soon quitted, being treated with no higher distinction than a servant of the household. After relating his safe arrival in Vienna to his father, he continues—

"I write this in Mesmer's garden in the landstrasse. I have a charming room in the same house with the archbishop; Brunetti and Ceccarelli lodge in another house. *Che distinzione!* At half past eleven we dined, which was unfortunately for me something too early; the company consisted of two valets, the comptroller, M. Zetti, the confectioner, two cooks, Ceccarelli, Brunetti, and my *littleness*. The two valets sat at the head of the table, but I had the honour of sitting above the cooks, and fancied I was again in Salzburg. At dinner a great deal of coarse silly joking went forward, but not with me, for I was always silent, or if obliged to speak, it was with the greatest seriousness; so, when I had finished my dinner, I went about my business."

Mozart writes, in another place,—

"My chief desire here is, to get a favourable introduction to the emperor, as I am determined that he shall know me. I should delight to play my opera through to him, and some good fugues; those are what he likes."

* The voice from beneath the earth was accompanied by three trombones and two horns placed on the same spot. The whole orchestra was silent while this lasted.

The archbishop would not allow Mozart to give concerts on his own account, or to play at the houses of the nobility; the following passage, written just before he quitted his situation, shows his uneasiness in it.

"We had a concert to-day, at which three pieces of mine were performed; new, of course. They were a rondo to a concerto for Brunetti, a sonata with violin accompaniment for myself, which I composed last night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, (that I might be ready, I only wrote out the accompaniment for Brunetti, and retained my own part in my head,) then a rondo for Ceccarelli, which he was obliged to repeat for all this work I get nothing. What makes me half desperate is, that the same evening on which we had the music, I was invited to the Countess Thun's, and who do you think was there?—the Emperor. Adamberger and Weigl were there, and each had fifty ducats. What an opportunity!"

Mozart now left the archbishop, and supported himself by teaching the piano-forte and composing for that instrument; he considered himself in better circumstances with only two scholars in Vienna, than he was in Salzburg. Every Sunday, at twelve o'clock, he went to the Baron von Swieten, who was a great lover of Handel and Bach, which weekly visit induced him to form a collection not only of the fugues of Sebastian Bach but of Emanuel and Friedmann Bach. Mozart writes thus to his sister:—

"Here I send you a prelude and a three part fugue. . . . It is owing to Constance that this fugue has made its appearance. Baron von Swieten, to whom I go every Sunday, allows me to take home the works of Handel and Bach, when I have played them through to him. When Constance heard the fugues she was quite in love with them, and will hear nothing but fugues, particularly Handel and Bach. As she has often heard me play fugues out of my head, she asked me if I had never written any. When I said no, she scolded me for having neglected the most beautiful and scientific part of music, and never ceased urging me till I had written this fugue. I have written *Andante Maestoso* above it only that it may not be played fast, because, if a fugue is not played slowly, the entrance of the subject is not clear, and it produces no effect. When I have an opportunity I shall compose five more, and present them to the Baron von Swieten. . . . Therefore let nobody see it. Learn it by heart and play it, which is no easy task to accomplish with a fugue."

On the 12th of July, 1782, "*Der Entführung aus dem Serail*," an opera, which Mozart had written the preceding year, was brought out by desire of the emperor. Immediately after the production of this work, Mozart, who had long waited for his father's permission to marry Constance Weber, became her husband. On this subject he writes to Salzburg.—"My dear Co-

stance, now, thank God, my wife, long ago knew from my mouth the state of my affairs, and what I had to expect from you; but her affection and regard for me were so great, that she readily and joyfully sacrificed all her future life to my fortunes. . . . Our whole nuptial feast consisted of a supper given by the Baroness Von Waldstetten, which was really more princely than baronial. During the supper I was surprised with a piece of my own composition, played upon sixteen wind instruments. . . . My opera has been played again, at the desire of Gluck, who has made me many compliments upon it. To-morrow I am to dine with him." About this period, Mozart wrote his most beautiful things for the piano-forte; sonatas, with and without accompaniments; and concertos. He writes, Dec. 21, 1782, "I am engaged at each of Prince Gallizin's concerts.—I am always fetched and driven home in his carriage, and treated in the noblest manner possible. I have so much to do, that I know not which way to turn my self. I am busy giving lessons the whole morning until two o'clock—then we dine. After dinner I am obliged to grant my poor stomach a short hour for digestion; thus I can only write in the evening, and this not always, because I am frequently obliged to go out to concerts." Mozart was at work upon the second of his violin quartetts,* dedicated to Haydn, when his wife was in her first confinement. He wrote in her chamber (for it was never his custom to sit at the piano-forte when composing), and whenever she was in pain he ran to her side to console and cheer her; as soon as she became easier, he was again at his paper. The 'Minuet and Trio' were written immediately after her delivery. At the end of July, 1783, Mozart and his wife paid a visit to the father in Salzburg, and appear to have then been in some pecuniary embarrassments, for Mozart was arrested when stepping into the coach, for a debt of thirty florins. During the three months he remained in Salzburg, he finished a Mass composed for the safe delivery of his wife, which was performed on the 25th of August, at St. Peter's Church, where she sang the solos. He also wrote for Michael Haydn, who was ill, two acts of an Italian opera, and two beautiful duets for violin and viola, which were afterwards published under Michael Haydn's name. Upon his return to Vienna, Mozart sent his father a long list of the concerts at which he had to perform, adding, "I don't think I shall easily get out of practice in this way."

"Vienna, April 10th.—My concert in the theatre has had great suc-

* These quartetts were not understood in Italy. Artaria, of Vienna, sent a set of them to Italy, which was returned to him on account of the engraver's mistakes! new harmonies, and bold *appoggiature* of Mozart, were taken for wrong notes.

cess. I wrote two grand concertos for it, and a quintetto for oboe, clarinetto, corno, fagotto, and piano-forte, which received immense applause; and I esteem it myself the best I have ever witten. I wish you could have heard how beautifully it was performed! To tell you the truth, I was at last tired with the mere playing, and I take it as no small compliment that my hearers were not so. . . . We have now here the celebrated violin player of Mantua, Mademoiselle Strinasacchi. She is a very good performer, and has much taste and expression. I am now writing a sonata, which we shall perform together at the concert of Thursday."

The following are the curious particulars of the composition of this sonata.—Strinasacchi sent for her part, to study it, the morning before the concert. Mozart had had no time to write his own, nor to see the lady before he met her in the concert room, where they performed the sonata together, to the delight of the audience, without having had a rehearsal, and the composer himself playing from memory. The emperor Joseph looked out of his box, and saw with amazement that Mozart had only drawn the lines of the bars on the music paper before him. The following letter is honourable to Paesiello and Sarti:—

"Vienna, 9th of June, 1784.—We shall have a concert to-morrow at the house of M. Ployer, at Döbling, a little way in the country, at which Mademoiselle Babette will play her new concerto in G, I the quintett, and then both of us the grand sonata for two piano-fortes. I shall fetch Paesiello in the coach, that he may hear my pupil and my composition. He has been stopping here since his return from Petersburg in May. If Maestro Sarti had not been obliged to set out for Russia to-day, he would have accompanied us. Sarti is an honest, good man;—I have played a great deal to him, and made some variations upon one of his airs, which delighted him."

Mozart's subscription concerts were given on the Mehlgrube in Vienna. When his father visited him in Feb. 1785, he gave a series of six, which were held on Fridays, to which the subscription was three ducats; at this period he was so fully occupied, that he often played whole movements of his new concertos in public, without having been once enabled to try them, much less practise them beforehand. In a city like Vienna, where piano-forte playing was and is rigorously criticised, this is an extraordinary proof of Mozart's self-confidence and fine power of execution. Haydn said, "I never can forget Mozart's playing—it went to the heart." Leopold Mozart writes to his daughter,—"On the 12th of Feb. the singer Laschi gave a concert in the theatre, at which your brother played a magnificent concerto which he has written for Paradies in Paris. I was in a good box where I heard all the changes in the instruments so delightfully that tears came into my eyes. As your brother was going out of

the room, the emperor, with bat in hand, complimented him, and cried out ' Bravo, Mozart ! ' There was no end to the clapping." Mozart now wrote "*Davidde penitente*," for the pension-fund of the widows of musicians in Vienna; and in the beginning of the year 1786, by command of the Emperor Joseph, the "*Schauspiel-director*," an operetta for Schönbrunn. On the 28th of April of the same year, came out "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," a work which did not please the public of Vienna so highly as the forgotten production of some obscure composer, called "*Una cosa rara*," which appeared about the same time. Salieri endeavoured with all his might to prevent the success of "*Figaro*," and so far succeeded with the Italian singers, that they were proceeding to spoil the second act, when Mozart went in great dismay to the emperor's box, and pointed out to him what they were doing with his music. They were reprimanded; but Mozart never brought out another great opera at Vienna;—the "*Don Giovanni*," and "*Clemenza di Tito*," were written for Prague. "The Bohemians," Mozart used to say, "understand me." Bondini, the manager of the opera-house in Prague, was in miserable circumstances when "*Don Juan*" was first performed; the success of this opera rescued him from his embarrassments, as, at a later period, that of the "*Zauberflöte*" did Schickaneder in Vienna.

Two anecdotes of Mozart's readiness of invention are in their kind complete. When he visited Prague, towards the winter of 1787, he gave, by universal desire, a concert in the opera-house, at which all the pieces were of his own composition. At the end of the concert he played on the piano-forte, *extempore*, for half an hour; the audience applauded so violently, that he sat down again; when he had finished, the public was more furious than before, he therefore took his place a third time. A voice in the pit now called out "from Figaro,"—on which Mozart took as his subject the air "*Non più andrai*," and made twelve most ingenious and exquisite variations upon it, with which he ended one of the most triumphant performances of his life.—Mozart often visited Doles, the cantor of St. Thomas's School, in Leipsic, with whom he felt much at his ease. One evening, before setting out for Dresden, he supped with Doles, and was in great spirits. The cantor begged of him to leave something in his own hand-writing, as a remembrance. Mozart was sleepy, and would have gone to bed; however, he asked for a piece of paper. This he tore in two, and wrote for five or six minutes; he then rose up with two canons in three parts, one gay and the other doleful; these were tried over separately, but the surprize of the company was at its height when it was discovered that they would go together, and that they produced the most comic effect. In the

midst of the laughter which these canons created, Mozart bid the company good-night.

At the first rehearsal of "*Don Giovanni*," Signora Bondini, who was the Zerlina, after many attempts, did not cry out exactly in the proper place, at that part of the end of the first act, where she is seized by Don Juan. Mozart desired the band to repeat the passage—he then went on to the stage, waited for the proper moment, and grasped her so unexpectedly and forcibly, that she was quite frightened, and screamed out. "That's the way," said he, praising her; "you must shriek out in that manner." Mozart was enjoying himself among his friends the day before the "*Don Juan*" was brought out, and the overture was not begun. It was finished during the night, and performed the next day, without rehearsal. During the introduction, Mozart said to some of the band near him—"The overture has indeed gone off well, although a good many notes *fell under the desks*." There was nothing of which he complained more bitterly than the hurrying of the time of his compositions. "They think by that means to give them fire—if there is no fire in the composition itself, it will never be put into it by quick playing." From the end of the year 1787, when the *Don Juan* was first performed, to 1790, Mozart was principally occupied on the accompaniments to Handel's "*Acis and Galatea*," "*Messiah*," "*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*," and "*Alexander's Feast*;"—he also finished the opera buffa, "*Così fan tutte*," for the Italian opera in Vienna; and made several tours* from one end of Germany to the other.

In the four last months of his life, when his health was fast declining, he wrote "*Die Zauberflöte*," "*La Clemenza di Tito*," the "*Requiem*," two cantatas, a concerto for the clarinet, besides other things. The history of the "*Zauberflöte*" was this:—Schikaneder, an old acquaintance of Mozart, and manager of a theatre, came to him in much trouble, and asked him to write an opera to suit the taste of the Vienna public as the only means of saving his affairs from ruin. Moza

* Carelessness of his affairs frequently rendered these journeys necessary, to rectify his finances. At the latter end of the year 1790, Mozart was in some pecuniary troubles, when he wrote to his wife from Frankfort. "I am resolved to manage my concerns here as prudently as possible for your sake. What a delicious life we would lead! I will work—so work, that even through unexpected accidents we may never again be thrown into so fatal an embarrassment. I am happy as a child at the thought of seeing you again—if any one could see into my heart, I should be almost ashamed. Here nothing gives me pleasure—perhaps if you were with me, I might find more gratification in the good-natured behaviour of the people about me. PS. My tears fell upon the paper as I wrote this page. Now let's be merry—Kisses begin to fly about astonishingly—Devil!—here are heaps of them—ha, ha! I just now caught three, which were most exquisite!"

undertook the task, upon condition that if the opera succeeded, he should retain the exclusive sale of the score to other theatres, so to recompense his labour. The opera was received with acclamations, and in a few weeks Mozart heard that it had made its way to other parts of Germany, though no manager had bought a score of him. When he was told of the knavery of Schikaneder, all he said was "der Lump!" (the rascalion)—and forthwith the whole affair was forgotten. The opera of "*La Clemenza di Tito*," was begun in the coach, on the road to Prague, and finished in little more than a fortnight; Mozart had already fallen sick, looked pale, and melancholy; though sometimes, among his friends, his spirits would revive. On his return to Vienna, he worked at the "Requiem" with unremitting assiduity, and with the liveliest interest in it—his diligence increased with the decay of his health. His wife saw, to her great affliction, that he was fast sinking under this occupation. One fine day in autumn she drove out with him to the Prater, to distract him from his work;—as they sat down in a solitary spot, Mozart began to speak of death, and said, that he was writing the "Requiem" for himself. Tears came into his eyes. "No, no," said he, as she tried to talk him out of these gloomy fancies; "I am too well convinced that I cannot last long: some one has certainly given me poison!* I cannot get rid of this thought."—Believing that his illness was increased by the composition of the Requiem, his wife consulted a physician, who advised her to take the score from him. For some days there was a slight improvement in his health, and the performance of a little cantata, entitled "*Das Lob der Freundschaft*," revived his spirits so much, that he desired to have the Requiem again. The favourable symptoms were however of short duration; he became weaker and weaker, and died on the 5th December, 1791, at midnight. He had kept his bed for fifteen days before his decease. His disorder commenced with swelling of the hands and feet, which was followed by sudden fits of vomiting. He was perfectly sensible until two hours before his death, when the physician, M. Closset, ordered cold applications to his head, which shook him violently. The ordinary symptoms of inflammation of the brain were found to exist in Mozart. During his illness he was never impatient, except when he thought of the unprovided condition of his family. A favourite canary bird, which sang rather too loud for him at this time, was removed to a more distant chamber. A letter of his sister-in-law contains the following:

* Salieri lay for some time under the imputation of this crime, from the eagerness of some of Mozart's friends who knew Salieri to be an implacable foe of the composer, and therefore supposed him capable of the atrocity. The wiser part looked upon these words of Mozart as the mere phantom of his imagination.

"The next day, (on which he died,) I called in the evening. How alarmed was I when my sister met me at the door with these words, 'God be thanked that you are come. Last night he was so ill that I did not think he would survive this day. If he should be so again, he will die to-night--go to him and see how he is.' As I approached his bed, he called to me, 'I am glad you are here--you must stay to-night and see me die.' I tried to persuade him out of this, but he answered, 'I have already *the taste of death upon my tongue*, I can feel it, and who will be with my Constance if you are not?' I only went away for a short time to give my mother some intelligence I had promised her, and when I came back to my disconsolate sister, Süßmaier was by Mozart's bed-side. Upon the counterpane lay the Requiem, and Mozart was explaining his meaning to him, that Süßmaier might complete the work after his death."

Benedict Schack, a performer in Schickaneder's theatre, was the confidential and intimate friend of Mozart, and much with him during the composition of the Requiem. He relates that Mozart received fifty ducats for this work, half of them in advance. The greatest part of it was written in Trattner's garden.

"As soon as the composer had finished a movement, he went to the piano-forte, sung it, and played over the instrumentation. On the afternoon before his death, the score of the Requiem was brought to his bed-side, and Mozart and some friends sung it; himself the alto voice, Schack the soprano, Hofer, (Mozart's brother-in-law,) the tenor, and Gerle the bass. They reached as far as the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart was seized with such a violent fit of weeping, that the music was given over."

Mozart had six children, but two sons were the only part of his family that survived; one of these is at present a music director at Lemberg, the other a merchant in Milan. His widow entered into a second marriage with M. von Nissen at Vienna in 1809, and resided for ten years at Copenhagen, during which time the materials for this Biography were collected.

In the exterior of Mozart there was nothing remarkable; he was small in person, and had a very agreeable countenance, but it did not discover the greatness of his genius at the first glance. His eyes were tolerably large and well shaped, more heavy than fiery in the expression; when he was thin they were rather prominent. His sight was always quick and strong; he had an unsteady abstracted look, except when seated at the pianoforte, when the whole form of his visage was changed. His hands were small and beautiful, and he used them so softly and naturally upon the pianoforte, that the eye was no less delighted than the ear. It was surprising that he could grasp so much as he did in the bass. His head was too large in proportion to his body, but the hands and feet were in perfect symmetry, of which he was rather vain. The stunted growth of Mozart's body may have arisen from the

early efforts of his mind; not; as some suppose, from want of exercise in childhood,—for then he had much exercise,—though at a later period the want of it may have been hurtful to him. Sophia, a sister-in-law of Mozart, who is still living, relates: “he was always good-humoured, but very abstracted, and in answering questions seemed always to be thinking of something else.* Even in the morning when he washed his hands, he never stood still, but would walk up and down the room, sometimes striking one heel against the other; at dinner he would frequently make the ends of his napkin fast, and draw it backwards and forwards under his nose, seeming lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did.” He was fond of animals, and in his amusements delighted with any thing new; at one time of his life with riding, at another with billiards.

Mozart composed even during his recreation. Some friends, who were one day playing at billiards with him at a coffee-house in the suburbs of Prague, observed that while the game went forward he often took a book out of his pocket, cast a glance into it and played on, singing at the time the *Thema hm-hm-hm*. They were astonished and delighted when he played to them at Duschek's house the beautiful quintet in the *Zauberflöte* between Tamino, Papageno and the three ladies, which he had actually completed at the billiard-table. Many of the pieces in *Don Juan* were written in the garden of his friend Duschek during skittle-playing, which was an amusement there; when it came to Mozart's turn, he would leave his work, but as soon as it was over, he wrote on, without being disturbed by the talking and laughing about him. At the first rehearsal of *Don Giovanni*, one of the trombone players, at the words—*Di rider finerai*—where the commendatore speaks, (which was at first accompanied on three trombones only) could not play his part correctly, though the passage was tried several times. At length Mozart went up to his desk and explained how he would have it performed. Upon which the

* These apparently trivial reminiscences not only present a picture of the man, but serve a higher purpose, as they throw light upon his habits of composition. Taking into consideration the rapidity with which he wrote, the depth of his ideas, his extraordinary memory, and these constant fits of abstraction in his social intercourse, we shall have little doubt but that, in composing, the whole of his work had been arranged previously in his brain, and that nothing was left him to do beyond the mechanical labour of copying. Another anecdote helps to confirm this opinion. There needed no excesses of wine or gallantry to account for the shortness of a life spent in continual thought, and in the excitement of beautiful ideas. Mozart's sins of dissipation have been exaggerated, though he was certainly not immaculate. His little frailties of one kind were duly confessed in the quarter where they might be deemed most offensive, and forgiven. Schikaneder inveigled him into occasional libations of punch or champagne, which injured him much, and led him into the pernicious custom of writing at night. Consumption soon followed upon this course.

man said drily enough "It cannot be played so, nor do I think you are able to teach me to play it." Mozart, laughing, cried out "God help me! I teach you the trombone! here, give me your part, I will alter it in a minute." He did so, and instantly added two oboes, two clarionets and two bassoons. He would often listen to the wild music of the Bohemian peasants: there was at an inn in Prague where he lodged, a harper who entertained the guests with the favourite airs from *Figaro*, a self-taught man, who knew nothing of notes; Mozart heard him called him into his chamber and played a thema on the piano forte, asking him if he thought he could at once make variations upon it. The man pondered a little while, and asked him to play the subject once more. He then varied it so well that Mozart was delighted, and made him a handsome present.

The most extensive sympathy that ever musician possessed was Mozart's; he participated with Sebastian Bach in the beauty of the fugue, with Handel in the grandeur of church music, with Gluck in the serious opera, with Haydn in instrumental music, and in the universality of his genius surpassed them all. Had Mozart appeared at that era of the musical art in which Bach came and created out of the void of sound a new world of order and beauty, it is not difficult to conceive that he would have done the same; he had perhaps more in common with Bach than with any; rivalling him in the depth of his feeling for harmony, and in the skill of his counterpoint. The advantages of his early life in associating with individuals distinguished for rank and talent concurred with the extreme sensibility of his organization in fitting him beyond any musician to bestow the finishing grace upon melody;—the elegance of his *cantilena* may be ascribed no less to the influence of the polished and courtly society in which he moved than to his quick perception of natural beauty. He left music at his death in a very different state from that in which it was about ten years previously, when he had just written *Idomeneo*—the world had not then learned how completely music could express the sentiment of love-melancholy in a refined mind, as was afterwards shown in the air *Porgi Amor*. When he asked his father's opinion respecting the length of the voice of the oracle in *Idomeneo*, adding his own idea that the ghost in Hamlet spoke too long for stage effect, he had not thought of what he would himself do in the last act of his *Don Juan*, where the statue of the commendatore not only remains on the stage a whole scene, but sings; nevertheless, the intervals of the voice sound so sepulchral and supernatural, and are accompanied by a succession of such appalling harmonies, that the horror of the spectator reaches only a climax with the last chord. This may indeed be well considered the greatest effort of dramatic music.

It is not our intention to enter into a criticism of the operas of Mozart, to expatiate upon the correctness, as well as the quantity and quality of his writings, or his great powers as a performer. The great charm of this Biography is, that it in a manner introduces us to the personal acquaintance of one who has communicated to thousands some of the deepest and most exquisite emotions of which their nature is capable: its great utility, that it gives sentiments upon music which come with authority not to be disputed, like a voice from the dead, in an age of vicious taste, to show it how far it is erring from the proper course. The great masters, however they might differ in their mode, were unanimous in making *expression* the perfection of their art, and if we could have a manual of their sentiments, we should certainly find an accordant opinion upon the uses of execution, both in singing and playing. The abuse of music begins when the performer ceases to make power over the hearts of his hearers the object of his labour in practice. When Mozart applauded Keiserin, the cook's daughter, who sang at the opera in Munich, we may observe, that it was not for making a *roulade*, but for a beautiful *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, upon the power of using which in the right place he well knew depended all the soul and feeling of a singer's performance. When, in mentioning the violin playing of Fränzl, he said he was no amateur of difficulties, he paid the highest compliment to facility and neatness of execution, in saying of the performer that the difficulties he accomplished were not perceptible to the audience. It is a sure sign of pettiness in any vocalist or instrumentalist to be ambitious of making the multitude gape. Mozart could not help laughing when people stared and "made faces" at his extraordinary playing, but he felt too much what he did to be enamoured of his method of doing it, too grand a sense of his art for a thought of vanity. He was *rather vain* of the proportion of his hands and feet—but not of having written the *Requiem* or the *Don Juan*. The most instructive lesson which the musical reader will draw from his life is, to distinguish between real and affected taste, to encourage a love for solid music (particularly for that of the organ, which leads to the comprehension and appreciation of the great authors), to look for thought and feeling as necessary to good composition. Mozart's opinions upon music are at open war with the exhibitions of our concert rooms, with the absurdities of the modern Italian opera, with the vices of our singers and players, and with the fashion of our pianoforte music; the reader is to choose whether he will become a disciple of this great composer, or encourage the reigning taste, like one of the critics of our opera pit. The decision will not occupy him long.

- ART. III.—1. Frid. Aug. Spohn *de Lingua et Literis veterum Ægyptiorum, cum permultis tabulis Lithographicis, literarum Ægyptiorum tum vulgari cum sacerdotali ratione scriptas explicans, cum cantibus, atque interpretationem Rosettanae aliarumque inscriptionum, et aliquot voluminum papyraceorum in Sepulchris reperiuntur exhibentibus. Accedunt Grammaticæ atque Glossarii Ægyptiacum.* Edidit et absolvit Gustavus Seyffarth, in Acad. Lips. Prof. D. Pars prima, cum imagine vitæque Spohni Lipsiæ, 1825. In 4to.
2. Gustavi Seyffarthi, Prof. Lips. *Rudimenta Hieroglyphicorum. Accedunt explicationes Speciminum Hieroglyphicorum, Glossarium atque Alphabeta, cum xxxvi tabulis Lithographicis.* Lipsiæ, 1826. In 4to.
3. *Lettre à M. le Duc de Blacas d'Aulps, Premier Gentilhomme de la Chambre, &c. sur le Nouveau Système Hiéroglyphique MM. Spohn et Seyffarth, par J. F. Champollion le Jeune.* Florence, 1826. In 8vo.
4. *Réplique aux Objections de J. F. Champollion le Jeune contre le Système Hiéroglyphique de MM. F. A. G. Spohn et G. Seyffarth, par G. Seyffarth.* Leipsic, 1827. In 8vo.
5. *Brevis Defensio Hieroglyphicæ inventæ à Fr. Aug. Gu. Spohn et G. Seyffarth.* Scripsit G. Seyffarth. Lipsiæ, 1827. In 4to.
6. *Lettre sur la Découverte des Hiéroglyphes Acrologiques, adressée à M. le Chevalier Goulianoïff, Membre de l'Académie Russe, par M. J. Klaproth.* Paris, 1827. In 8vo.
7. *Seconde Lettre sur les Hiéroglyphes, adressée à M. S*****, par M. J. Klaproth.* Paris, 1827. In 8vo.
8. *De Prisca Ægyptiorum Litteratura Commentatio Principum, quam scripsit Joannes Godofredus Ludovicus Kosegarten SS. Theol. Doct. ejusdemque et Litterar. Oriental. in Academia Gryphisvaldensi Prof. Publ. Ordin.-Societatum Pomeraniensis Asiaticæ, Regiæ Britannicæ Asiaticæ, Pomeraniæ Academiæ Pomeranarum scrutatorum Sodalis. Cum Tabulis plerisque.* Vimaræ, 1828. In 4to.
9. *Lettre à M. Champollion le Jeune, sur l'Incertitude de l'Origine des Monumens Egyptiens, et sur l'Histoire Physique, Politique et Religieuse de l'Egypte avant l'Invasion de Cambyse.* D. M. J. Henry. Paris, 1828. In 8vo.

THAT interesting field of discovery which the unrivalled genuity of Dr. Young, working on the few detached but valuable hints supplied by MM. De Sacy and Akerblad, originally opened

up to the curiosity and research of modern scholars, has, for some time past, been in a great measure abandoned, and allowed to run to waste by the neglect or supineness of its early cultivators. The first access of enthusiasm has long since passed away, and has been succeeded by indifference—the antagonist extreme of excited and extravagant expectation, or by despair—the result of too calculating an estimate of the labour, and difficulty, and toil of investigation, in a region where the rewards of perseverance are necessarily remote and uncertain. Learned men, too, swayed by secondary interests, captivated with the charms of a premature theory, or moved by individual or national jealousies, have unfortunately lost sight of the only object which ought to have engaged their common attention; and instead of uniting their efforts to extend the boundaries of discovery, and to add to the number of facts already determined, they have turned aside to dispute about the right of ownership to the portion which has been already cleared, or to wrestle with chimerical extravagances, which carry their own refutation along with them.

To this cause, indeed, more perhaps than to any other, we are inclined to ascribe the total misdirection of nearly all the labour and research which have been recently expended on Egyptian literature, as well as the indifference to the subject altogether which has now become but too apparent among scholars. However much it is to be regretted, the fact is undeniable, that, of the small number of persons who have devoted their time and attention to the investigation of the monuments of ancient Egypt, and particularly to the deciphering of the interesting and once mysterious inscriptions with which they are covered, a considerable majority either at present are or have lately been engaged in different controversies arising out of the subject of their common pursuits. The Baron Silvestre de Sacy, M. Champollion, Professor Seyffarth, M. Klaproth, and several others of inferior note, have all, in one way or another, been at open war. M. de Sacy has criticised Spohn, and rebuked the obscure dogmatism of Seyffarth;* M. Champollion, himself the creature of controversy, and his own pretensions still a subject of dispute, has followed up the blow in a separate attack upon the *Leipsic eruditissimus*;† while the latter, nothing loth to enter the lists against such celebrated names, has retorted both in Latin and in French,‡ exemplifying,

* Journal des Savans, Septembre, 1827, p. 542.

† Lettre à M. le Duc de Blacas d'Aulps, Premier Gentilhomme de la Chambre, Pair de France, &c. sur le Nouveau Système Hiéroglyphique de MM. Spohn et Seyffarth, par J. F. Champollion le Jeune. Florence, 1827.

‡ Vide Réplique aux Objections de M. J. F. Champollion le Jeune contre le Système Hiéroglyphique de MM. F. A. G. Spohn et G. Seyffarth; and Brevis Defensio Hieroglyphices inventæ à Fr. Aug. Guil. Spohn et G. Seyffarth. Leipsic, 1827.

as might have been expected, that peculiar mode of probatio called *obscurum per obscurius*, and, at the same time, oburgating his opponents, particularly Champollion, in good set terms.

The discovery of *Acrological Hieroglyphics*, again, has given rise to another and much keener dispute. The Chevalier Gouliano, a Russian by birth, was the first, we believe, who hit upon the notable fancy that the ancient Egyptians, in order to designate any object in an occult manner, employed the figure or visible representation of any other object whatever, the name of which in the spoken language of the country, commenced with the same letter or sound as that of the object which it was intended to represent; or, to use the language of the French expounder of the conceit, "*qu'on se contentait de tracer la figure d'un objet quelconque, dont le nom avait pour première lettre celle par laquelle commence celui de l'objet qu'on voulait désigner d'une manière occulte; à-peu-près comme si l'on peignait un chou au lieu d'un cheval, un porc pour un pain, une jatte pour un jug, un rat pour un roi.*" Ordinary men would at once have taken down an hypothesis like this, involving a manifest absurdity in the very enunciation of the principle which it assumes, as ~~it~~ but a cleverly-contrived quibble or conundrum, pleasant enough to surprise or amuse the uninitiated withal, but equally unavailing, serving of, and incapable of enduring, the slightest examination. M. Klaproth, however, thought differently. Conceiving the "discovery" to be as important as it seemed ingenious, this justly celebrated Orientalist (whose *Asia Polyglotta* reflects so much credit both on his industry and scholarship) addressed a very learned "Lettre" on the subject* to the author of the invention, and, we have little doubt, astonished as well as flattered the Russian by espousing his conceit, and arraying in its defence all the resources of the most varied and extensive learning. Immediately upon this, M. Champollion took the field against M. Klaproth,† whom he seems to have regarded as a sort of interloper, or intruder into his own peculiar domain; endeavouring to show that the Coptic examples upon which the author of the "Lettre" relied, as affording at least presumptive proof in favour of the Acrological hypothesis, were no better than a series of quibbles,—and that M. Klaproth, however learned in the Asiatic tongues, was profoundly ignorant of the all-important language in a question of this sort (Coptic), with which he had pretended an intimate familiarity. This was hitting rather hard, and at

* Lettre sur la Découverte des Hiéroglyphes Acrologiques, adressée à M. le Chevalier Gouliano, Membre de l'Académie Russe, par M. J. Klaproth. Paris, 1827.

† Bulletin des Sciences Historiques, etc. Septième Section du Bulletin Universel de M. le Baron de Férussac. Avril, 1827, p. 209.

place, too, which it might be supposed that a linguist would be most anxious to guard and defend. Accordingly, M. Klaproth promptly rejoined to these somewhat unceremonious charges; and, in his Second Letter (*adressée à M. de S******), if he has failed to prove the truth, or even the verisimilitude, of that "tas de mauvais rébus et d'insipides calembourgs, qui feraient honte aux auteurs des devises dont les confiseurs de la Rue des Lombards entourent leurs bonbons,"—(we mean the Acrological hypothesis, which he had confessedly espoused for the sole purpose of bringing into discredit all the late attempts to penetrate the mystery of ages and evolve the contents of the Egyptian sculptures and writings,)—he has at least succeeded in demonstrating, by a superfluity of evidence, that M. Champollion ought to have been the last man alive to accuse any one of ignorance of Coptic; and that the charge, which the author of the *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique* so adventurously prefers against his adversary, applies to no one so strikingly as to himself. In short, the original subject of dispute was, as usual, completely lost sight of in discussing the new topic of controversy which had supervened. *Acrological Hieroglyphics* remain exactly where they were; and the only result is, that M. Champollion's reputation as a Coptic scholar, upon which he plumes himself, has been very considerably damaged.

But however little these disputes and controversies may have contributed to advance the course of discovery,—nay, even admitting that they have been in some degree instrumental in retarding its progress;—still, it must be obvious to those who have carefully attended to the subject, that they have not been altogether unproductive of advantage to the cause of Egyptian literature. Disputants of all classes, it is true, generally leave off where they commenced; the pride of learning and the desire of victory steel their minds against conviction, or the admission of error; and the result is, that each withdraws from the contest more deeply rooted than ever in the belief with which he originally entered it. But, in the course of the contention, views are sometimes brought forward and lights struck out by which more dispassionate inquirers may profit; while errors and imperfections, which might otherwise have eluded observation, are in this way detected and exposed. Thus it is that, by a process analogous to what is called the Rule of False, the wildest hypothesis which the perverted wit of man ever feigned may sometimes, amidst all the absurdity and extravagance it generates, conduce to this eventual and reversionary good: for as the ingenuity and learning requisite to give it a colouring of plausibility are in direct proportion to its deviation from known or received principles; so the

chances are not few that germs of useful truths, or at least valuable hints which may lead to the discovery of such, may be amalgamated with the mass of refined error, yet capable of being disengaged from it by a process of decomposition and analysis. Hence it may be equally curious and instructive to examine somewhat in detail the different subjects connected with Egyptian literature which have been brought into dispute; to endeavour to appreciate the value of the rival systems or theories which have been proposed; and, finally, to attempt to estimate the real amount of the progress which has been made in deciphering and explaining those monumental and papyral inscriptions which have survived the casualties of so many ages, and come down to our times as the records of the greatest, wisest, and most learned nation of the ancient world. With this view, however, it is necessary to begin at the beginning.

Every one acquainted with the history of those discoveries in Hieroglyphics which have opened up so new and interesting a field to the curiosity of the learned, must be aware that the key to these occult inscriptions was not furnished by any information or even hint, supplied by the writings of those ancient authors who have either directly or incidentally treated of Egypt. On the contrary, it was solely to a number of fortunate accidents and the rare sagacity of one man (Dr. Young) improving upon several fortunate conjectures, that the learned world is indebted for the discovery, which equally exposed the cabalistical mysticism of Kircher, the chimerical anachronisms of Palin, and the visionary speculations of Pluche. The accidental disinterment of the Rosetta Stone, inscribed with hieroglyphic and enchoria texts, together with a Greek version of both; the lucky chance which subsequently brought to light the monument of Philæ, so singularly adapted for illustrating that of Rosetta; and the auspicious conjectures of Akerblad and De Sacy, who ingeniously divined where the secret lay hid, though they were unable to evolve it;—these were the circumstances and events which ultimately led to the discovery of that key which has already opened so much, and will yet, when farther improved, open still more, of the treasures of Egyptian history, mythology, science, art, and learning. But although the ancient Greek writers supplied no intelligible hints for the solution of this primary problem—(if they had, nothing would have been left for the moderns to do);—and although, anterior to the discovery in question, the few notices of Egyptian writing scattered throughout their works were nearly as mysterious as the Hieroglyphics themselves: yet, now that the key *has* been found, these notices acquire a prodigious interest and importance—first, from our being at length able to penetrate

their meaning; and, secondly, from our being thus enabled to measure the knowledge which these writers actually possess on this subject, and also to compare and contrast the statements they have made with the results which have been obtained from other sources, and by the instrumentality of other means.

Of all the ancient authors, however, who have in any way treated of Egypt, Clemens of Alexandria is, in so far as relates to our present subject, entitled to the greatest attention and regard; both because, from his birth, learning, and opportunities, he must have been thoroughly conversant with the graphic system which had prevailed in Egypt from a very remote antiquity, and, even in his day, continued in use among the ministers of the ancient religion; and, also, because he is the only writer, so far as we know, who has attempted formally to describe that system. His description is contained in a single passage in the fifth book of his *Stromates*; and, like the subject to which it refers, it long defied the ingenuity of commentators and expositors to fathom its meaning. Much of the obscurity which hung over it has, however, been dispelled, by means of the lights borrowed from the recent discoveries in Hieroglyphics; and several of the *loci difficiliores* have been interpreted in perfect consistency with the context, as well as conformably to known facts. But, after all that has been done, it cannot be denied that this famous passage still presents some serious difficulties, particularly in that most important clause in which the author is understood to refer to Phonetic Hieroglyphics; difficulties which, as M. Letronne well observes, “*tiennent sur-tout à certaines expressions trop concises, qui pouvaient être fort claires à l’époque où Clément d’Alexandrie écrivait son ouvrage, mais dont nous avons beaucoup de peine maintenant à saisir le véritable sens, parce qu’elles sont, pour nous, ou vagues ou tout-à-fait obscures.*” As these have lately given rise to much difference of opinion, and even become a subject of controversy among scholars, we shall make no apology for directing the reader’s attention *in limine* to a discussion which, though apparently philological merely, has a direct connection with the most important and interesting branch of the discoveries in Hieroglyphics. Meanwhile, the reader will find in the note below* the celebrated passage in question, accompanied with a

* Αὐτίκα οἱ παρ’ Αἰγυπτίους παιδευόμενοι πρῶτον μὲν πάντων τὴν Αἰγυπτίαν γραμμῶν μέθοδον ἐκμανθάνουσι, τὴν ἐπιστολογραφικὴν καλομένην· δεύτερον δὲ, τὴν ἱερατικὴν, ἣν χρῶνται οἱ ἱερογραμματισταί· ὁστᾷτιν δὲ καὶ τελευταίαν τὴν ἱερογλυφικὴν, ἥς ἡ μὲν ἐστὶ διὰ τῶν πρῶτων στοιχείων κυριολογικῇ, ἡ δὲ συμβολικῇ. Τῆς συμβολικῆς

“Those, who are educated among the Egyptians, learn first of all the kind of Egyptian letters called *EPISTOLOGRAPHIC*; secondly, the *HIERATIC*, which the hierogrammatists (or sacred scribes) employ; and, lastly, the most perfect of all, the *HIEROGLYPHIC*, of which one sort is *kuriologic* (or eminently and peculiarly

translation embodying our views, and as *literal* as the idioms of the respective languages would admit of; and, with reference to the latter, we would say to him, *Si quid novisti rectius istis, candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.*

We do not think it necessary, however, to waste the time of the reader by entering into any discussion of the minor difficulties which occur in this passage, more especially as these have been pretty satisfactorily overcome; our purpose is to direct his attention at once to the great puzzle, still unsolved, which is contained in the clause, Κυριολογικὴ διὰ τῶν πρώτων στοιχείων. These words have given rise to much contrariety of opinion, and have

ἡ μὲν κυριολογίται κατὰ μέμνησι, ἡ δ' ἑσπερ τροπικῶς γράφεται, ἡ δὲ ἀντικρὺς ἀλλογραφίται κατὰ τινὰς αἰνιγμαίς. Ἦσαν γοῦν γράφαί βουλόμενοι κύβητος ποιῶσι, σελήνην δὲ σχῆμα μηνιαῖδός, κατὰ τὸ κυριολογούμενον εἶδος. Τροπικῶς δὲ κατ' ἀνακρίματα μεταγόντας καὶ μετακινῶντας, τὰ δ' ἐξαιρέτως, τὰ δὲ πολλαχῶς μετασχηματίζοντες χαράττουσι. Ταῖς γοῦν τῶν βασιλέων ἐπαύτως θεολογούμενους μύθους παρακλίνοντες, ἀναγράφουσι διὰ τῶν αἰνιγμάτων. Τῷ δὲ κατὰ τοὺς αἰνιγμαίς τρίτου εἶδους φῆγμα ἴσχυι τῶν τὰ μὲν γὰρ τῶν ἄλλων ἀστέρων, διὰ τὸν πορταὶ τὴν λοχίη ἔφειον σήμασι ἀντίμαζον, πρὸ δὲ ἤλιον τῷ τοῦ καθάρου, κ. τ. λ. *Sitom. l. 5. p. 657.—Pottce.*

expressive,) by means of the FIRST ELEMENTS (or primary alphabetic characters), and another is *symbolic*. Of the symbolic (writing) there is one mode by which the objects themselves are mimetically delineated; another, by which they are represented tropically (or figuratively); and a third, distinct from both, which expresses them allegorically by means of certain enigmas. Thus, according to the method of representing the proper form of an object by imitation, the Egyptians make a circle when they wish to indicate the Sun, and a luniform figure (or crescent) to denote the Moon. When they write in the tropical (or figurative) manner, they change and transpose the *locus* of objects according to certain agreements (or analogies), modifying the figures of some and transmuting those of others, in a great variety of modes. Thus, when they desire to transmit the praises of their kings in their theological fables, they describe them by means of *anaglyphs* (that is, by transpositions of the hieroglyphs, placing them out of their usual order, and perhaps also changing their figures). Of the third kind of symbolic writing, which is *enigmatical*, this may serve as an example: the Egyptians figure the oblique course of the other planetary stars by the bodies of serpents, but they liken the Sun's to that of a scarabæus."

Thus, according to the learned Father, there were three different kinds of writing among the Egyptians:—I. the *Epistolographic*, called also *Demotic* and *Enchorial*, which was the kind commonly in use; II. the *Hieratic*, or sacerdotal language; and III. the *Hieroglyphic*, or monumental writing. But of this last there were different species; as, 1. the *Phonetic*, which expressed objects by means of characters employed as signs of sounds; 2. the *Mimetic*, which was picture-writing, strictly so called; 3. the *Symbolic*, which expressed objects indirectly by synecdoche, by metonymy, or by metaphors more or less obvious; and 4. the *Enigmatic*, which, as the name implies, expressed ideas by means of certain enigmas, κατὰ τινὰς αἰνιγμαίς.

been variously translated even by Hellenists of the first class. The whole difficulty hinges on the meaning to be affixed to the words *πρώται στοιχία*, which M. Letronne* renders, "les premières (ou primitives) lettres alphabétiques"—a version in which M. Silvestre de Sacy† concurs; Sir William Drummond,‡ "the first elements,"—adding, by way of gloss, "or alphabetic characters;" the author, or editor, of the article "Hieroglyphics" in the *Edinburgh Review*,§ "the initial sounds, or letters, of words;" the Chevalier Goulianoﬀ,|| and his learned commentator, M. Klaproth,¶ "éléments initiaux;" and M. Weiske,** "vocis humanæ elementa, scil. simplicissimi soni." Now, as each of these several versions has been employed to support a different theory, or a different modification of a theory, and as the clause in question is the only one in this famous passage which, by any force of construction, can be brought to include the discovery of Phonetic Hieroglyphics, it becomes of very great importance to determine which of these translations is the correct one, or which is best entitled to be received by scholars, after a fair estimate and examination of all that can be urged in favour of the others.

In the words, *Κυριολογικὴ διὰ τῶν πρώτων στοιχείων*, there are two difficulties; first, in what sense are we to take the word *στοιχίων*; and, secondly, what species of modification does it undergo by being coupled with the qualifying adjective *πρώτων*? We have rendered these words, with Letronne and Sir William Drummond, "Kuriologic, or eminently and peculiarly expressive, by means of the *first elements*,†† or primary alphabetic

* Précis du Système Hiérog. p. 379, sec. 6d. Paris, 1828.

† Journal des Savans, Mars, 1825, pp. 151, 152.

‡ Origines, Book IV. ch. ix.

§ Edinburgh Review, December, 1826. We have occasion to know that the credit of the above translation is due, not to the author of the article referred to, but to the ingenious editor of this celebrated Journal. The author entirely disapproved of it, and has yet seen no reason to change his opinion; although he readily admitted the plausibility of the editor's translation, which has since been adopted by Goulianoﬀ and Klaproth, in order to support a theory totally at variance with that maintained in the Review.

|| Questions Archéographiques, p. 8—published under the fictitious name of Auto-nioli.

¶ Lettre sur la Découverte des Hiéroglyphes Acrologiques, Paris, 1827.

** Letter by Weiske in the *Rudimenta Hieroglyphices*, p. 40.

†† There can be no doubt that the expression *first elements* sounds rather harshly in English, in which language it seems to amount to a pleonasm. But this was not the case in Greek. Both Plato and Aristotle made a distinction between principles and elements. An element might be composed, a principle not: τὰ μὲν γὰρ στοιχία ἐκ τῶν συνθέτων· τὰς δὲ ἀρχὰς φαμὲν εἶναι οὐκ συνθέτως; α. τ. λ. Again, a principle admits of nothing prior to itself—οὐκ ἔχει τι πρότερον ἢ ὃ γενέσθαι; but there are things prior to the elements (of earth and water, for example), and by which these elements are produced. Thus, matter void of form, and form abstracted from matter, and then called *ἑτερόλογια*, are, according to Aristotle, to be considered as prior to the elements. Long before the time of Plato and Aristotle, Empedocles had mentioned the existence of

characters." But to this translation a variety of objections have been made; the first of which is, that στοιχεῖα signifies *elements* and not *alphabetic letters*, the name of which in Greek, we are reminded, is γραμμάτα.

Now, every body who has learned Greek knows that στοιχεῖα means *elements*, and that γραμμάτα means *alphabetic letters*; but this does not prevent στοιχεῖα, when employed absolutely, as here, and when the subject treated of is *writing*, from having the same proper and technical acceptance. The word στοιχείον (which is the diminutive of στοιχος), in its primitive and radical sense, means the *constituent principle*, or *element*, which enters into the composition of any object or thing whatsoever; and hence it is susceptible of very different *secondary* meanings, according either to the import of the words with which it is joined, or the nature of the subject treated of, where it is used absolutely. Thus, Plato sometimes employs it in the philosophical sense of *natural element*—as earth, air, fire, and water; but much more frequently in its generic acceptance of *constituent element* of any object whatever—and, when applied to language, as the *constituent element* of words, or *alphabetical letters*; στοιχείον, in this sense, being constantly opposed to συλλαβή. This is completely established by the following examples: ὡς μὲν στοιχεῖα ἀγνώσκειν, τὸ δὲ τῶν συλλαβῶν γένος γνωστόν—ἀρ' αἱ μὲν συλλαβαὶ λόγον ἔχουσι, τὰ δὲ στοιχεῖα αλογία—φέρε δὴ, τὴν συλλαβὴν πότερον λεγομένην τὰ ἀμφοτέρω στοιχεῖα, κ. τ. λ.—πρὸς γινώσκειν τὰ στοιχεῖα ἅπαντα ἀνάγκη τῷ μελλοντί ποτε γνωσέσθαι συλλαβὴν—τὰ τῶν γραμμάτων στοιχεῖα τὰ καὶ συλλαβαί*—in all of which, and in many other similar passages that might be quoted, στοιχείον means the sounds of the *letters* which constitute each *syllable*. But as the transition is easy from an articulate sound to the figure which represents it, there can be no doubt that, in the intendment of Plato, στοιχείον is meant to apply to the sign as well as to the thing signified—to the element of *written* no less than to that of *spoken* language. And this leads us to the distinction, so clearly marked, between στοιχείον and γράμμα; the one designating the *letter spoken*, and the other the *letter engraved or written*;—a distinction which has been well explained by Dionysius of Halicarnassus in his treatise on composition.† In fact these words stand to each other in the same

certain infinitely minute particles, which he does not call principles, but *elements before elements*, στοιχεῖα πρὶν στοιχείων. In fact, it appears that he knew that what we commonly call the four elements were themselves composed. Be this as it may, however, we have stated enough to show that there is nothing pleonastic in the expression *first elements*, as understood by the Greeks. On the contrary, it is in strict conformity with what we might almost denominate their transcendental philosophy.

* Plato, *Theat.* 202, 203, 204, &c.

† Ἀρχαὶ μὲν οὖν εἰσι τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης καὶ ἐνέθρου φωνῆς αἱ μινύτι διχόμεναι διαίρεσιν,

relation as *elementum* and *littera*, between which the Latin grammarians have drawn the very distinction we have now pointed out. Thus Suetonius denominates the letter D, *quarta elementorum littera*; and, in like manner, Ausonius speaks of the *elementorum prima signa*, where *signa* is put for *littera*. But, in Greek as in Latin, usage soon effaced this distinction, and these two words came to be employed interchangeably as perfectly synonymous. Thus, Polybius says, τὸ τῶν στοιχείων πλεονος ἐξῆς λαμβάνοντα; διαλεῖν εἰς πέντε μέρη κατὰ πέντε γράμματα· λείπει δὲ τὸ τελευταῖον (sc. μέρος) ἐν στοιχείῳ; where στοιχείον is precisely the equivalent of γράμμα. In like manner Sozomenes says, συλλογὴ τῶν γράμμάτων, καθ' ἑκαστον στοιχείον: Lucian, μικροῦ δέιν πάντα ἡδίκησε τὰ στοιχεῖα, αὐτὰ μοι καλεῖ τὰ ἀδικηθέντα γράμματα: and Diogenes Laertius, τριχῶς δὲ λογεται τὸ γράμμα, στοιχείον, ὃ τε χαρακτὴρ τοῦ στοιχείου, καὶ τὸ ὄνομα ἄλλα: in all of which, and in many other similar passages which might be produced, στοιχεῖα and γράμματα are indifferently used, because either is the proper and technical word to represent the *letters of the alphabet*.*

The meaning of στοιχείων being thus, we submit, completely established; the next point is to determine the precise import and effect of the qualifying numeral adjective, πρώτων, prefixed to it; for on this hinges the whole controversy. And here we are free to confess, that, at the first sight, the words πρώτα στοιχεία might naturally enough be supposed to mean, not *first letters* absolutely, but the *first or initial letters of each word*; more especially as many of the phonetic signs are the images or pictorial representatives of objects or things the names of which, in the spoken language of the country, commenced with the letters or sounds which these signs are employed to represent. But there are three decisive objections to this hypothesis. First, in order to give any countenance to the translation proposed by the *Edinburgh Review*, and by M. de Goulianoff, this description of the phonetic signs ought to hold *universally*, which it does *not*: on the contrary, there is at least *one half* of the characters used phonetically respecting which we do not at all know what they represent; as ¶, —, S; ↑, ▮, M; □, P; ∪, T, and many others. "M. Champollion (says Dr. Young) has never been led, in any one instance, from the Egyptian name of an object, to infer the phonetic interpretation, that is, the alphabetical power of its sym-

ἀς πάλωμεν στοιχεῖα καὶ γράμματα. Γράμματα μὲν ὅτι γραμμαῖς τισὶ σημαίνει· στοιχεῖα δὲ ὅτι πᾶσα φωνὴ τὴν γίνουσι ἐν τούτοις λαμβάνει πρῶτον, καὶ τὴν διάλωσιν εἰς ταῦτα (sc. στοιχεῖα) ποιεῖται τελευταίαν. De Compos. Verb. c. 14.

* Thus, in the epigram of Christodorus: Κάδμος στοιχείων Δαναοῖς πρῶτος ἔδειξε τύπον. (Anth. Pal. i. 518.) But the following passage is perhaps the most decisive: Περὶ τῆς τῶν ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΩΝ εὐρεσιως, τῶν ΣΤΟΙΧΕΙΩΝ εὐρεσὴν ἄλλοι τι καὶ Ἐφορος Κάδμον φασί. (Analecta, ii. 472.)

bol: but this *having been once ascertained*, he has ransacked his memory or his dictionary for some name that he thought capable of being applied to the symbol, and not always, as it appears to me, in the most natural manner.* Secondly, if Clemens had intended to describe, not letters *absolutely*, but the *initial letters of words*, some qualification to that effect would have been added, and instead of διὰ τῶν πρώτων στοιχείων, he would have said διὰ τῶν ἐκάστων ἐνύμωλος, vel ἐκάστης λέξεως, πρώτων στοιχείων, or words of similar import. The genius of the Greek language required some such limiting and qualifying epithets as these; and unless we suppose Clemens to have been ignorant of his mother-tongue, and destitute of common sense, it is impossible to hold that he meant στοιχεῖα to be taken here in a determinate sense, while, in every other author who employs it absolutely in reference to the same subject, it either signifies *the letters of the alphabet in general*, or it signifies nothing at all. Accordingly, every Hellenist who has examined the passage with attention has come to this conclusion. "At si noster τὰ πρῶτα στοιχεῖα initiales voluisset esse verbi cujusque literas, haud dubie τοῦ ἐνύμωλος, vel ἐνύμωλος ἐκάστων addidisset," says Weiske;† and this is the opinion of a scholar who differs materially from us in the views which he has taken of the ultimate import and effect of the words in question. Lastly, as Clemens was a Greek writing for Greeks, he would only employ words in the sense in which they were understood by his countrymen. A Greek, however, in speaking of alphabetical characters in his own language, would simply denote them στοιχεῖα, *elements*. But when this Greek spoke of the written language of the Egyptians, he might say, and not perhaps inaccurately either, that it had several *elements*, and that of these alphabetical letters might be called the *first*. Thus he might hold that hieroglyphs, whether tropical, or symbolical, or kuriologic, were elements of written language, while he might name alphabetical letters "*first elements*," because whatever symbols be used to express words by written signs, *alphabetical characters* are necessarily the *primary elements* employed by the writer, and must be so considered when we analyse sounds distinctly articulated. Or he might with equal propriety, and in a manner still more intelligible to his countrymen, speak of the *first* or *primitive letters*, in general, (πρῶτα στοιχεῖα,) as contra-distinguished from the *secondary* (στοιχεῖα δευτέρω); meaning by the former the simplest and most elementary sounds of the human voice (στοιχεῖον μὲν οὖν ἔστι φωνῆ ἀδιαίρετος . . . συνετής‡), and by the latter, those which are formed either by a

* Discoveries in Hieroglyphic Literature, p. 48. London, 1823.

† Rudimenta Hieroglyphices, p. 44.

‡ Aristotelis *Art. Poet.* c. 20. In like manner Dionysius of Halicarnassus (*De Verb.*

duplication of the time of utterance, or by the union of two of these "indivisible sounds," and its articulation *uno ictu vocis*. But by "the simplest and most elementary sounds," the Greeks almost invariably understood their original (that is, the Kadmean or Phœnician) alphabet, consisting of sixteen letters; and hence Plutarch says, τὰ δὲ πρῶτα (sc. στοιχεῖα) καὶ Φωνικὰ διὰ Κადμου ὀνομασθέντα, τετράκις ἢ τετρὰς γενομένη παρὸς χι, (i. e. $4 \times 4 = 16$).^{*} In the opinion of Letronne, however, Clemens here refers, not to the Kadmean or any other alphabet individually, but to those elementary sounds or letters which form the basis of all alphabets without distinction: an opinion in which we are very much disposed to concur. The words, it will always be kept in view, are put quite absolutely; and we have no right to limit or restrict that which the author himself has expressed in the most general and unqualified terms which he could possibly employ. Next, there can be no doubt that among all nations who have possessed *signs of sounds*, those signs would be at first restricted to the principal or radical sounds, and that others would be successively added in proportion as it was found necessary to increase their number;—a process which would be performed by elongation and the simplest kind of composition, or in other words, by certain variations and changes upon some of the principal or radical sounds. It is in the nature of things, for example, that originally there should have been only a single sign for B, V, Π and Φ; for Γ, K and X; for Δ, T and Θ; for Λ and P: and that the consonants performing the principal part, the vowels should be left in a great measure indeterminate, as happens in all the Semitic languages with which we are acquainted. Hence, when Clemens speaks of the *first letters*, or of the *signs of the first articulations*, this expression naturally, or we should rather say necessarily, applies to the alphabet in its primitive simplicity. And this view is confirmed by reference to the Phonetic Alphabet: for if we retrench from it all the letters ranged under the same hieroglyphic sign, it will be found only to express the sounds of the following articulations, viz. B, Γ-K, Δ-T-Θ, Λ-P, M, N, Π-Φ, Σ; the aspirates H, X,

Comp. c. 14.) says ὁ δὲ τριχὴν τιμὰς τὰς πρῶτας καὶ στοιχειώδεις φωνὰς διδάσκει, φωνήσιν μὲν ἐκατάσκει, &c. &c. λ.; and an old grammarian, quoted by Bekker (*Anecd.* ii. 770,) expresses himself to precisely the same effect—thus, στοιχεῖα μὲν ὅλη ἡ πρῶτη καὶ ἀμερὴς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου φωνή.

^{*} Plut. *Symp.* ix. 3, t. viii. p. 945. Reiske. M. Letronne observes here, that the word *φωνήσιν* is not an adjective, but a common appellative; and he adds (what is unquestionable) that it is often employed substantively to denote the letters of the alphabet. But it appears to us that he makes a distinction without a difference, for many other adjectives besides *φωνήσιν* are used substantively by merely suppressing the nouns with which they agree; and it is perfectly immaterial to the sense whether these nouns be expressed or merely understood.

SCH; and the vowels A-O, E-I:* thus presenting itself under the aspect of a primitive alphabet, the aspirates being inherent in the Egyptian language, and therefore coeval with the other letters. The conclusion deducible from the whole, then, is this—that the words *διὰ τῶν πρώτων στοιχείων κυριολογικῇ* can only mean “kurio-logic (or eminently and peculiarly expressive) by means of the FIRST or PRIMITIVE letters of the alphabet.”†

Such appears to us to be the import of these words; and if the interpretation we have given be correct—if, as Dr. Young has remarked, no Greek writer *could* have used the terms *first elements* for *initial letters*—there is an end at once to the hypothesis of M. de Goulianoff, which, both by his own and the admission of his learned supporter, Klaproth, rests exclusively upon this assumption: upon so slender, and, as now appears, insecure a foundation, have these scholars thought proper to place the *discovery* of what the latter has denominated *Acrological Hieroglyphics*‡—a discovery the principle of which is, that the figure of any object whatever may represent any other object, provided the names of both, in the spoken language, commence with the same letter; or, in other words, the same sign may equally well represent all objects the names of which begin with the same letter. Hence, according to this hypothesis, an *arch* might be represented by an *alderman*, an *archbishop* by an *ass*, a *dove* by a *devil*, a *hill*

* See the disquisition on this subject by M. Letronne, *Précis du Syst. Hiérog.* pp. 395, 396.

† In a letter which we had some time ago the honour to receive from Dr. Young, that eminent scholar says, “I do not believe that any Greek writer *could* have used the terms *first elements* for *initial letters*. I will not pretend to say exactly what Clemens did mean; perhaps he was describing something that he did not fully understand; and I must assert that the text, obscure and inexplicable as it is, proves *nothing whatever*. I am quite sure Champollion learned nothing from it, as Mr. Ausonidi has insinuated in his Essay, which goes to prove that Champollion has no merit for merely applying what was so clearly asserted here.” We admit that the passage is “obscure,” but we think we have shown that it is not “inexplicable,” and that Clemens understood fully what he was describing, namely, Phonetic Hieroglyphics. Be this as it may, however, we entirely concur with Dr. Young in thinking “that no Greek writer *could* have used the terms *first elements* for *initial letters*,” nor have the persons who adopt the latter version been able to bring forward a single other instance in which the words *πρῶτα στοιχεία* occur, and where they could be translated *initial elements* or *letters*, without producing arrant nonsense.

‡ In the very composition of this name (we mean *acrological*) there is a blunder; for to render it susceptible of the meaning given to it by analogy with *acronich*, *λέγος* should signify a *word* or a *name* as *στίχος* signifies a *verse*. But in Greek the proper equivalents of *word* or *name* are *ὄνομα*, *λέξις*, *ῥῆμα*; while *λόγος* means *proposition*, *phrase*, *discourse*, &c. The adjective *ἀκρολόγος* and the verb *ἀκρολογεῖν* are both, indeed, to be found in Greek, but only as poetic terms, compounded of *λογέω*, and signifying to *cut the apex* or *top* of an object, or to *gather flowers*. As to the words *ἀκρολόγος*, *ἀκρολογία*, *ἀκρολογικῆς*, from the root *λόγος* or *λέγω*, if they had been found at all in Greek, they would have meant something analogous to *sharp*, *pointed*, *summary discourse*, but nothing in the least resembling the signification attached to the word *acrological* in the expression “Acrological Hieroglyphics.”—Letronne.

by a *hog*, a *mountain* by a *mouse*, a *saint* by a *serpent*, or a *tenant* by a *tinker*. A system of writing so absurd and preposterous as that which is here ascribed to the ancient Egyptians, never did and never could have existed among any people. As a puzzle merely, it has not even the merit of ingenuity; while, there being by the supposition no manner of analogy between the sign and the thing signified, acrological conundrums must have speedily proved insoluble, even to those by whom they were formed.

"J'avoue," says M. Klaproth, "qu'en lisant l'exposé de cette découverte j'avais peine à y ajouter foi, tant elle faisait paraître absurde cette nation Egyptienne si vantée, et on peut dire si révérée parmi nous. Serait-il possible, me-disais-je, que le peuple que l'Europe a regardé pendant plus de vingt siècles comme l'inventeur des lettres, des sciences et des arts, ait eu l'esprit borné, au point de se servir d'une manière si puérile d'exprimer ses pensées par écrit? Ces prêtres de Diospolis et de Memphis ne se seraient-ils occupés d'apprendre par cœur un tas de mauvais rébus et d'insipides calembourgs, qui ferait honte aux auteurs des devises dont les confiseurs de la rue des Lombards entourent leurs bonbons?"

M. Klaproth has no reason to be at all concerned for the reputation either of the priests of Diospolis and of Memphis, or of "cette nation Egyptienne si vantée, et on peut dire si révérée parmi nous." The "absurdity" and "puerility" charged against the one, and the "bad rebuses" and "insipid calembourgs" alleged to have occupied the time of the other, are not of ancient, but of modern invention. They are the progeny of that pretended discovery which, proceeding first of all upon a total misconception of the passage in Clemens, and next upon the hieroglyphic explanations given by Horus Apollo, appears to have been brought forward as a sort of bad joke or burlesque on the Phonetic Alphabet of Champollion. That M. Klaproth has displayed much Coptic learning and research, as well as considerable ingenuity, in support of this hypothesis, we readily admit. His scholarship is admirable, and in the use of that weapon he has proved an over-match for Champollion. But still we cannot persuade ourselves that he is serious in maintaining the puzzle invented by M. de Gouliano. "Le ton ironique," says a very competent judge,* speaking of his Letter to the Russian savant—"le ton ironique qui règne dans cet écrit nous fait croire que l'auteur a plutôt voulu plaisanter son correspondant, que montrer une

* The author of the French translation of the two articles on Hieroglyphics which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, Nos. 89 and 90, whose preface indicates a thorough acquaintance with the subject. To the words above quoted he adds this somewhat acrological question: "Que penser d'ailleurs d'un système d'écriture d'après lequel on pourrait désigner un dieu par un diable, et exprimer l'idée de nature par un vain, un nez, ou une néfle?"

franche adhesion à ce système burlesque, qui ne repose que sur les explications hiéroglyphiques données par Horus Apollon, tandis que jusqu'à présent on n'a rien découvert sur les monuments qui en constate la réalité, ou qui ressemble à une *acrologie*."

But supposing the author and his epistolary commentator to be equally grave, let us attend for a moment to their statements touching "the hieroglyphical explanations given by Horus Apollo." M. de Goulianoff conceives himself to have "parvenu à reconnaître que la plupart des hiéroglyphes expliqués par Horapollon, et autres auteurs de l'antiquité, ne sont rien moins que des caractères *symboliques ou idéographiques*;" and M. Klaproth declares that he felt "une surprise extrême en trouvant que M. de Goulianoff ne disait que l'exacte vérité." For our part, we also felt "extreme surprise," but it was at finding that M. de Goulianoff, so far from speaking the "exact verity," had stated the very reverse of the truth. Horus Apollo informs us, for example, that the *idea* of a mother was hieroglyphically indicated by the image or representation of a *vulture*; and why? Because of certain facts in the natural history of that bird of prey, and certain popular traditions, which, according to the Egyptian author, induced his countrymen to think that its pictorial resemblance was the most appropriate sign or symbol of *maternity*. This is the explanation of the matter given by Horus Apollo himself. But what is M. de Goulianoff's? Why, that the image of a *vulture* indicated the *idea* of a *mother*, because the words for *vulture* and *mother*, in the ancient Egyptian, both began with the same letter; *which is not the fact!* The mode of explanation adopted by Horus Apollo, and which is the same for *all* the signs, is shortly this: He first states distinctly the *idea* to be expressed; secondly, he describes the sign employed to express it; and thirdly, he explains the *similitudes* and *analogies*, real or fanciful, which led the Egyptians to employ a particular sign as the representative of a particular idea. And does not this prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, the symbolic or ideographic nature of these signs, which we are now for the first time told "ne sont rien moins que des caractères *symboliques ou idéographiques*?" In fact, the similitude, analogy, or relation between the symbol and the idea to be symbolised or represented, is often so striking, that many of the hieroglyphics explained by the Egyptian author, might, without impropriety, be considered natural rather than arbitrary signs.

Thus the acrological hypothesis, to use a familiar expression, has not a leg to stand upon; or, to speak more correctly, the two legs upon which it has been planted are both knocked from under it. The translation of *initial elements* we have at some length proved to be completely erroneous; the view given of the work

ascribed to Horus Apollo we have also shown to be the very reverse of the truth; and the absurd consequences deducible from this hypothesis we have in like manner cursorily exemplified. We deem it wholly unnecessary, therefore, to enter into the etymological distortions and quibbles which have been employed in support of the great cardinal quibble, thus demonstrated to be equally baseless and absurd; and we shall merely content ourselves with remarking generally, that there is no instance, in the whole history of language, of any nation or people having employed "*un tas de rébus et de calambourgs*" to express their thoughts, far less resorted to puzzles or conundrums to which there was no certain key, and which were equally susceptible of any or of every conceivable interpretation.*

The system of Spohn and Seyffarth appears to us deserving of little more attention than that of Gouliano and Klaproth. The grave methodical formality with which it is propounded, the magnificent pretensions it makes, and the vehement assertions with which it has been supported and defended, are doubtless calculated to impose upon those who are either unacquainted with the subject, or who have not had an opportunity of examining the works of Spohn and of Seyffarth; but the slightest touch of inquiry is sufficient to dissipate this mass of solemn delusion, and to destroy all but the credit which is due to the learning that has been so unprofitably wasted in its defence. In fact it will not bear a simple statement of its principles; and accordingly nothing more is necessary for its complete refutation and exposure than merely to reduce these principles, under separate heads, into the shape of distinct or substantive propositions, observing the order in which they are developed in the work of Professor Seyffarth. To enter into details would be equally tedious and superfluous.

* We are far from wishing to deny, however, that many of these illustrations display learning and ingenuity. What we contend for is, that both have been misapplied, and that it is impossible to read M. Klaproth's Letters, particularly the second, without being convinced that he is fighting for a mere chimæra. At the same time he tells M. Champollion some truths, by which the latter, were he a wise man, would profit. The following observations are not more remarkable for their severity than their strict justice:—"M. Champollion n'aime pas qu'on parle de l'Egypte sans sa permission, et il n'aime pas sur-tout qu'on mentionne ceux qui s'en sont occupés avant lui: c'est là un crime irrémissible. On devrait, pour la sûreté de M. Champollion, défendre de rappeler le nom et les découvertes de M. Young, et jamais ne s'astreindre, en parlant de travaux hiéroglyphiques, à suivre l'ordre des temps, en plaçant, comme je l'ai fait, le nom de M. Young avant le sien M. Champollion a l'air de croire que c'est attaquer l'honneur français que de supposer qu'un autre que lui eût pu le devancer dans cette partie de sa carrière littéraire: qu'il se souvienne que rien ne peut porter honneur que ce qui est vrai. Il ne persuadera jamais aux personnes impartiales et en état de juger d'après les faits, que ses travaux sur l'alphabet des hiéroglyphes phonétiques puissent ravir à M. Young le droit de réclamer pour lui l'honneur de la découverte de cet alphabet, selon la maxime universellement adoptée: *Prior in tempore, potior in jure.*"—*Seconde Lettre*, p. 6.

It is in these, indeed, that the art of mystification is most conspicuously displayed; and it is to these too that Professor Seyffarth has mainly trusted in the different controversies in which he has been engaged. In every system, however extravagant or absurd it may as a whole be, some small portion of truth must be contained: without such a partial admixture even fiction itself would want the essential requisite of plausibility. But it is amply sufficient for general purposes to prove the foundation to be bad, without taking the trouble to examine every rent or flaw in the superstructure which indicates its fragility or insecurity. This is all, accordingly, that we propose at present to attempt; and we think that we cannot more effectually accomplish our object than by a plain statement, in the form of consecutive propositions, of the principles (if they may be so called) of the Spohnian theory;—a theory which, Professor Seyffarth informs us, was not the result of long and laborious researches into the papyral and monumental writings of the ancient Egyptians, but was discovered *afflatu quasi divino*, by a species of inspiration peculiar to Germany, in which the learned commentator himself seems largely to participate.

1. The fundamental principle of this theory is, that the hieroglyphical characters are *not* letters, but only the *symbols of letters* (*σύμβολα γράμματων*); in other words, the *symbols of symbols*,* or the shadow of a shade. The hieroglyphic language is a sacred dialect, and according to this assumption or postulate, it is not written in characters which represent *sounds* or *ideas*, but which are merely the representatives of certain other characters, of which they are ornamental or arbitrary variations.

2. The basis of the Egyptian writing is an alphabet of *twenty-five letters*, of which *three* were invented by the Priest of Isis, and the remaining *twenty-two* are the Phœnician characters. It is here taken for granted that the Egyptians possessed a phonetic alphabet *prior* to the invention of Hieroglyphics, and that, with the exception of three letters, that alphabet was identical with the Phœnician. Among other nations picture-writing is the *first* stage, and alphabetical the *last* and greatest improvement.

3. All the hieroglyphic characters are arbitrary and ornamental variations, sometimes flourished out into the forms or resemblances of physical objects, of the letters or parts of the letters of this radical alphabet, and they consequently represent neither sounds nor ideas, but only the letters or parts of letters of which they are variations or expansions. And these variations were

* This notion seems to have been derived from a passage in the *Cosmography* of Cosmas Indicopleustes, a writer of the sixth century, who asserts that Moses learnt *γράμματα ἱερογλύφικα, μᾶλλον δὲ σύμβολα γράμματων*.

never made on any fixed principle, or according to any known rule. "Licet cuius calamo, cuius Castro, variare hieroglyphica." But it is not explained how such capricious and fantastical changes, made at the pleasure of any given individual, were to be rendered intelligible to others, or how their authors themselves were, after a short interval, to understand and decipher them.

4. Clemens Alexandrinus informs us that persons educated among the Egyptians learned three sorts of writing; viz. the *epistolographia*, called also the *demotic* or *encherial*; the *hieratic*, and the *hieroglyphic*: and Spohn and Seyffarth maintain that the order of instruction was also the order of invention.* The demotic is therefore the root of their hieroglyphical tree: in other words, the demotic is formed by variations on the radical alphabet above mentioned; while the hieratic is formed by variations on the demotic, and the hieroglyphic by variations on the hieratic;† that is, the Egyptians began with an alphabet, the last improvement among other nations, and ended with picture-writing, which in every other case is the first. And this is assumed, without proof, as a principle which requires no evidence to support it, and which no evidence can subvert or overturn!

5. Like the theory of their formation, the practical value of the

* The universal tendency of improvement in all ages, in all countries, and in all subjects, has been to simplify. But Spohn and Seyffarth say they have discovered an exception to this law, and they wish us to believe, against all experience, merely because they say so. This, however, is asking rather too much. That a nation which once possessed the great instrument of a phonetic alphabet should, without any conceivable motive, abandon that unspeakable advantage, and betake itself to picture-writing, is a position much more likely to be received by German mystics, who fancy themselves visited by divine influence, than by men of sober, unexalted minds, who have studied human nature in the records of experience, and applied the lights of philosophy to explain and illustrate the statements of history.

† Speaking of the Hieroglyphics, Seyffarth says, "Vidimus, e demotica scriptura, quamvis quinquaginta quinque tantum literis genuinis constet, DCCCC literarum species inter se diversas discerni, ita ut quævis litera genuina fere tricies variata sit. Fac itaque singulas literas hieraticas æque atque hieroglyphicas, ut in demoticis, tricies variari; habebis numerum hieroglyphicorum $X=25 \times 30 \times 30 \times 30=25 \times 30^3=\frac{100}{4} \times 27,000=\frac{2,700,000}{4}$ sive $\log. 25 + (3 \times \log. 30)$; hoc est $X=675,000$;" that is, about twenty times the number of characters contained in the syllabic language of China! But this enormous number of characters (which, by the way, is strictly deduced from the theory) experiences, according to Seyffarth, a vast diminution from the following causes:—1. Many demotic letters are received almost entire both into the hieratic and hieroglyphic. 2. All the demotic variations are not found in the hieratic, nor all the hieratic in the hieroglyphic. 3. Demotic letters are confounded with the hieratic, and the hieratic again with the hieroglyphic: "*ita ut ad sex tantum millia hieroglyphorum singularium valeant!*" In this way, without further ceremony or explanation, Professor Seyffarth cuts off six hundred and sixty-nine thousand of the characters given by his theory, and reduces the number of hieroglyphics to the moderate amount of six thousand, which is only about six times more than the truth!!

individual characters is taken for granted, without the smallest hint being dropped as to the mode in which it was determined. One character is said to stand for A, two characters are said to stand for I, and perhaps three for some other letter; and this is all that we are told about the matter, the most profound silence being observed respecting the process by which these values were ascertained. Is it too much, then, to conclude that they are altogether empirical, excepting in so far as they have been otherwise fixed and determined? or, in other words, that they are an emanation of that *afflatus quasi divinus* to which, it seems, we are indebted for all the discoveries of Spohn, and the values of the hieroglyphs doubtless among the rest?

6. Hieroglyphics being thus formed, and their values ascertained, they are divided into *emphonic*, *sympsonic*, and *aphonic*. The *emphonic* are those which "suo ambitu integram literam hieraticam pluresve describunt," and which "sistantur pro sita literarum in iis latentium, et ratione rerum quas significant;" the *sympsonic*, a species of enclitics which "non nisi cum aliis, sive singulis, sive pluribus, elementa verborum vel literas expriment;" and the *aphonic*, "quæ diversa sunt a literis, magisque ad picturam quam scribendi artem referri debent," representing directly or by metaphor, not *letters* but *ideas*, and hence divided into *mimetic*, *tropic*, and *allegoric*. With respect to this last class, Professor Seyffarth has forgotten to explain how "symbols of letters," or symbols of symbols of *sounds*, ever came to represent *ideas* either directly or by metaphor; far less has he attempted to reconcile the existence of such a class of symbols with his reiterated declaration, that all hieroglyphics are to be considered as *LETTERS* (*possunt utique ac debent hieroglyphica tanquam litera accipi*).

7. According to the principle of this system, when followed out to its consequences, any hieroglyphic character may be the symbol or representative of any letter of the alphabet, or of all of them in succession, or of any part of any letter; and, as if this were not latitude enough, Professor Seyffarth assures us, that the parts of any hieroglyphic character may be separated and become parts of different letters. Thus, for example, the bee, which is inscribed in a slovenly and careless manner on some of the later monuments, he takes completely to pieces, assigning the head to one letter, the wings to another, the thorax to a third, and the abdomen to a fourth.

8. Such is the system of Spohn, as developed and illustrated by Seyffarth. Spohn tried it upon the enchorial papyrus of Casati, a Greek translation of which was afterwards discovered in another papyrus by Dr. Young. According to Spohn the Casati

manuscript contained an address to Phré, or the Sun; according to the Greek translation it is a record of the purchase of certain lands in the neighbourhood of Diospolis Magna! By means of his system, Spohn, we are informed, was enabled to decipher entire demotic inscriptions; and by means of it we shall undertake to read a portion of the Letters of Junius, or of Hume's History of England, out of any hieroglyphic text copied from the monuments at Luxor or Ibsambul. He must be a dull man indeed who, with the help of such a convenient instrument, cannot discover any work he may choose to search for, in any collection of hieroglyphic texts or of papyri in Europe.

Having thus stated as distinctly as possible the principles of this system, it may be proper to exhibit a specimen of its practical application; and for this purpose we shall select the first lines of the Rosetta inscription, where Spohn had a Greek translation to serve as his guide. The first column below contains a Latin version of the Greek inscription by M. Ameilhon; the second, Spohn's translation of the corresponding hieroglyphical inscription.

1. "Regnante (rege) juvane et successore patris in regnum, domino coronarum perillustri, Ægypti stabilitore et rerum quas pertinent ad Deos, pio, hostium victore, vitæ hominum emendatore, domino triginta annorum periodum, sic Vulcanus ille magnus; rege, sicut, magnus rex, tam superiorum quam inferiorum regionum; gusto Deorum Philopatorum; quem Vulcanus approbavit; cui sol dedit victoriam, imagine vivente Jovis, filio Solis, dilecto a Ptha, anno nono; sub pontifice Æte (Ætæ filio) Alexandri quidem et Deorum Soterum, et Deorum Adephorum, et Deorum Evergetum, et Deorum Philopatorum, et Dei Epiphanis gratiosi; athlophora Berenices Evergetidis Pyrrha, filia Phthai; canephora Arsinoës Philadelphæ Arcia, filia Diogenis; sacerdote Arsinoës Philopatoros, Irene, filia

2. "Ὁντι anno nono Ægyptiacæ in præsentia (vel sexti vel decimæ octavi) dierum, rege in pueris (vel e pueris) constituti (vel educti) regis qui posuit facientis generationem ejus (vel patris) diademata antea patris illa (vel ὄντα) statuit Ægyptum ὄνσαν in sepulchris (vel in sepulcro) mitis . . . in deos magnus in pugnando erigens e sepulcro habet hic a sole annos ὄντας in cyclo . . . , ad imaginem τοῦ φθα ὢν rex magnus . . . regionum filio deorum amantium genitores (vel amantium generationes) mensuram τῷ φθα dedit (vel donatus) Solis gloria imago Solis filius Solis* . . . apertus τοῦ φθα amoris Deus statutus splendido-splendido facienti bona τοῦ Πτολεμαίου et Arsinoës deorum amantium generationem dat Sacra Alexandro et θεῶν οὐρησεν, et . . . mitium (vel benefico) et deorum amantium generationes et regis . . .

* We cannot conceive why this blank was not filled up with the name of Ptolemy, since Spohn reads in the text *πτολεμαίω*, which he elsewhere renders τὸν Πτολεμαίον. The second blank, immediately following, ought to be filled up in the same manner, as the text also gives the nondescript compound spelt as above.

Ptolemæi ; mensis Xandici quarta die, Ægyptiorum vero Mechir octava decima ; decretum."

deus statutus splendidus-splendidus faciens bona Æto Æti Pyrrhæ filiæ Philini, portantis omnia monumenta e victoria victoria ὄντα, Berenices mitis Arcia filia Diogenis portantis Arsinois amantis patrem Irenes filiæ Ptolemæi sacerdos Arsinoës amantis generationem hodie . . ."

In a text like this, where the number of proper names is so considerable, it is obvious that, if the place of each of them be discovered, the *loci* of all the other words must at the same time be determined with almost infallible certainty; while, by the frequent repetition of different words, an additional facility is afforded for recognising them. With these helps, therefore, it is not impossible that Spohn may have, in several instances, effectively ascertained the series of characters which correspond to certain words of the Greek inscription; but if he has really done so, how happens it, that in his translation, there is no mention whatever of the month ξανδῖνος, nor of the Egyptian month called μεχίρ? Why instead of τοῦ τῆν Αἴγυπτον καίλασθησαμένου, and τοῦ τὸν βίον τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐπανορθωσαντος, do we meet with such nonsense as *statuit Ægyptum οὐσαν in sepulcro, et erigens e sepulcro*? Why instead of κυρίου τριακονεατηρίδων καθάπερ ὁ Ἡρακλεὺς ὁ μέγας—an Egyptian idea, and which therefore ought to have been distinctly expressed—does he set down, *habet hic a sole annos ὄντας in cyclo*, which has absolutely no meaning at all? The words ἀλλοφύρος and κατηφύρος express ideas peculiar to Egypt: how happens it, then, that the first requires a long paraphrase, *portantis omnia monumenta e victoria victoria ὄντα*, while the second is commuted into the single word *portantis*?

These unanswerable interrogatories might easily be multiplied; but the examples we have selected are sufficient to show what the author of the system himself was able to achieve by means of it, even when he had a translation to guide him. Had he been thrown upon the resources of that system alone, he would probably have found out something as extraordinary as the "Address to the Sun," which he discovered in "a record of the purchase of certain lands in the neighbourhood of Diospolis Magna!"

But this is not all. The different series or groups of characters, which he spells in an arbitrary manner, and translates in the extraordinary fashion above exemplified, are mere capricious variations of certain Coptic words which the Greek text had enabled him to collect from his dictionary. Thus, *merhh*, which he translates *dierum*, is the Coptic ⲙⲉⲣⲏ; *umlue*, translated in *pueris*, is the Coptic ⲁⲗⲟⲩ; *naa*, translated *magnus*, is ⲡⲁⲁ; *mmhau*,

translated *e sepulcro*, is **ⲉⲉⲃⲁⲩ**; *mn*, translated *amori*, is **ⲁⲉⲉⲓ**; *ernano*, translated *facienti-bona*, is **ⲉⲣ** and **ⲛⲁⲛⲉ**; *mpschischesche*, translated *e victoria-victoria*, is **ⲉⲓ** and **ⲱⲓⲁ**; *ueht*, translated *sacerdos*, is **ⲟⲩⲛⲃ**; and so of the rest. In short, the whole of this pretended translation is obtained upon a principle which is in direct violation of one of the fundamental assumptions of the Spohnian theory; namely, that the language used by the ancient Egyptians on their monuments is *not* the Coptic which has come down to our times: and, when so obtained, it stands in direct opposition to the Greek, where it is intelligible; but most frequently it has either no meaning at all, or is downright and utter nonsense.

Yet this is the system of which Professor Seyffarth is so deeply enamoured, and of which he now ostentatiously puts himself forward as the champion. Of his controversial labours, however; we can only afford to take a brief and as it were incidental notice; which, indeed, is all that is necessary, seeing that both in his "Reply" to M. Champollion, and in his "Letter to the author of the article in the *Edinburgh Review*," he has done little more than repeat what he had previously stated in his *Rudimenta Hieroglyphices*. We have only been able to discover one new argument; and to this, therefore, we shall shortly direct the attention of our readers.

Having had the good fortune to discover a "proper Egyptian History," on a large papyrus in the Museum at Turin, and having "recomposed it from a quantity of fragments," Professor Seyffarth found that it contained the Egyptian text of Manetho, written in the hieratical character. This is his own statement, and assuming it to be correct, the discovery is curious enough, inasmuch as this hieratical papyrus must, in that case, be a copy of the chronological tablet of Abydos. The Professor next takes it for granted that this manuscript must agree in every iota with the Greek text of Manetho as preserved by Josephus and Julius Africanus; and on this postulate he founds the following argument in support of his own system, and against that of Champollion. He copies from the Greek text of Manetho the regents or sovereigns of the fifth Egyptian dynasty, and he finds that the second in order is called *Phios*. He then goes to the papyrus, containing a "proper Egyptian History," resolved to find something like *Phios*; and his system being exceedingly accommodating, as we have already shown, he reads into **Ⲡⲓ**, or, with the Greek termination, **Ⲡⲓⲟⲩ**, certain hieratical characters, which according to the untractable system of Champollion, are equivalent to **ⲕⲧⲠ**, or with the vowels, **ⲕⲉⲧⲉⲠⲉ**, or **ⲕⲉⲧⲉⲠⲙ**. Whence the learned professor concludes that his own system *must* be right, and that of Cham-

pollion wrong. But this, we apprehend, is rather a *non sequitur*. For in the first place, we are not quite certain that the Professor has copied out the characters faithfully; the infidelity of some of his representations being calculated to throw very considerable doubt upon all of them.* Secondly, it appears from his own statement, that the Turin papyrus is a copy of the chronological tablet of Abydos, which certainly agrees in many points with the Greek text of Manetho, as preserved by Josephus and Julius Africanus. But this agreement is so far from holding universally, that, in some parts, the discrepancy is exceedingly remarkable. For example, in the eighteenth dynasty, Manetho has **THREE queens**, while the tablet of Abydos has **NOT ONE!**—and other incongruities less flagrant are observable. The commencement of the fifth dynasty is unfortunately obliterated from the tablet; so that we have it not in our power to compare the hieroglyphic with the Greek text, and again with that of the Turin hieratical papyrus: but is it conceivable that the system of Champollion should, in nine cases out of ten, enable us to read from the Egyptian names corresponding to those in the Greek text, and in the tenth, evolve a different one, if there were not, in the tenth instance, a *real difference* between the texts which are compared? That these texts do not agree in every case is undeniable; and we have already mentioned one striking discrepancy in a dynasty of comparatively modern date. If then, such incongruities

* The Professor is very unscrupulous about facts, as might be shown in a hundred instances, if necessary. An example or two must, however, suffice. In contrasting, in parallel columns, the principles of his own and of the system of M. Champollion, he states it as a principle of the latter, that "the Egyptian inscriptions are in general *symbolic*, particularly the hieroglyphical." Now, what says Champollion himself in the general summary at the end of the *Précis du Syst. Hiérog.*? "Il est prouvé par une série de monumens publics, que l'écriture sacrée est tout-à-la-fois *figurative*, (*mimetic*), *symbolique* et *phonétique*;" and again, "Certaines idées sont par fois représentées dans un même texte hiéroglyphique, tantôt par un caractère *figuratif*, tantôt par un caractère *symbolique*, tantôt enfin par un groupe de signes *phonétiques*, exprimant cet mot signe de cette même idée dans la langue parlée." Once more, he represents M. Champollion as maintaining that "the language of the ancient Egyptians, used on the monuments, is the *modern Coptic*." Champollion, however, is not guilty of perpetrating the nonsense here ascribed to him. Following M. Quatremère, whose learned investigations into the Coptic in all its dialects, have thrown so much light upon the subject, M. Champollion holds that the language so denominated is essentially the *ancient Egyptian* spelled in a character formed partly from the Greek alphabet, and partly from the enchorial signs; and accordingly he appeals to the Coptic as the only remnant that has been preserved of the language of the Pharaohs. But he never betrayed his utter ignorance of the meaning both of words and things, by talking of the *ancient* and *modern Coptic*. Nor is this inaccuracy or misrepresentation confined to principles: it extends to almost every statement made by the learned Professor respecting the system of his opponent. For example, he gives Champollion's enumeration of the hieroglyphs at 850, whereas the sum total of the signs, according to M. C.'s estimate is 804;—a small error, undoubtedly, but sufficiently illustrative of the habitual carelessness of Professor Seyffarth.

actually exist, which is the true system—that which evolves these occasional incongruities—or that according to which there is the most perfect coincidence throughout? No one, we presume, can have any difficulty in answering this question.

We must confess, however, that in our opinion, too much weight has hitherto been attached to the authority of Manetho. We think highly of the ingenuity (more highly than we do of the honesty) of M. Champollion, to whose system, generally speaking, we have long been converts. But it does not therefore follow that we are to adopt all his opinions. The tablet of Abydos, the disinterment of which is due to the exertions of Mr. Bankes, is certainly a singular monument; and it appears to have made a very strong impression upon the mind of M. Champollion. With it he began his defence of the chronology of Manetho, and it is still the foundation upon which he builds. But a mere duplicate, with some alterations, neither does nor can prove the authenticity of that of which it is a copy. We do not object to Manetho, that if his chronology be right, that of Herodotus, Diodorus, and Eratosthenes must be wrong. Neither would we reject it, because, if all his dynasties existed, if he be accurate in every point, as has been somewhat rashly asserted, we may give the chronology of Moses to the winds. Truth is our first object; and if M. Champollion, or any one else, *prove* that truth is on the side of Manetho, we shall not hesitate a moment to join his standard. But the inconsistencies, not to call them contradictions, of which this high-priest is guilty, and the improbable, nay incredible, stories which he relates, render his honesty questionable, and accuse his judgment of positive imbecility. Manetho, however, has had his supporters among chronologers. If the system of collateral dynasties, so ingeniously and so erroneously imagined by Marsham, should be revived, the assistance of Manetho might be again required. Even Fréret, while he contended against Newton, where Newton was not in his strength, did not disdain to invoke that assistance. It is not the less true that the learned, in general, have condemned the chronology of Manetho, as erroneous and untenable. But all at once a new defence is set up for the high-priest of Phtha, and we are told that documents have been found, which prove him to have been accurate and faithful in all his statements. We must hesitate, however, before we admit the validity of this species of proof.

Our objections to Manetho's chronology are numerous. It would be nothing to us if M. Champollion found the *Hermetic Books*, (and we rather expect that he will find them,) from which Manetho said he made his extracts. We do not deny that this writer copied documents which existed in his time, and which it

is not impossible the zeal of M. Champollion will prove to exist at present. We allow, therefore, to Manetho that he quoted from the records of the priests; but we dispute the authority of those records. We refuse not to believe Herodotus when he tells us, that the priests of Egypt communicated to him the contents of their archives. We doubt not the word of this honest, though sometimes credulous historian, when he says, that the wooden images of *three hundred and forty-one* pontiffs, who had succeeded each other from father to son, had been shown to him by the priests. We only contend that the archives were forgeries, and that the images, like some other images, were the fabrications of fraud and imposture. It would seem that, in every separate district of Egypt, the priests had distinct and totally different records. How shall we otherwise account for the very dissimilar statements of Herodotus, of Manetho, of Eratosthenes, of the author of the Old Chronicle, and of Diodorus? The Greeks were clearly made the dupes of these falsified archives; and now the moderns are, it seems, to be duped by them in their turn. But if the archives of the Egyptians plainly and positively contradict each other, as it is manifest from the testimony of the Greeks that they do; if the internal evidence of these records show that one is not more worthy of belief than another, as we think Sir William Drummond has very clearly proved in the second volume of his *Origines*; to what purpose, unless it be to gratify curiosity, could they be reproduced at the present time? We allow, if Professor Seyffarth will have it so, that although he is evidently no conjuror, he may have found the very records themselves which Manetho copied, and in which a lamb is said to have spoken in the time of King Busiris. But still we contend, first, that these records, like those shown to Herodotus and those explained to Diodorus, were mere fabrications forged by the priests of Egypt; and secondly, that as the tablet of Abydos differs in some essential points from the canon of Manetho, of which, nevertheless, it is upon the whole either a copy, or, *vice versa*, the original, so no inference adverse to the system of Champollion, (but rather the reverse,) can be drawn from any discrepancies which it may evolve between the text of Manetho and that of the hieratic papyrus of Turin, on which M. Seyffarth had the good fortune to discover “a *proper* (in opposition, doubtless, to an *improper*) Egyptian history.”

So much then, for the system of Spohn, the illustrations of Seyffarth, and the credit due to those archives from which Manetho copied the chronology to which unbounded faith seems now to be attached. The Leipsic Professor, however, is not the only Egyptian archæologist who possesses the knack of discover-

ing "proper histories" in papyri. If we may credit M. Sallier, of Aix, M. Champollion disputes that honour with the learned German. For the knowledge of this "important fact," we are indebted to M. Sallier, who, it seems, is the proprietor of some Egyptian papyri, to which, (like all collectors of rarities and curiosities, he naturally attaches a great value,) and who sometime ago read a paper to the Philosophical Society of Aix, containing what he was pleased to call "a Report of some Important Discoveries made in his Collection by M. Champollion the younger." From this "Report" we learn the "proper history" of the discovery, which is equally curious and instructive. M. Sallier, full of his papyri, and dreaming of nothing but marvels, waylays M. Champollion, hastening to Toulon in order to embark for Egypt, and after paying homage to the great traveller, in a style somewhat akin to that employed by the honest jockey of Cacabelos, when he pronounced Gil Blas to be the eighth wonder of the world, civilly requests him to step in and take a glance at his "Egyptian Collection." Too polite to resist so flattering an invitation, M. Champollion of course complies with his request, and takes a galloping survey of M. Sallier's treasures. "Only two hours could be spared to examine and make sketches of objects yet unknown," says the collector; "and the papyri, the subject of this Report, were only submitted to the inspection of M. Champollion and his companions on the eve of their departure. *They had barely time to look the manuscripts over and make a few notes!*" It is inconceivable how prompt some great geniuses are in their intellectual operations. The deciphering of a single papyrus would probably have furnished ample occupation for a month or more to Dr. Young, or Professor Peyron of Turin, or Professor Kösegarten of Gryphsvaldt. But if M. Sallier may be in aught believed, his ingenious countryman is not so sluggish in his proceedings. A "bare look" at ten or twelve papyri is sufficient to reveal to him the contents of these still puzzling and perplexed manuscripts. But let us attend to the statement of M. Sallier:—

"These papyri, to the number of ten or twelve, were brought a few years ago, with a collection of antiquities from Egypt, by a native merchant of that country; and they contain, for the most part, prayers or rituals, more or less extended, which had been deposited in the cases of mummies. There is among them the contract for the sale of a house, entered into under the reign of one of the Ptolemies; and three rolls joined together, written in superb demotic characters—characters which, as is well known, were appropriated to civil purposes. M. Champollion could not express his joy and astonishment, when, looking at the first of these rolls, which is pretty thick, he discovered that it contains a *History of the Campaigns of Sesostris Rhameses*, called also Sethos, or Sethosis,

and Sesostis, and that it gave *most circumstantial details* respecting the conquests of that hero, the countries he traversed, and the force and composition of his army! The manuscript concludes with a declaration of the historian, who, after stating his names and titles, certifies his having written the work 'in the ninth year of the reign of *Sesostis Rhameses*, king of kings, a lion in battle, the arm to which God hath given strength,' and other paraphrases in the Oriental style."

He must have been a man of genius who invented the phrase, "important if true:" it contains a world of sense and philosophy in little compass. M. Champollion's discovery, as related by M. Sallier, would be "important if true:" its verity, however, is rather more than questionable. For,

In the *first* place, every one who has at all devoted himself to these pursuits, and who knows what papyri really are, must be satisfied of the utter impossibility of M. Champollion's discovering anything whatever of the contents of M. Sallier's manuscripts during the brief and almost momentary inspection he bestowed upon them; far less ascertaining that one of them contained "most circumstantial details" of the *conquests* of Sesostis, of the *countries* he traversed, and of the *force* and *composition* of his army. Had this pretended "History of the Campaigns of Sesostis," been written in French, instead of being written in Egyptian, and in a comparatively unknown character, M. Champollion could not, in the *time* he bestowed upon it, have been able to tell us so much of its alleged contents, as is communicated in the above extract from M. Sallier's "Report."

Secondly, these singular manuscripts are almost invariably found, either in the cases containing the mummies, or in the mummies themselves; most frequently in the latter, and generally within the thorax, adhering to the asphaltum or other matter which had been employed in the process of embalming: and all those hitherto *discovered and read* have been found to contain the deeds or titles of property, or at least the autographs of such, together with other circumstances relating to the history of the individual; but not one word on the general history of the country, excepting in so far as some general inferences respecting customs, usages, and other matters illustrative of history may be deduced by inference from the *facts* stated concerning the individual himself. This is conformable to what reason and the nature of the thing would have led us to expect; and, consequently, there thence arises a presumption hostile to the genuineness and reality of the alleged discovery in question. It is *not impossible*, certainly, that something of the kind here stated, *may* at some future period be brought to light; but no such discovery has yet been made, (we set no store by the hieratical papyrus of Turin, as described by M. Seyffarth, holding it to remain still, to all

intents and purposes, unread;) and in the present imperfect state of our knowledge, the conclusions at which we arrive ought to be duly qualified and guarded with reference to the doubts and difficulties in which every part of the subject is more or less involved. But,

Thirdly, it is proved by a remarkable passage in Tacitus, as well as by other authorities, that the Egyptians entrusted the historical records of their country to substances of a more enduring character than the fragile leaves from which it is now empirically pretended that M. Champollion has deciphered a military history of Rhamses the Great; a monarch whom recent discoveries have identified with the Sesostris of Herodotus, the Sethos of Manetho, and the Sethosis or Sesoosis of Diodorus Siculus and Strabo. When Germanicus, proceeding along the banks of the Nile, visited the mighty ruins of ancient Thebes, a city on which Cambyzes and his Persians had discharged the whole fury of their iconoclastic frenzy, he seems to have applied to the priests of the country for such information as they were willing to communicate respecting the subjects of the inscriptions with which these colossal remains were covered; and we are told that one of the most elderly of their number stated to him that these sacred sculptures contained some details respecting the ancient state of Egypt, its revenues, and its military force, and in a particular manner referred to the conquest of Libya, Æthiopia, and great part of Asia, by the Egyptians, under their warrior Prince RHAMSES. The passage alluded to, which is altogether a remarkable one, is as follows:—

“*Mox (Germanicus) visit veterum Thebarum magna vestigia; et manebant structis molibus litteræ Aegyptiæ, priorem opulentiam complexæ: jussusque e senioribus sacerdotum patrium sermonem interpretari, referebat habitasse quondam sexaginta millia ætate militari: atque eo cum exercitu Regem RHAMSEN Libya, Æthiopia, Medisque et Persia, et Bactriano ac Scythia potitum; quasque terras Suri Armenique et contigui Cappadoces colunt, inde Bithynum, hinc Lycium ad mare imperio tenuisse.*”*

Now this passage proves three things beyond dispute; first, that the records of the “campaigns” of this warlike monarch were engraved in hieroglyphics upon the monuments of Thebes, from whence we have little doubt that they will ere long be deciphered; secondly, that this prince was a great conqueror, and subdued many nations both in Europe and in Asia; and thirdly, that he was called Rhamses, and was, even in the time of Germanicus, considered an ancient King of Egypt. But as Egypt had only one ancient sovereign who made foreign conquests, and as Sesostris, Sethos, Sethosis, or Sesoosis, as he is variously named by

* Ann. lib. ii. c. 60.

Herodotus, Manetho, Diodorus, and Strabo, is also described as a mighty conqueror, who overran the very countries specified by Tacitus, it follows that Rhamses and Sesostris are identical, and these are only two names for the same person.

Lastly, the concluding "declaration" of the manuscript, according to M. Sallier, affords of itself irrefragable proof that the whole is an imposture. It is in these words: "In the ninth year of the reign of SESOSTRIS *Rhamses*, king of kings, a lion in battle, the arm to which God hath given strength," &c. Now, in the first place, the name *Sesostris*, which is the Greek equivalent for the Egyptian name of *Rhamses*, never could be combined with it in any Egyptian text; and for this plain reason—that the warlike sovereign in question was not known in Egypt by this name, but only by that of RHAMSES MEI-AMUN, or Rhamses beloved-of-Ammon: The name of *Sesostris* occurs for the first time in Herodotus, from whom it was borrowed by the later Greek writers. Here, then, is one flagrant and irreconcilable incongruity, leading inevitably to the conclusion, either that a gross blunder has been committed in deciphering the "declaration," or that the papyrus to which it is appended is a forgery. But there is another circumstance equally startling in the body of the "declaration" itself, which is here described as forming the conclusion of a papyrus, written over with a History of the Campaigns of the great Egyptian Monarch. For, with the exception of the interpolated word *Sesostris*, and the absurd conversion of *Amun* or *Ammon* into *God*, it is the ordinary legend of Rhamses, sculptured, not in demotic or hieratic characters, which are those in papyral writing, but in hieroglyphics, or sacred characters, upon the monuments, and to be found at least two dozen times in Champollion's *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique*, and other works, from which Sallier has evidently borrowed it, with the accompanying illustrations, for the laudable and honourable purpose of eking out his imposture.

Some of our readers may perhaps be disposed to think that "this is too bad:" but there are other things in the "Report," which are, if possible, still worse, had we either space or inclination to point out their absurdity. One, however, we cannot pass over.

"A third roll, (of papyrus,)" says the philosopher of Aix, "consists of a *Treatise on Astronomy or Astrology*, or, which is most likely, on both of these sciences conjoined. This manuscript has not yet been unrolled, but we may easily imagine that it contains matter of great interest. It is likely that it will make us acquainted with the celestial observations of those remote times, and with the systems of the heavens, adopted by the Egyptians and Chaldeans, probably the first people who occupied themselves with the science of astronomy."

Thus, according to M. Sallier, the third manuscript which "has not as yet been unrolled," and consequently remains unread and unknown, "consists of a Treatise on Astronomy or Astrology," or both conjoined; and "is likely to make us acquainted with the celestial observations of *those* remote times," (*what* times he has not thought proper to mention,) and with "the systems of the heavens adopted by the Egyptians and Chaldeans!" And this is the tomfoolery which has for some time been passing current, even among those who ought to have known better, as a mighty discovery, destined to shed a new and refulgent light on the science and literature of the ancient Egyptians, and equally to immortalize the names of Sallier and Champollion! The Philosophical Society of Aix, however, appears to have been enraptured with the lucubration of its learned associate, "who received the thanks of the society, and was requested to give a copy of his statement to be deposited in the archives of the Institution;" and "an abstract of it was also directed to be sent to the different French and Foreign Academies," doubtless for the purpose of exciting their learned wonder, and of proving to them, what they could not know before, that M. Champollion reads and comprehends the papyral manuscripts of the ancient Egyptians, as easily and as rapidly as he does the *Moniteur* or the *Gazette de France*.

But this article has already extended to too great a length, and it is more than time to draw it to a close. From the various disquisitions and analytical examinations into which we have been led in the course of it, the reader must have observed, that we regard the pretended discovery of Acrological Hieroglyphics as a complete delusion, if it be not intended as a piece of burlesque pleasantry at the expense of the system which M. Champollion has reared on the basis of Dr. Young's discoveries: That the more elaborate theory invented by Spohn, and illustrated by Seyffarth, proceeds upon a total inversion of the law established by the whole history of written language, and wherever it is susceptible of being brought to the test of facts, may be demonstratively refuted and proved to be erroneous: That almost every intelligible statement which either its author, or its expounder and illustrator, has made, is open to a *reductio ad absurdum*, or involves consequences absurd in themselves as well, as at variance with facts, and incompatible even with the assumption on which it proceeds: And that the system of Champollion, which is a modification of and improvement on that of Dr. Young, is upon the whole, the only one which is either founded on true principles, or which leads to true results. We have not conceived it necessary, however, to attempt any explanation of those principles, or to enu-

merate the results which have been obtained by their application to the monumental and papyral writings of ancient Egypt; because the former task has already been performed with sufficient clearness and precision in the Article in the *Edinburgh Review*, to which we formerly alluded,—and because the latter would have led us into an endless multiplicity of details, of no interest to the ordinary reader, and calculated rather to embarrass than assist him in comprehending the general views which we have deemed it of essential importance to submit to his consideration.

At the same time, if there be any who are desirous of acquiring a sort of practical acquaintance with this system, and of familiarising their minds with its details as well as its principles, we would recommend it to them to study carefully the work of Professor Kosegarten; who, in his *Commentatio Prima*, has given an admirable exposition of the principles of the enchorial mode of writing, subjoining numerous translations of the Berlin and other papyri,*—and who will, doubtless, in the succeeding parts of his work, expound and illustrate the monumental and hieratic writings with equal clearness and accuracy. The second edition of Champollion's *Précis*, unrivalled as an elementary book, is also deserving of being attentively studied; for of it we may with truth say, *Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti*. As to the "Lettre" of M. Henry, on the uncertainty of the era of the Egyptian monuments, it opens up too wide a field, and embraces too great a variety of disputed matters, to be disposed of in a cursory notice; more especially as he is at issue with M. Champollion, in many things where we conceive Champollion to be in his strength. It is not impossible, therefore, that we may ere long recur to this interesting subject, and discuss with both the question, which has now assumed so great an importance, of the comparative antiquity of these monuments; a question which, whether we consider its bearings upon the chronology of the ancient world, or the incidental lights which it is calculated to reflect on the sacred books of the Jews, can scarcely fail to prove attractive to all to whom the great subject of antiquity, so rich in treasures yet unexplored, is an object of curiosity and research.

Meanwhile, we expect a vast accession of new facts and new discoveries from the expedition, with Champollion at its head, which the French government some time ago so liberally fitted out for the purpose of re-investigating the known monuments of Egypt, and disinterring others which have as yet been only partially examined or altogether neglected. We are no strangers to the infirmities and defects of M. Champollion. We know his

* A short notice of this work, for which we were indebted to the late Dr. Young, has already appeared in this Journal, Vol. II. p. 708.

presumption, his vanity, his intolerance of rivalry, and his habitual tendency to be unjust to the labours and researches of others. But we also know and appreciate his great merits; his enthusiastic zeal in the cause of Egyptian Archaeology, his indefatigable perseverance, his ingenuity, and his skill in applying to the monuments the key which Dr. Young discovered, and which he himself has so greatly improved; and when we call to mind that he has been furnished with the ablest assistance which the continent of Europe could supply, it is impossible to doubt that he will be enabled to make great and permanent additions to that new literature which has in a great measure grown into form and shape under his hands. Our best wishes attend him in the laborious investigations which he is now pursuing; and he may rely upon it, that notwithstanding all his freaks, jealousies, and absurdities, we shall not be among the last to render homage to his talents, or to chronicle any new successes which may reward his ingenuity and enterprise.

The ink with which the foregoing lines were traced had scarcely had time to dry when the lamentable tidings reached us, that Dr. Young was no more! Though labouring under a mortal disease, and conscious that his end was fast approaching, his literary ardour continued unabated till almost within a few hours of his death; and it is some consolation to think that his last efforts were devoted to the advancement of Egyptian literature—a subject with which his fame is so closely identified. We allude, of course, to his “*Rudiments of an Egyptian Dictionary in the Ancient Enchorial Character, containing all the Words of which the Sense has been ascertained;*” which will form an Appendix to the learned work of the Reverend Mr. Tattam, now in the press, entitled, “*An Egyptian Grammar of the Coptic and Sahidic Dialects, with Observations on the Bashmaric; together with Alphabets and Numerals in the Hieroglyphic and Enchorial Characters, and a few Explanations relative to their Use.*” This Lexicon, the first that has ever been attempted, extends to above 100 lithographic pages, with two or three sheets of introduction; and the printer attended Dr. Young at his bed-side, with the last sheet of the prefatory matter in proof, just eight days before he died! It will be found to contain explanations of all the known characters, or combinations of characters, in this civil or popular species of writing, and can scarcely fail to give additional value to the important work to which it is affixed. To the learned it will possess a melancholy interest as the last production of Young, and still more, perhaps, from the affecting circumstances under which it received his final corrections.

ART. IV.—*Marino Faliero*, par M. Casimir Delavigne, de l'Académie Française. Représenté pour la première fois sur le Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, le 30 Mai, 1829. Paris. 8vo.

To appreciate fairly the second *Marino Faliero*, that of M. Casimir Delavigne, it is necessary to recal to mind the first *Marino Faliero*, that of Lord Byron, to which the former probably owes its birth, and certainly is largely indebted.

The *Marino Faliero* of Lord Byron was unfavourably judged by contemporary critics, who, though they said much that was true, omitted to add much they might have said with equal truth. It was condemned as a drama when it should have been admired as a dramatic poem, in which light the poet himself appears to have considered both this and his other works of the same class. Drama it is not, for the word implies *doing*; and *Faliero* only broods, as *Manfred* only meditates. The latter is but a prolonged soliloquy, and the former a succession of invectives, in which are discharged the overflowings of a soul disordered by the unbridled passions of a fierce and indomitable temper. Other characters mingle in the scene, and interchange words and thoughts; but they are accessories little regarded in the presence of the somewhat awful personage, whom the author has endowed with his own singular admixture of strength and weakness, littleness and greatness, goodness and evil. There is but one character in the group well defined, but that one is successfully laboured and powerfully wrought,—a portentous figure in whose presence the other persons, like the obscure crowd of phantoms in Hades flickering round the mighty shade of Hercules, are hardly observed:—*Ὁ δ' ἀρεμύη νύκτι φοικῶς . . . δεινὸν παρταίνων . . .*

Reflecting on this and the other dramatic efforts of Lord Byron, it is impossible not to regret that with a genius for concentrating all interest in one personage and a single action, the poet should have been more familiar with Gothic models than the simple and severe monuments of the Greek drama. His language is often an assiduous echo of the former; but he was unequal to the conduct of a plot diversified in character and incident. He had not the Shakspearian talent of educing traits of character from the collision of two or more parties, or from the action of events springing out of a busy and animated career. Though in his lighter works a painter of human life, at least of so much of it as is comprised in the world of fashion and the world of woman, his dramatic writings show him no extensive or deep observer of mankind. Within himself was the spring of the feelings and passions which animate his dramas; and the characters in them are imbued with little else than what bred in his own

heart, or lived in his imagination. Manfred, lone, brooding among the eternal hills on the ever present and harrowing recollection of some irremediable disaster, absorbed in the past, dead to the present, and heedless of the future, was a subject eminently adapted to his peculiar genius. But its lengthened musings, lone outpourings, and barrenness of incident, evince a talent much more closely allied to those to which we owe the Prometheus and the Philoctetes, than to that of the author of Othello and Macbeth.

In the instance of Marino Faliero, Byron has effected what Joanna Baillie so often attempted. He has founded a drama, of fluctuating power but still powerful, on a single passion. Like the poet of the Iliad he treats of "Achilles' wrath," and unlike the same poet, treats of hardly anything else. With a few intervals of calm, some melancholy anticipations, some softening retrospections,—and the drama, from first to last, is a torrent of angry passion. With the exercise of a little ingenuity to confine the scene to one spot, and the retrenchment of certain redundancies as well in the action as in the dialogue,—and Marino Faliero would have evolved a drama on the Greek model, wherein the stern octogenarian might have kept possession of the stage to the last moment of his existence; and without violating the rule which directs the removal of certain atrocities *ex oculis*, have saved the necessity even of an *Αγγελος* to relate the mode of his death.* There wanted but the supposition that the old man was urged on by inevitable destiny, and Faliero had gone to his fate, with all the honours of a predestined hero of Greek tragedy. An idea of this sort was in the mind of the poet; for the proud old man consoles himself in his downfall with the thought, "that these things are the work of Fate," and that he was the victim of avenging heaven, not of weak worthless men. In a more superstitious age, doubtless the profanity of which Faliero had been guilty in his youth, when he boxed the ears of the tardy bishop, would have been put more prominently forward; and the madness of his resentment have been represented as the vengeance of Heaven upon him for the sacrilege perpetrated on the person of its minister.

" . . In thy best maturity of mind.
A madness of the heart shall seize upon thee ;
Passion shall tear thee when all passions cease
In other men, or mellow into virtues;
And majesty, which decks all other heads,
Shall crown to leave thee headless."

Byron has recorded that his curiosity was originally roused by

* "The Doer throws himself upon his knees, and as the executioner raises his sword, the scene closes."—*Stage Direction*.

the *black veil*, which the senate had substituted in place of the usual portrait, ignorant, it would seem, of a truth they might have read in Tacitus,—if these imitators of the Romans* were read in Roman annals,—that the decapitated Doge would be the more present to men's minds, precisely because his "*effigies non vicebatur*." But it was the strange union of opposite extremes which took forcible hold of the poet's imagination and compelled him to dramatize;—an aged man, fourscore years and upwards, brooding on an insult till he "feels his life cannot be long," and "grows capable of all things for revenge;"—a Doge rancorous as a "stung plebeian," and leagued with fishermen to overthrow a government of which he was the ostensible head. Success in the drama depends mainly on the strength of the sympathy possessed by the writer with the hero or heroes of the piece;—largely endowed with this, he has only to follow its dictates, and he will write what all capable of entering into similar feelings will recognize for truth. If Byron's sympathies were not very comprehensive they were at least deep; and if he sympathized chiefly with himself, it must be allowed that he sympathized very strongly with himself. It happened fortunately for the present drama, that his feelings were not uncongenial with those of its hero. Byron was in his own esteem an injured man;—like Faliero he had a morbid sense of wrongs done, or supposed to have been done, towards himself. He was gifted too with extraordinary powers of expression; and to the heart of a good hater united the pen of a most mellifluous execrator. Marino Faliero himself, nursed in impatience by some sixty years of command, and flooded with gall by one or two of ill-disguised slavery, was not more quick to resent or more potent to denounce. As Falstaff was marked out for Shakespeare, so was Faliero for Byron; and on the first hearing of his story he might have exclaimed, "*ευφημα!*"

Thus qualified for treating this particular subject, a poet of powers unexampled in this age has produced a work in which they are blind guides who cannot point out the foot-prints of the giant. The dialogue is often ineffective, and its dramatic force generally diluted by the prolixity of the contemplative poet. An action, not incapable of strong effects in the hands of an Otway or a Shakspeare, passes over without once perhaps suspending the breath in the eagerness of anticipation. And Faliero himself falls, not like Macbeth or Othello, half wept, half execrated, but as a monumental marble dashed from its pedestal. But the figure, though rigid, is bold in relief, and though hard of

* The additions of Creticus, Africanus, Asiaticus, are plentifully strowed on the monuments erected by the Venetian state to its generals and worthies.—*Eustace*.

substance, substantial. Marino Faliero, on the verge of existence, devoting his enemies "to the infernal gods," indomitable and desperate, looks like a threatening marble from the hand of a Michael Angelo—some stern Julius denouncing his curse on the refractory citizens of Bologna. Around him flit the recollection of times, so long ago "they are a doubt in memory," though "they live in annals;" and all that is great either in his own story, or that of the republic, is assiduously present to his mind. The mighty of the days of old appear to surround him, and in thought he stands ever in the presence of the great spirits, whose ashes are shrunk to a handful, but whose memory is abroad on the earth. These he beholds looking down on him, privy to his dark broodings, and alternately the witnesses of his degradation, and the attestors of his meditated vengeance. The destinies of a mighty state are put in the balance; and as the long past is invoked to behold and assist, so the yet longer hereafter—the remainder of the "thirteen hundred years" of Venice, even to the moment when she was to sink into "the sea-weed whence she rose"—are looked through by the all-seeing eye of prophetic vengeance. What there is of the great and the sublime in all this is indeed not dependent on the drama as such, for with little exception it is comprised in the reveries and soliloquies, and denunciations of Faliero. In dialogue he loses much of the awful; and mingled in the course of the action, speaking and replied to, he is sometimes almost as little as the Faliero of M. Casimir Delavigne.

The French dramatist, with a curious insensibility to the great and the powerful, has divested Marino Faliero of all his Byronian grandeur, and even of that with which the exquisite poet knew so well how to relieve the sterner features of a portrait—of all his Byronian pathos. No lofty associations with the mighty dead, that "still rule our spirits from their urns." No steadfast looking at things in their nakedness, and great disdain to envelope ill deeds in seemly phrase—

"I cannot shape my tongue

To syllable black deeds into smooth names."

No anticipations of the never-dying fame, with which success, that tries the right and the wrong in political revolutions, will crown his memory, when Venice

"Conducts her generations to our tomb,

And makes her children with their little hands

Strew flowers o'er her deliverers' ashes."

No obscure intimations of a foreboding spirit prophetic of its doom—

"Yet a few days and dream-perturbed nights,

And I shall slumber well."

No affecting recollections of former fortunes—"Would I had died at Zara!" No soul-subduing regrets, as of one abandoned to despair—

"Oh! never, never more
O'er the few days or hours, which yet await
The blighted old age of Faliero, shall
Sweet quiet shed her sunset! Never more
Those summer shadows rising from the past
Of a not ill-spent nor inglorious life,
Mellowing the last hours as the night approaches,
Shall soothe me to my moment of long rest!"

And no powerfully contrasted feelings, such as those which could one moment prompt the desire to "be still sometimes a name on the sweet lips" of the only living being that would judge him kindly; and those from which, in the next, sprang this last ebullition of the expiring volcano—the fiercest and the last—

"Slave, do thine office!
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
Strike—and but once!"

Following up the impression which he had received from the outlines of Faliero's history, Byron has laboured the point in which he justly conceived lay all the originality of the character. He has drawn him, not as one of those who

"In the first burst of passion pour away
Their wrath or sorrow;"—

but of an order of spirits who never forget; in whom all things "wear an aspect of eternity;" who "requite tenfold both good and evil;" and

"If once stirred and baffled, as he has been
Upon the tenderest point, there is no Fury
In Grecian story like to that which wrings
His vitals with her burning hand, till he
Grows capable of all things for revenge."

To countenance this, and make Faliero speak up to the mark, Byron has tasked his extraordinary powers of language, and, to use his own energetic phrase, has "wreaked" himself on expression,—not always with equal success, for Faliero is often diffuse and prolix; but with such occasional weaknesses and with sundry ebbs of passion, he is still enough of the man, who, in his youth, "maddened with the drone," had smote "the tardy bishop at Treviso;" and whose impatience of control and obstruction had been growing eighty years.

It is easy to perceive that M. Delavigne is no mate for Byron and Faliero. The upshot of his dramatic effort is to destroy the

strong originality of the character as conceived by his predecessor, and to reduce the formidable Doge to a *bon vieillard*. All that is terrible and great, or powerfully marked, is "rendered down" with great success, till the striking features of the portrait have disappeared, like those of a waxen bust exposed to the fire. Fourscore years had assailed the Faliero of Byron, yet the hale veteran stood and showed no weather-side to the storm. But the present one totters with infirmities as with years;—

"J'ai tenu sur mon sein mon époux expirante. . .

Et pâle me benit de ses bras défaillans," &c.

The first Faliero boasts that in his "fiercest youth he swayed such passions;" but the second is somewhat of a doting husband, and apt to overflow in fondness for the persons about him. In the one case, the surprize is that so stern a spirit should be capable of a soft or tender feeling, and the surprise is agreeable. In the other, we marvel to find so domestic a person capable of so much that is atrocious, and the surprize is any thing but agreeable. The first, too, is an easier stretch of faith, and the benefit of the *incredulus odi* is reserved for the latter.

It is worthy of remark, that Byron, the poet of Julia and Juan, and of a hundred sacrifices of honour to passion, has, in his Angiolina, drawn an example of rigid Cornelian virtue. But he was led to this by a fine sense of propriety. The ridicule which attaches to the union of age with blooming nineteen was only to be evaded by something extraordinary in the case and the characters of the parties. At all events, Faliero was to be exempted from the suspicion of the "foolish dotard's vile caprice," "covetous of a young bride." This justice the poet has laboured successfully to render him, in a long dialogue between the Doge and his wife; in which the former is led, by the recent outrage of Steno, to recall to her mind the motives that had induced their union. The scene would be too long by half, were it not supremely beautiful for the purity displayed on the one side, and the solemn patriarchal tenderness on the other; and the conclusion leaves the reader overflowing with mingled reverence and affection for the severe old man, who would not "visit the villain's infamy" on

"The innocent creature thus most vilely slander'd,

Because she took an old man for her lord,

For that he had been long her father's friend."—

M. Delavigne has not seen the affair in this light. He has not been at pains to clear up satisfactorily the origin of this strange union; but left it fatally doubtful whether the old man had not been influenced by the "leprosy of lust," so strongly reprobated

by the first Faliero—"tainting the hoariest years of vicious men." Still worse, it has been his pleasure to divide the breast of the Doge between indignation at the outrage upon his wife's honour, and jealous doubts as to the existence of a ground for the imputation.

"Eléna . . . se peut-il ? si ce qu'on ose écrire . . .

Sténo ! . . . jamais, jamais . . ."

With Byron's lofty Faliero before him, the Parisian poet has debased the moral dignity of his hero, and prostrated him at the feet of even the ribald Steno—

"Mais le Doge irrité, jaloux jusqu' au délire,
Prouva que d'un guerrier mille fois triomphant
La vieillesse et l'hymen ne font plus qu'un enfant."

And all this traduction of power into dotage, to gratify a prurient taste for the exhibition of guilty love, which has been represented so often that even the pit of a theatre might be expected to yawn over such *niaiseries*. A catastrophe which is either to give a whole nobility to the edge of the sword, or to decapitate a Doge and string up some hundreds of conspirators, was not enough to supply the stage-demand for excitement; and therefore the high-minded Roman Angiolina was to be humbled into a Mrs. Haller, and lofty scorn of calumny to give place to the sorrowings and terrors of remorse.

"Suspect me !

Why Steno dared not : when he scrawled his lie,
Groveling by stealth in the moon's glimmering light,
His own still conscience smote him for the act."

"Je pleure . . . oui, Fernando, sur mon crime et le tien . . .
Ou fuir ? comment me vaincre ? où trouver du courage
Pour comprimer mon cœur, étouffer son langage,
Pour me taire en voyant s'asseoir entre nous deux
L'oncle par vous trahi, l'époux. . ."

From this extract will be surmised the nature of the interest which M. Delavigne has combined with that of the principal action. It is singular enough, that although the follower of Corneille, and belonging to a dramatic school, which boasts its near relationship to the classical drama, the French writer's feeling on the subject, and his mode of treating it, are infinitely less Grecian than those of a poet bred in the wilderness of the romantic drama. The new channel that he has thus sluiced out, is a fearful deduction from the force and volume of the principal current; and nothing is gained by the exaltation of Bertuccio Faliero, the simple participator in his uncle's indignation, into Fernando, the guilty lover of his uncle's bride. Nor does the drama commence more happily by dawning on the confessions and reminiscences of the

repentant pair, instead of springing from the obnoxious decree, the root of all the subsequent mischief. The ribald Steno, too, instead of roosting with the owls, and being detected "in his place" among the Forty at the Doge's trial only by Faliero's abrupt address—"Now, villain Steno!"—is indulged with a whole scene, and allowed to ennui the reader with his epicurean talk *en philosophe*. Finally he kills Fernando, who has challenged him to vindicate the honour debauched by himself, and who dies in the arms of Faliero;—all which is called augmenting the distress—of the stage it may be, certainly not of the reader. Bertram, the Bergamask has a scene of previous introduction, which is more than enough for one of an order of characters that should never appear till the precise moment they are wanted. The voluptuous scene so beautifully contrasted by Byron's Lioni, at his moonlight lattice, with the pure expanse of firmament and ocean, becomes actual; and Lioni, instead of soliloquizing a fete, gives one, at which the Doge assists with his lady, plays at chess with Israel Bertuccio, his fellow-conspirator, and draws the plan of the insurrection to the sound of music and dancing. This is not like the course of Byron's drama, where the Doge is seen at the outset chafing at the idea of what he more than half anticipates,—rising like the wounded lion with a roar of pain and fury on receiving the more mortal insult of the mitigated penalty—lashing himself into paroxysms by repeated recollections of the double outrage in its worst shape and blackest colours, and then subsiding into the calm of anticipated vengeance. The sequel flows on in the like terrible tenour—brooding, conspiring, haranguing, awaiting consummation, detected, in the toils, mustering his strength for one last tremendous curse, and finally dealt on as a criminal.

That M. Delavigne has not hesitated, as he honestly avows, to appropriate *plusieurs des inspirations* of a genius he admires as much as any body, is visible in almost every page. Indeed the germ of every thing his Faliero utters, whilst he is Faliero at all, may be detected in the English play: and the good Parisian public, notwithstanding the candour of their poet's avowal, have possibly no adequate idea of the extent of his obligations. Indeed it may be questioned whether, when treading the same ground as Lord Byron, he is found in opposition to, or even varying from him, often enough "*pour rester moi-même.*" Occasionally a thought is expanded, oftener abridged; and in general the borrowed matter gains in brevity what it loses in poetical inspiration. M. Delavigne has stripped the tree of its foliage, and retained the stem; and thus made fit for Parisian society the dramatist, who has the unhappy fault of not being able to write three lines together without lapsing into poetry. The French poetical taste

may in some degree be estimated from the uniform disappearance of these beautiful or grand amplifications. All that is vague and shadowy but sublime flies from before the pen of M. Delavigne, which at a touch reduces the poetical vapours of Byron's imagination to a drop at the bottom of the phial.

"I am before the hour, the hour whose voice
Pealing into the arch of night, might strike
These palaces with ominous tottering, &c."

"Minuit!...personne encor! je croyais les surprendre."

The last speech of Byron's Faliero instantly previous to decapitation is abridged but not condensed, and put with less propriety into the mouth of the Doge in answer to the sentence of decapitation.

"Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you! ye blue waves! which bore my banner,
Ye winds! which fluttered o'er as if you loved it,
And filled my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph....
Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and Thou!
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns—Attest!
I am not innocent—but are these guiltless."

"Bords sacrés, ciel natal, palais que j'élevai,
Flots rougis de mon sang, ou mon bras a sauvé
Ces fiers patriciens....
De ma voix qui s'éteint recueillez les accens!
Si je fus criminel, sont-ils donc innocens?"

This is a fair specimen by which to measure the respectful distance which the muse of the rédacteur keeps from that of the pattern. And as in poetry, so in force, the denunciation falls far short of the tremendous original,—witness the close:—

"Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes," &c.

"Ivre de sang royal, opprimée, avilie," &c.

It is referred to Faliero by the conspirators whether any of the senators shall be spared, a demand which draws from him some of the most beautiful lines in the poem, the inspiration of which may for once be described in the French:—

"Ask me not—tempt me not with such a question....
We served and fought; we smiled and wept in concert....
Farewell all social memory! all thoughts
In common! and sweet bonds which link old friendships,
When the survivors of long years and actions....
... Never meet, but each beholds the mirror
Of half a century on his brother's brow,
And sees a hundred beings, now in earth,
Flit round them whispering of the days gone by..."

" Ah cruels ! qu'osez-vous demander ? . . .
 Nous avons confondu notre joie et nos larmes :
 Les anciens du conseil sont mes compagnons d'armes . . .
 Adieu, vivans récits de nos premiers combats !
 Je ne verrai donc plus, en lui tendant les bras,
 Sur le front d'un vieillard rajeuni par ma vue,
 Un siècle d'amitié m'offrir la bienvenue."

The patriarchal Doge says to his young wife,—

" I knew my days could not disturb you long,
 And then the daughter of my earliest friend,
 His worthy daughter, free to choose again
 Wealthier and wiser . . ."

" C'est un jour à passer, me disais-je, et demain
 Je lui laisse mon nom, de l'opulence, un titre . . ."

And in melancholy anticipation of his approaching doom, he adds, in the English, tenderly and poetically, but diffusely,—

" When I am nothing, let that which I was
 Be still sometimes a name on thy sweet lips," &c.

The Frenchman briefly exclaims, in a line,

" Vivez, soyez heureuse, et pensez au vieillard."

Byron's Faliero apostrophizes the " tall fane,"

" Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood
 Mouldered into a mite of ashes, bold
 In one shrunken heap what once made many heroes—"

The French Faliero resolves all heroism into winning a battle, and by this characteristic turn discards all the poetry:—

" Ce qui n'est plus que cendre a gagné des batailles !"

Faliero adjures an unhappy predecessor of his to look down and attest the wrongs which have converted a hoary-headed Doge into a conspirator:—

" And chiefly thou, Ordelafo the brave,
 Who perished in the field where I since conquer'd,
 Battling at Zara."

But M. Delavigne diverts the adjuration from the shade to the statue, and makes him prefer a request which comes within perilous distance of the burlesque:—

" O toi, qu'on rapporta sur ton noble étendard,
 Vaincu par la fortune, où j'ai vaincu plus tard,
 Vaillant Ordelafo, dont je vois la statue,
 Tends cette main de marbre à ta race abattue."

The above examples taken at random may suffice to show the fidelity with which Faliero II. copies the sentiments and attempts the poetry of Faliero I. However, this one more happens to lie at the point of the pen; it is Faliero's scornful address to the

conspirators, who on his sudden appearance among them, had greeted him with hostile demonstrations :—

“ Oh noble courage !

Eldest born of fear, which makes you brave
Against this solitary hoary head !
See the bold chiefs who would reform a state,
And shake down senates, mad with wrath and dread
At sight of one patrician ! . . .

Israel, be these men

The mighty hearts you spoke of ! . . .”

“ J'admire ce courage enfanté par l'effroi :
Tous, le glaive à la main, contre un vieillard sans armes ! . . .
Ce sont-là les grands cœurs par ton choix rassemblés,
Ces guerriers qui voulaient, dans leur zèle héroïque,
D'un ramas d'oppresses purger la république,
Destructeurs du sénat, l'écraser, l'abolir ?
D'un vieux patricien le nom les fait pâlir.”

The language of M. Delavigne's conspirators offers a singular contrast to that of Lord Byron's. The latter talk like old Romans, the first like fishermen and banditti. Here, at any rate, the French writer is “ in opposition” with his original :—

“ We will not strike for private wrongs alone . . .
We will be free in life and death ! the grave
Is chainless . . .
Our fathers did not fly from Attila
Into these isles . . .
To own a thousand despots in his place.”
“ Guerre au puissant !—A son or !—A ses
Vins de Grèce et d'Italie !—
Leurs palais sont à nous ; j'en veux un : choisissons.”

It is to be regretted that the less elevated tone of M. Delavigne's malecontents precluded his delighting, by the mouth of Israel, the ears of the Parisian pit with some of the most heart-stirring lines that ever fell from the pen of poet ; and which, should all else that Byron ever wrote sink into the oblivion that has devoured so many goodly portions of Greek and Roman genius, would alone vindicate for him a place among the earth's great spirits.

CALENDARO.

“ But if we fail—

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

They never fail who die
In a great cause : the block may soak their gore ;
Their heads may sodden in the sun : their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years

Elapse and others share us dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which o'erpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

Instead of venting his free spirit in effusions like these, the French Israel is a player on words and a clencher of sentences. "Quel mépris dans leur yeux!" says Faliero of the company with whom M. Delavigne has been pleased to associate him at Lioni's, where he and Israel renew the farce of Sempronius and Syphax plotting against Cato in his own hall;—

ISRAEL.

"Fermions-les pour toujours.

FALIERO.

Même en se parlant bas qu'ils montrent d'insolence !

ISRAEL.

Nous allons pour toujours les require en silence.

FALIERO.

De leur sourire amer j'aurais pu me lasser.

ISRAEL.

La bouche d'un mourant sourit sans offenser."

Israel, however, makes amends for this sort of snip-snap dialogue, to which the French stage appears to be partial, by his account of Pietro's death, one of the conspirators who had preceded himself and the Doge to the bourne whither they also were soon to be dismissed. It is the best thing—that is likewise new—in the play.

"Pietro, Je crois le voir encor :

L'œil fier, d'une main sûre et sans reprendre haleine,
Il vide, en votre honneur, sa coupe trois fois pleine,
S'avance, et répétant son refrain familier :

'Que Saint Marc soit,' dit-il, 'en aide au gondolier,'

Il s'agenouille alors, il chante et le fer tombe."

The terms on which the two Falieros and the two Israëls consort together are somewhat different; and the difference is characteristic of the two poets and of their two countries. The pair belonging to M. Delavigne are *camarades* from the moment it is discovered that the one has served under the other, and that Israel as well as the Doge has seen "le soleil de Zara." It is not altogether so with the English Faliero, who, though condescending enough at times, manifests nevertheless all the *morgue* of a great signor, scandalized at his company. The following excerpts will put the difference spoken of in a clear point of view. Faliero is told of the fate of his late associates—

"Gone to their place, and now

Answering to Heaven for what they did on earth.

DOGE.

Ah ! the plebeian Brutus, is he gone,
And the quick Cassius of the arsenal ?—"

This is characteristically indifferent ; but in the French play, Israel, on being led out to execution, falls on his knees before the Doge—

" Soldat, je veux mourir, béni par cette main,
Qui de l'honneur jadis m'a montré le chemin.

FALIERO.

A revoir dans le ciel, mon vieux compagnon d'armes !
... Avant de subir ton arrêt
Embrasse ton ami . . . "

English Israel complains of some hard names the Doge has gratuitously conferred upon him.

" Strange words, my lord, and most unmerited ;
I am no spy, and neither are we traitors.

DOGE.

We—We—no matter—you have earned the right
To talk of us. But to the point—"

But the following is the gracious style of the French Faliero :

Parle à ton général, et conte lui ta peine ;
Dis, mon vieux camarade."

Finally, to the invitation of the conspirators to be " our general and chief," the Byronian Faliero responds :

Chief !—General !—I was general at Zara,
And chief in Rhodes and Cyprus, prince in Venice ;
I cannot stoop—that is, I am not fit
To lead a band of—patriots.

But the modern French Doge is so affable, that Pietro the gondolier slaps him on the shoulder by way of signifying his approval of the following sentiment :

" Mes vœux tendent plus haut : oui, je fus prince à Rhode,
Général à Zara, doge à Venise ; eh bien !
Je ne veux pas descendre, et me fais citoyen !"

Which of these demeanours is the most characteristic is no more to be queried than which is the most amiable. But George Gordon Lord Byron had a key to unlock the bosom of the Doge Faliero, probably not possessed by M. Casimir Delavigne, de l'Académie Française. And more than this, Lord Byron, than whom no man ever bore about him a more incessant consciousness of his nobility, partly by principle, partly by waywardness and spleen, had been led into the popular ranks, and united with plebeians against the aristocracy, to which nevertheless he was proud of belonging. The self-banished nobleman, colleague

with the ex-editor of the *Examiner*, to write down the government of Castlereagh, presents a combination not very dissimilar to that of Marino Faliero the Doge, conspiring with Israel Bertuccio, the patron of a galley, to overthrow the government of the Forty. Had the latter pair enjoyed a longer intimacy, there can be little doubt they would have parted as mal-content with each other as the noble and the plebeian poet; and the Doge would not have figured to advantage in "*Marino Faliero and his Contemporaries*," written by the surviving Israel, at liberty to pluck the dead lion by the beard. Certain it is, Byron's Doge, driven to herd with "stung plebeians," as he graciously calls them, cannot refrain from insulting his associates; and in the course of a few hours Israel had possibly as much to complain of as Leigh in as many days. Faliero going right-forward to a sweeping revenge, cannot forbear looking back to his ancestors and to his dignity; and when these thoughts arrest him, Israel, his ally, fails not to receive such notice as the lion in his moods might be supposed to vouchsafe to his companion cur.

M. Delavigne might complain with some share of justice, if, after having given so many of his imitations, no specimen were adduced of his original matter. The following *Pains of Exile* is probably the passage which has attracted the attention of the greatest number of his readers.

" . . . Mais c'est désespoir
Que n'ont pu, dans l'exil, sentir ni concevoir
Tous ces heureux bannis de qui l'humeur légère
A fait des étrangers sur la rive étrangère.
C'est ce dégoût d'un sol que voudraient fuir nos pas ;
C'est ce vague besoin des lieux où l'on n'est pas,
Ce souvenir qui tue ; oui, cette fièvre lente,
Qui fait rêver de ciel, de la patrie absente.
C'est ce mal du pays dont rien ne peut guérir,
Dont tous les jours on meurt sans jamais en mourir."

" But 'tis the despair,
Which cannot in banishment feel or imagine
Those light-hearted exiles whose fickle humour
Hath made them all strangers in a strange country.
This loathing it is of a soil one would flee from,
This want undefin'd of a place where one is not,
This longing that slays, aye, this slow-killing fever,
That makes rise in one's dreams a far-away country.
'Tis the sickening for home which medicine cures not,
Which one every day dies of without dying ever."

ART. V.—*Annales Agricoles de Roville, etc.* Par C. J. A. Mathieu de Dombasle, Directeur de l'établissement Agricole exemplaire de Roville. Paris. 1824-1828. 4 vols. 8vo.

FEW things, we believe, exercise so powerful an influence over the prosperity of agricultural countries as the nature of the contract entered into between the proprietors of estates and those to whom they let or assign the power of cultivating them. A very great deal, as it appears to us, of the superiority of English agriculture over that of France, and most other continental states, may fairly be ascribed to the different custom that has been followed in this country with respect to the letting of land. And we think it may be easily shown that it is all but impossible that any considerable improvement can be made in the agriculture of a very large proportion of the Continent, unless a change previously take place in the mode of occupation by tenants. We do not, therefore, suppose that we shall be considered travelling out of our way, in briefly calling the attention of our readers to this subject. In most of the continental states the agricultural class forms by far the largest part of the population. And in those countries where the land is chiefly occupied by tenants, it is impossible to form any accurate notions as to the condition of the people, without being previously aware of the nature of the tenure under which they hold their occupancies.

We do not, however, mean to enter upon a formal discussion of the various questions that arise in deciding with respect to the best method of letting land. We take for granted, what is admitted on all hands, that in order to give perfect security to the occupiers of land, and consequently to call forth all their energies, leases of a reasonable endurance should be granted to them. This endurance may of course be varied, according to the different condition of the farms to be let, and the purposes to which they are to be applied; but, speaking generally, a lease should not be so long as to allow the tenant to delay entering vigorously upon those improvements which may be necessary, nor should it be so short as to prevent him from reaping the full benefit of such improvements. It would be a mere waste of time to endeavour to prove the superiority of the plan of granting leases, in the way now mentioned, over every other plan of occupancy. All practical agriculturists, as well as the most intelligent agricultural writers, how much soever they may differ as to other points, universally agree that occupancy by tenants must always be in an unsatisfactory and unsound state, when they are not secured in their possessions by leases of a reasonable length. Without, therefore, touching farther upon this point, or upon many

others of great importance that might be mooted in reference to this subject, we shall confine ourselves to an investigation of the best means of fixing or determining the rent of farms, whether they happen to be occupied by tenants at will, or by tenants holding under leases. In treating of this subject we shall have to review some of those practices which exercise the greatest influence on continental agriculture; and which seem to be alike subversive of agricultural improvement, and of the comfort and well-being of the agricultural population.

The rent of a farm may be fixed in any one of the four following ways, viz.:—first, in money; second, in a certain proportion of its whole produce; third, in a given quantity of produce—the amount in the last two cases being payable either in kind or in money at the current prices of the day; or fourth, on the *corvée* principle, by which the tenant engages to perform certain services for behoof of the landlord.

I. With respect to the first of these methods, the payment of a fixed *money rent*, it would be one of the least exceptionable of any, were money always of the same value. This, however, is not the case. The value of gold and silver does not, indeed, fluctuate very considerably in periods of limited duration; and if the rent of a farm let for nineteen or twenty-one years were to be made payable in a certain amount of gold or silver, there is not much probability that the spirit of the contract could be much affected by changes in the value of the precious metals during the interval. But the terms of leases cannot be so regulated; coins of a certain denomination and paper-money are declared to be legal tenders; and if the weight or purity of such coins, or the value of such paper-money, be either increased or diminished, rents will sustain a corresponding variation. The experience of this, as of most other countries, has shown that these are not mere speculative contingencies. The heavy depreciation of paper-money which took place in this country in the interval between 1808 and 1814, occasioned a virtual diminution in the rent of such farms as had been let previously to 1808; while, on the other hand, the rise that took place in the value of paper in 1814 and subsequently, added proportionally to the rents of such farms as had been let during the period of the depreciation.

It is not, perhaps, very likely that we shall again witness such changes in the value of paper-money as were experienced in the period from the passing of the Restriction Act in 1797 to the restoration of specie payments in 1821. But as there is no security that such may not be the case, and as such changes, when they do occur, must be injurious either to the landlord or tenant, it is for the interest of both parties to provide as far as possible

against their operation, which, as we shall afterwards show, may be done by making the rent a certain quantity of produce.

II. We have next to consider the second of these four modes of fixing rent; namely, that which makes it a certain *proportion of the produce*. On a superficial view of the subject, this mode may perhaps seem one of the least objectionable, as it guards, in some measure, against the disturbing effects of variations in the seasons; for supposing the proportion of the produce paid to the landlord as rent to be a fourth, and that the produce in a good year is equal to 100 quarters, and in a bad year to only 80, it is plain that 25 quarters in the one case is no greater, or is rather, indeed, a lesser burden than 20 in the other. It is contended also, that a proportional rent cannot operate as any material check on improvements; for, as the tenant knows beforehand what proportion of the produce arising from an improvement would go to the landlord, he has only to consider whether it would yield him, over and above this deduction, the common and ordinary rate of profit, and repay him his capital during the currency of his lease; and if an improvement would do this, the fair presumption, we are told, is, that the tenant would immediately undertake it.

But notwithstanding what has now been stated, we cannot help considering this mode of fixing the rent of land as the very worst that can be devised, and we do not believe it possible that the agriculture of any country in which it is adopted, can be in a really flourishing condition. The widest experience shows that, practically speaking, tenants never make any real or considerable improvement, unless when they believe they will be allowed to reap the whole advantage arising from it. It is in vain to contend that the tenant knows the proportion of the increased produce that will go to the landlord, and that if the remaining portion be a due return on his capital, it will be for his interest to lay it out. Not one tenant amongst 10,000 would so act. There are always very considerable hazards to be run by those who embark capital in agricultural improvements; and if to these hazards were added the obligation to pay to the landlord a half, a third, or a fourth of the gross produce arising from an improvement, either none would ever be attempted by a tenant, or at least none that required a considerable outlay of capital, or where the prospect of return was not very immediate. If we would have enterprising tenants, and a flourishing and improving system of agriculture, we must give the tenants perfect security that they shall possess their farms for a reasonable period, and reap, during the currency of their lease, the entire benefit arising from whatever improvements they may execute. If landlords encroach on either

of these principles, or insist on immediately sharing in the benefit resulting from improvements effected by the industry, skill and capital of their tenants; they will effectually prevent their being undertaken. Let us consider for a moment the effect of tithe: When the tenant pays a composition or fixed money rent of so much an acre to the incumbent, tithe is either no discouragement to improvement, or but a very slight one. But wherever tithe is exacted in kind, it operates in this respect most powerfully and prejudicially. Now if such be, as it unquestionably is, the effect of a tithe, or tax of one-tenth of the produce, how prodigiously would its operation be increased if it were three, four, or five times that amount, and rigidly exacted? And it is plain that if rents were not fixed, but fluctuating quantities; if they formed a certain proportion, as a half, a third, or a fourth of the produce of farms, they would be to all intents and purposes the same in their operation on the farmer and on agriculture, as if tithe, instead of being 10, were 50, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, or 25 per cent. of the produce. Had such been the mode of fixing the rent of land generally adopted in Great Britain, we firmly believe that agriculture would not have been at this moment more improved than it was in the reign of James I. or Charles I.

Besides the effects which this mode of letting land must have in checking the spirit of improvement, and in reducing agriculture to a mere system of routine, it is clear that it must be a fruitful source of perjury and fraud. A rent which is a certain proportion of the produce must necessarily vary from year to year, with the variations in that produce. Unless, therefore, the landlord or his agent look very carefully indeed after the proceedings of his tenants, he is sure to be cheated; and it is hardly possible for him, do what he will, to obviate fraud. The tendency of this system is thus, in fact, twofold: in the first place it is almost certain that it will effectually extinguish every germ of agricultural improvement; and in the second place, it will deeply imbue the agriculturists with some of the worst and most degrading vices; leading them to found their hopes of improving their condition, not on the fair exercise of their industry and talent, but on the success of their schemes to defraud their landlords.

But it is not necessary that we should argue this question speculatively. The practice of letting lands by proportional rents has unfortunately been very widely introduced; and wherever it has been adopted it has put a stop to all improvement, and reduced the cultivators of the land to a state of the most abject poverty. Previously to the Revolution, about *seven-eighths* of the whole surface of France were occupied by *metayers*—that is, by a *species* of tenants paying a certain proportion, generally a half,

and hardly ever less than a third, of the produce to the landlord; the latter sometimes furnishing the tenants with the oxen and other cattle used in farming, and a portion of the seed—and sometimes not. Even if we were totally unacquainted with the facts of the case, we might confidently pronounce, *à priori*, that such a system must have been ruinous in the extreme. In England, it is not supposed that the rent paid to the landlords amounts to more than between a fourth and a fifth part of the entire produce. What then must be the effect of subjecting the cultivators of a country like France, where the rent of land is naturally lower than in England, to so excessive a demand as that of a half, or even a third of the produce? Can any one be surprised to learn that French agriculture, at the era of the Revolution, was in the most wretched condition, and the occupiers of lands sunk in the abyss of poverty and misery? Nor is this system less injurious to the interests of the proprietor than to those of the cultivator. The landlord gets, indeed, a large proportion of the produce raised upon his estate; but owing to the degraded condition of agriculture, and the wretchedness of the tenants, caused by the exorbitancy of his demands, the produce raised is comparatively trifling; so that the *half* that belongs to the landlord under this miserable system is not nearly so large as the share falling to him would be were the rents moderate and fixed, and the tenants allowed to reap all the advantage arising from whatever skill and talent they might exert. The tenants having little or no interest in the proper treatment of the stock furnished by the landlords, the latter are perpetually losing by its mismanagement or destruction. “In this most detestable of all modes of letting land,” says Arthur Young, whose *Travels in France and Lombardy* contain a vast deal of information on this subject, “after running the hazard of such losses, fatal in many instances, the defrauded landlord receives a contemptible rent; the farmer is in the lowest state of poverty; the land is miserably cultivated; and the nation suffers as severely as the farmers themselves.” Where the stock is wholly furnished by the tenants, they are not quite so poor; but even in this case their condition is decidedly worse than that of a day-labourer in other countries; agriculture is at the lowest ebb, and no improvement is either attempted, or even so much as thought of.

The Revolution had the effect of converting many occupiers of land into proprietors, and by doing so, lessened in so far the intolerable evils of the *metayer* system. Still, however, that system is upheld, in all its pristine vigour, in more than a half of the whole kingdom of France; and in all those districts where it exists, the state of agriculture, and the condition of the occupiers, are quite as wretched as at the period described by Mr. Young.

In proof of what we have now stated, we beg to subjoin the following passage from a very valuable article on the Present State of French Agriculture, in the number of the *Revue Trimestrielle* for April, 1828.

“ Where the proprietors do not cultivate their own estates, nothing has so much influence on their cultivation as the mode in which they are let. In France that mode is in general detestable. With the exception of Flanders, and of a very small number of provinces where the system of cultivation by a rotation of crops has been long adopted, the duration of leases is far too short to enable the farmer to indemnify himself for the outlay which the introduction of a new system of cultivation would require, and to derive any profit from it. Indeed, in a very large part of the kingdom, in all the central provinces, farmers are hardly known. The land is cultivated by unfortunate metayers, who engage to occupy it for a period of three years, and to perform the various operations required in its husbandry, paying half the produce to the proprietor as rent. The metayer furnishes his labour, his ignorance, and his good appetite ; the proprietor supplying an exhausted soil, the stock indispensable to its petty farming, the grain required for the first sowing, and that which may be required for the support of the metayer and his family until the first harvest. The metayer works, sows, reaps, and feeds on the produce. After he and his family are fed the proprietor gets the remainder. Sometimes a middleman, under the name of a farmer, is interposed between the landlord and the metayer. This third party is, for the most part, a cunning inhabitant of the village, who agrees to pay the landlord a certain rent, independent of variations of harvests, acquiring in return a right to his share of the produce raised by the metayer. The middleman takes no part in the labours of cultivation, but he attends at all the harvestings of the metayer ; he follows him to every market to get his half of the price of the produce. His art consists in getting more than this half ; as he knows how to read and write, of which the other is most commonly ignorant, he is able to confuse the metayer's accounts, and finally to plunder him. Under this master, who is constantly present, the condition of the metayer is still more miserable. The middleman, who has some capital, regularly pays the rent to the proprietor ; he makes little speculations on the sale of his produce, and sometimes becomes rich. This division is very convenient for the proprietor, whom it releases from the necessity of all surveillance, and to whom it affords some security for the payment of his rent ; but it is destructive of agriculture, because it keeps the metayer in a state of extreme indigence, who would cultivate less badly were he allowed to make any profits or savings in abundant years ; it hinders him from ever rising to the condition of a petty farmer ; it puts the reward due to labour into the pockets of fraud. Not less, perhaps, than a half of the whole kingdom of France is occupied by metayers ; and the proprietors whose estates are so let, are hardly able to introduce a different system ; for in the provinces where this miserable mode of occupying land is general, those who have capital and skill, and who consequently might cultivate land with advantage, become middlemen ; so that the business of cultivation is entirely carried on by the

poorest and most ignorant persons. Agriculture is there really the most abject and degraded of all employments."

Such is the striking and, we know, authentic account of the depressed and miserable state of French agriculture at this moment under the metayer system. "*La France*," says the same writer, "*est restée stationnaire dans presque tous les procédés de la culture.*" And so long as this mode of letting land, and the equal partition of landed property amongst all the children of a family, is continued, it would be absurd to expect that it should improve. While these practices are permitted to subsist, France can enjoy no real or lasting prosperity; for no country can be prosperous, the land of which is divided into small patches, occupied by a beggarly population, without either skill or capital; and who, though they possessed both, have no motive to exert the one or employ the other.

"The condition of the French metayers," says an advocate of this system, "is constantly the same; the son occupies exactly the same place as his father; he never thinks of becoming richer, and cares not for political changes. We are tempted to believe that we behold an Indian *caste* irrevocably attached, through the influence of religion, to the same trade and the same practices. In several provinces the metayers form *nine-tenths of the population*; and having continued stationary for four or five centuries, they are necessarily very far behind the rest of the nation."*

An evil so deeply rooted, and so interwoven with all the customs and habits of society, cannot be either easily or speedily eradicated. It may, however, be expected, that ultimately the landlords will open their eyes to their own interest, and see the propriety of exerting themselves to introduce a better system. To accomplish this desirable object two things are quite indispensable; first, the granting of leases of a reasonable duration; and second, the fixing of the rent in money, or in a given quantity of produce. So long as the present mode of either granting no leases at all, or leases for only three years, and exacting a half or a third of the produce as rent, is continued, it would be vain to expect that agriculture should make the least progress, or that the occupiers should ever rise above their present miserable condition. The want of capital would at first prevent the land from being let in considerable portions, but as capital accumulated they might be increased. Where no tenants possessed of capital could be found, the landlords might do as they do at present, they might advance the capital to the tenants; but in this case the advance ought not to be made as a loan, but as a *free gift*. It is visionary to suppose that a farmer will ever take the same care of

* Sismondi, *Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique*, tome i. p. 196.

capital belonging to another, that he will do of his own; and though the plan now proposed would occasion an immediate apparent loss to the landlord, it would prove in the end no loss, but an immense gain to him; it would give a stimulus to agriculture which it will never receive by any other means, and the landlord would be the great gainer by that improvement of his estate which the abolition of the present system, and the introduction of a better one in its stead, would infallibly occasion.

The Metayer system is spread over almost all Italy, and it is there very little, if at all, less injurious than in France.

"If the intelligence with respect to the produce of wheat," says Mr. Young, speaking of Lombardy, "which I received be reviewed, it will be found at an average varying from five to seven-and-a-half times the seed, generally between five and six; suppose the latter number, and we shall, with reason, be amazed at the miserable products of this rich plain, in every thing except grass and silk. The average soil of England cannot be compared with the average soil of Lombardy, yet our mean produce is eleven times the seed, perhaps twelve. Every one must be curious to know the causes of such wretched crops; I attribute them to various circumstances, but the predominant cause must be sought for in the small farms, occupied either by little peasant proprietors, or, what is more general, by metayers. This abominable system of letting land is the origin of most of the evils found in agriculture, wherever the method prevails. Such poor farmers, who in every part of Italy where I have been, are so miserable that they are forced to borrow of the landlord even the bread they eat, before the harvest comes round, are utterly unable to perform any operation of their culture with the vigour of a substantial tenantry; this evil pervades every thing in a farm; it diffuses itself imperceptibly to a common eye, into circumstances where none would seek it. There are but few districts where lands are let to the occupying tenant at a money rent, but wherever it is found, *there* crops are greater; a clear proof of the imbecility of the metaying system; yet there are politicians, if they deserve the name, everywhere to be found, who are violent against changing these metayers for farmers; an apparent depopulation is said to take place, and the same stupid arguments are heard that we have been pestered with in England against the union of farms. Men reason against that improvement of their lands, which is the natural progress of wealth and prosperity, and are so grossly absurd as to think that doubling the produce of a country will deprive it of its people." *

Cicero has somewhere said, that there is no opinion so absurd that it has not found a philosopher to support it; and it need not, therefore, have surprized Mr. Young that the metayer system should have had its advocates; but what is more singular,

* Young's Travels in France, &c. 2d edit. vol. ii. p. 216.

they are not yet extinct. M. Sismondi, in his work already quoted, does not scruple to affirm that "cultivation by metayers, or occupiers paying half the produce, is one of the happiest inventions of the middle ages; that it contributes powerfully to diffuse happiness amongst the lower classes, to carry the soil to the highest pitch of cultivation, and to accumulate the greatest amount of capital upon it."—(Tome i. p. 192—194.) The reputation which M. Sismondi has acquired as an historian, to which we recently endeavoured to do justice, must be our apology for calling the reader's attention to such statements. To suppose that a system of occupancy which robs the cultivator of almost all the fruits of superior industry and ingenuity, can be a means of contributing to the advancement of agriculture, or the accumulation of capital, is a proposition of which it is unnecessary to say more than that it contradicts and confutes itself. And in point of fact we are told by the late celebrated Italian economist, Gioja, in a review of M. Sismondi's work, in the *Biblioteca Italiana*, (Aug. 1827,) that wherever agriculture is in a flourishing state in Italy, the land is occupied by tenants holding under a lease, and paying a fixed rent. The same distinguished economist published a valuable work in 1803, entitled, *Discussione Economica sul Dipartimento d'Olona*;—a department which, under the French regime, comprised Milan and the surrounding territory. In this work M. Gioja has entered at considerable length into an examination of the state of agriculture in the Milanese, of which his account is any thing but flattering. Among the causes which have depressed it, he lays the greatest stress on the too great division of the land, and, next to it, on the metayer system. "Industry," says he, "is in proportion to the probable gain or loss; but when the metayer must give half the produce to his landlord, he has only half the motive to be industrious that he would have, and feels only half the injury from being idle that he would do, were he paying a fixed rent. It is plain, therefore, that industry must suffer by such a system; the object of the metayer is to cheat with address, not to farm better."—(p. 54.) And M. Gioja shows that this system, by preventing the accumulation of capital, has been one of the main causes that have led to that excessive sub-division of the land that has taken place in some districts, and which in Italy, as elsewhere, has been productive of the very worst consequences.

But it is not necessary that we should resort to the works of others for a refutation of M. Sismondi's statements with respect to the good effects of the metayer system. One of his earliest works was a View of the Agriculture of Tuscany, (*Tableau de*

Agriculture Toscane, Geneve, 1801,) in which he has depicted the abject poverty and idleness of the peasantry under this, his now favourite system, in the most striking terms. In the table of contents attached to this volume, the following occur among other references:—"Misery of the peasantry;" "those who hold under leases, more economical, and richer;" "all the metayers in debt;" "disadvantages of cultivation by metayers;" "metayers unable to execute their work at the proper time;" "contract careless and indolent habits," &c. Speaking of the situation of the metayers in a bad year, M. Sismondi states:—

"As they possess nothing, they would then literally be compelled to die of hunger, (*mourir de faim*), if they were not assisted by the proprietors, who rarely refuse making them a loan upon security of the ensuing crop. Their debts are paid after the vintage, but before winter is over new ones are contracted. Of ten metayers there is hardly one to be found who owes nothing to his master."—p. 212.

"The metayer lives from hand to mouth. He has rarely any corn in store; and still more rarely any oil or wine. He sells his oil when in the press, and his wine when in the vat. He has no provision of salt meat, butter, cheese, leguminous plants, &c. His kitchen utensils are of earthenware; and the furniture of his cottage consists only of a table and some wooden chairs, one or two boxes, and a miserable bed, on which father, mother, and children sleep. When the division of General Vatraïn pillaged the Val di Nievole in 1792, the peasants reaped this advantage from their poverty, that when they had concealed their wearing apparel and their wives' jewels, they had nothing more to lose."—p. 214.

And such is their idleness, that "a hired labourer will execute three times as much work in a day as a metayer."—p. 216.

Such, according to M. Sismondi, was the condition of the Tuscan metayers, and such the actual results of the working of that system which he now tells us is a "happy invention," a "means of diffusing prosperity among the lower classes!" We admit the maxim *de gustibus non est &c.*; but at the same time we must say, that a panegyric on Nero or Cæsar Borgia, from our republican historian, could not have more surprised us than his eulogy of metayer farming.

M. Lullin de Chateauvieux, who has given a very interesting account of the present agricultural state of Italy, and whose leanings are rather on the side of the metayer system, shows that the condition of the occupiers of the Val d'Arno is as unsatisfactory as possible.

"An immense population," says he, "is supported on the produce of land thus distributed, but with extreme economy, and it is never able to lay by anything as a reserve against unfavourable years. It is neither the fertility of the soil, nor the abundance, that strikes the eye of the traveller, which constitutes the well-being of the inhabitants. It

is the number of individuals among whom the total produce is divided, which fixes the proportion that each is enabled to enjoy. Here it is very small. I have thus far, indeed, exhibited a delightful country, well-watered, fertile, and covered with a perpetual vegetation; I have shown it divided into countless enclosures, which, like so many beds in a garden, display a thousand varying productions; I have shown that to all these enclosures are attached well-built houses, clothed with vines, and decorated with flowers; but, on entering these houses, *we find a total want of all the conveniences of life, a table more than frugal, and a general appearance of privation*; the occupiers of them are not the proprietors; they only farm them, paying in kind half the produce to the landlord.*

In speaking of the metayers of Lombardy, M. de Chateaubieux observes,—“Always destitute of the means of acquiring capital, they remain stationary in their situation; the result is a torpor which nothing but the want of food can overcome.”—(p. 46.) And in the most fertile districts of Naples, he found the metayers complaining of their abject condition; and that whenever the the season happened to be an unfavourable one, they suffered the severest privations.

In ascribing the invention of the metayer system to the middle ages, M. Sismondi does not seem to be more accurate than in his estimate of its advantages. It is a system that might naturally be expected to grow up in a rude state of civilization, wherever considerable tracts of land had become the property of particular individuals. The advantages of granting leases of a reasonable length, at a fixed rent, are not then distinctly perceived either by the landlords or tenants; and it seems a plain and advantageous method for both parties, that the tenant should occupy and work the land, paying to the owner a certain share of the produce. In Eastern countries this mode of occupying land seems to have existed from the earliest period, and it also prevailed in ancient Italy. The early Roman farmers were, in fact, metayers. The stock on the farm belonged wholly to the landlord, and the occupier received a certain proportion of the produce, varying according to the productiveness of the farm, in return for his labour in working it. The occupier of land upon these terms is called by Cato—the earliest of the extant writers *de Re Rusticâ*—a *politor*, or *polintor*, from his business being that of a cultivator or dresser of land; and sometimes a *colonus partiaris*, from his being in a sort of co-partnership with the landlord, and entitled to a share of the produce of the farm. This is the only description of farmers of whom Cato speaks: in his days, indeed, a great part of Italy belonged to the resident owners of small estates, and was cultivated directly by them; the few large estates of the non-

* We quote from Rigby's translation, p. 78.

resident landlords being then more generally occupied by the slaves and servants of the owner, under the superintendence of a steward or bailiff, (*villicus*), than by metayers. Cato mentions, that in his day, when the finest land was let to a *politor*, or *colonus partiaris*, he received an eighth part of the produce; that in the second best land, he received a seventh; and in the third a sixth. (*De Re Rusticâ*, § 137.) It will be observed, however, in accounting for the small share of the produce received by the Roman metayers, that besides the land and live stock, the landlord furnished the seed and all the implements made use of on the farm. It is further conjectured by Dickson,* and apparently with much probability, that the labourers on farms occupied by *politors* were mostly slaves, and that they were furnished by the landlord as well as the labouring cattle. It is certain, too, that besides his share of the crops of wheat, &c., or of the produce commonly so called, the *politor*, or *colonus partiaris*, had perquisites of milk, fruits, and garden-stuff, produced by his farm, sufficient to supply his family.

Still, however, this system, and that of cultivating land by slaves employed on account of the proprietors, were as destructive of the agriculture of ancient Italy, as the metayer system is of its modern cultivation, or predial slavery of the cultivation of Russia. In the early ages of the republic, when the lands were generally divided into small portions mostly occupied and farmed by the owners themselves, agriculture was comparatively flourishing; but instead of improving with the increase in the capital of the state, and the size of properties, it gradually declined. The cause of this anomaly is to be found in the prevalence of the metayer system and of slave labour. Agriculture carried on under such a mode of occupancy and with such instruments could not but degenerate. It was not, as Columella has observed, from an increasing sterility of the soil that the harvests had become less productive, but because the labourers in the latter years of the republic, and under the imperial government, were mostly slaves, and because from the prevailing mode of letting land, the farmers, even when free, had no sufficient motive to exert themselves.

We have said that the mode of letting land to *coloni partiaris* was the most prevalent in ancient Italy; but there can be no doubt that in the days of Columella there were free farmers, or *liberi coloni*, who occupied their lands under a lease for a money rent, somewhat in the mode in which farms are now occupied in this country. This may be fairly inferred from the statements in the eighth chapter of the first book of Columella, which contains

* Husbandry of the Ancients, vol. i. p. 60.

instructions as to the mode in which landlords should treat their tenants. That the rent paid by these tenants was rated in money, seems evident from the circumstance of Columella recommending to the landlords not to be rigorous with respect to the term of payment, without, however, neglecting to demand the rent, because as he observes, good debts by not being called for often become bad ones. It is likewise evident that the cattle upon the farms of the *liberi coloni* were their property: for Columella gives as a reason for letting to such tenants, that when the landlord was absent, being obliged to trust the management to servants, the oxen and other cattle were ill-treated and ill-fed; but this, it is clear, could not have been a reason for letting, had the cattle upon the farm, after it was let, been still the property of the landlord.*

With respect to the duration of the leases of farms occupied by *liberi coloni* no very satisfactory information can be obtained. The public lands belonging to the state were let for periods of five years, and it is most probable that such was also the usual endurance of the leases on private estates.

But, as has been already stated, the far greater part of Italy was occupied either by *coloni partiarrii*, or by slaves or servants working on account of absentee proprietors, so that its agriculture instead of improving actually retrograded.

The preceding remarks will, we trust have satisfied our readers that in whatever way the rent of land may be made payable, it ought not to be by a proportional share of the produce. This is the very worst of all the possible methods of letting land; and it is idle to look for either flourishing agriculture or respectable tenants where it prevails.

III. We come now to the third method of fixing rents. According to this mode, the rent is a given quantity of produce, usually made convertible into money at the ordinary prices of the day. This, though justly chargeable with some considerable defects, seems on the whole to be the least exceptionable method that can be proposed. It affords the best attainable security against changes in the value of the currency, and it has no effect whatever in damping the tenant's exertions, or thwarting the progress of his improvements, as he knows that every bushel of produce he can raise beyond the fixed quantity payable to his landlord is entirely his own. It is defective, however, inasmuch as it imposes on the farmer the necessity of paying more than the fair value of his farm in unfavourable years; while in favourable years the landlord gets less rent than he ought to receive. But it is very difficult, or rather, we believe, quite impracticable, under

* Dickson's Husbandry of the Ancients, vol. i. p. 74.

any system, completely to obviate the effect of these disturbing causes. A device has however, been fallen upon, by which it has been very much lessened. This consists in fixing a *maximum* and a *minimum* price; it being declared in the lease that the fixed quantity of produce to be paid to the landlord shall be converted into money according to the current prices of the year; but that to whatever extent prices may rise above the maximum price fixed in the lease, the landlord shall have no claim to such excess of price. By means of this check the tenant is protected from paying any very great excess of rent in scarce years. On the other hand, to prevent the rent from being improperly reduced in very plentiful years, a minimum price is agreed upon by the parties, and it is stipulated that to whatever extent prices may sink below this limit, the landlord shall be entitled to receive this minimum price for the fixed quantity of produce payable to him. It is quite impossible under any system, however complicated, so to regulate the rent of land that it shall always be the fair equivalent of the rent contemplated by the parties when the lease was contracted. But it seems to us that, all things considered, a fixed produce-rent would—with the proposed checks to counteract the disturbing effects of unusual scarcity or abundance—afford the greatest attainable security both to the landlord and tenant. We may add too that this is not a speculative opinion. The plan now proposed has been extensively introduced into many of the best-cultivated districts of the empire. In East Lothian and Berwickshire, farms are very generally let in this way. And we have the authority of the best practical agriculturists for saying, that the experience of all those estates in which this mode has been adopted has proved it to be as effectual as can well be desired for the protection of the just rights of both parties, and for securing the progress of agricultural improvement.

It has been objected, however, to this plan that the price of grain is no just criterion of the price of stock; that though it may answer very well for farms kept chiefly in tillage, it would be a very fallacious mode of determining the rent of grass land. But wherever lands are used for the purposes of grazing only, it is seldom necessary that leases of them should be of such duration as leases of tillage farms; so that the rents might in most cases be fixed in money, without either the landlord or tenant running any considerable risk of being inconvenienced by fluctuations in its value. But wherever it is expedient for the purposes of good husbandry that farms, appropriated to a considerable extent to the raising or fattening of live stock, should be let on leases of nineteen or twenty-one years, the rent might be made to consist partly of a fixed quantity of grain, and partly of a fixed quantity of

beef; the latter being convertible into money, in the mode, and under the checks, already pointed out in the case of corn rents. This would completely obviate the objection referred to; and in cases where farms are employed either equally or about equally for the purposes of tillage and feeding, a mixed rent of this sort would give greater security to both landlord and tenant. It would no doubt give more complexity to the system, and would therefore be less applicable to small farms; but on large farms there could be no difficulty in acting upon it, were it thought advisable.

IV. We may observe, with respect to the fourth method of letting land already referred to, that anciently, in most countries, a very considerable proportion of the land not in the immediate possession of the owners was held by its occupiers on the condition of their furnishing the owners with certain quantities of labour, or of services. In so far as these were of an agricultural character, they were commonly performed on that part of their estates which the landlords retained in their own hands. This method of occupancy grew out of the state of the cultivators of the soil, in most European countries, after the destruction of the Roman power and the establishment of the feudal system. The cultivators were then really *adscripti glebæ*; and the land was not valued so much on account of its fertility, its position, or the state of its cultivation, as from the number of serfs or villeins upon it. At the commencement of this system, and long after, the services exigible from the occupiers were quite undefined, and depended entirely on the will of the lord. But as civilization advanced, and a more regular system of law and government was established, the services demandable by the lords from their vassals, or the occupiers of their estates, were gradually limited and defined. In those countries in which the system of predial servitude was early abolished, the mode of paying rents by services speedily fell into disuse; and rents payable according to the metayer system, or money rents, were generally substituted in its stead. But in countries where the system of predial servitude was maintained down to a comparatively recent period, or where it still exists, the nature and amount of the services rendered by the occupiers were regulated either by custom or law; and in the course of time the occupiers frequently acquired a sort of hereditary right to the lands they held, and could not be dispossessed so long as they paid the *corvées* or stipulated services due to the superior landlord. It is needless to dwell on the extreme inexpediency of such a system. That labour which is performed by tenants on the grounds, and for the behoof, of their landlords, is sure to be very slovenly executed. Men never exert themselves with energy and

spirit unless they are working on their own account, and are themselves reaping the advantages resulting from superior industry and enterprise. But the waste of labour it occasioned was not the only injurious circumstance in this system. While the occupier was liable to be called upon at his lord's pleasure to render such services as he might require, it was quite impossible for him to follow any regular or efficient system of cultivation. There was, in truth, no portion of time, and but few articles in his possession, that he could confidently call his own. The security of property amongst the cultivators was completely subverted; and the progress of agriculture, and consequently of society, was effectually arrested. In Great Britain these sort of services are now almost wholly abolished. In Scotland, indeed, vestiges of them existed to a very recent date; and some may, perhaps, still be met with in some of the Highland counties. Their abolition has everywhere been of the greatest service to agriculture; and has, consequently, redounded in a very high degree to the advantage of the landlords. The tenants being relieved from every sort of service, secured in the possession of their farms by leases of a reasonable length, and left to pursue their own interest in their own way, subject only to restrictions preventing them from exhausting the land, have exerted themselves with energy and success, and carried agriculture to a pitch of improvement, that could not previously have been supposed possible.

The account which Lord Molesworth gives of the state of the peasantry in Denmark, at the close of the seventeenth century, may be taken as a fair specimen of the former state of that class in all those countries in which the system of predial servitude was established.

"If," says his lordship, "this be the case of the gentleman and burgher, what can be expected to be that of the poor peasant and boor? In Zealand they are all as absolute slaves as the negroes are in Barbadoes, but with this difference, that their fare is not so good. Neither they, nor their posterity, to all generations, can leave the land to which they belong; the gentlemen counting their riches by their stocks of boors, as here with us by our stocks of cattle; and the more they have of these, the richer they are. In case of purchase, they are sold as belonging to the freehold, just as timber trees are with us. There is no computing there by numbers of acres, but by numbers of boors; who, with all that belongs to them, appertain to the proprietor of the land. Yeomanry, which is the strength of England, is a state not known nor heard of in Denmark; but these poor drudges, after they have laboured with all their might to raise the king's taxes, must pay the overplus of the profit of the lands, and their own toil, to their landlords, who are almost as poor as themselves. If any of these wretches prove to be of a diligent and improving temper, who endeavours to live

a little better than his fellows, and to that end has repaired his farmhouse, making it convenient, neat, or pleasant; it is forty to one but he is presently transplanted from thence to a naked and uncomfortable habitation, to the end that his griping landlord may get more rent, by placing another on the land that is thus improved: so that in some years 'tis likely there will be few or no farm-houses, when those already built are fallen through age or neglect."*

The Queen Sophia Magdalen had the honour of giving, in 1761, the first example to the Danish proprietors of enfranchising the peasants on her estates. She was immediately followed by the celebrated Count Bernstorff, and subsequently by many other proprietors. In 1786, a commission was established for regulating and fixing the reciprocal rights and duties of the proprietors and serfs. And in 1793 a royal ordonnance was published, which promises considerable advantages to the proprietors who consent to sell a portion of their estates to the cultivators.

The great majority of Hungarian cultivators pay their rents principally in services, and are, though with some modifications, in a state of predial slavery. In order to abate the misery of the peasants, and to set limits to the exactions to which they were exposed, an *urbarium*, or rural code, was issued in 1764, defining the nature and extent of the services which the peasants might be legally called upon to render to their lords. By this *urbarium* the peasant acquired the *jus libera migrationis*; but, practically, this privilege is of little avail; for no peasant can emigrate until he has obtained a certificate, signed by his lord and a judge of the county. The peasants are incapable of acquiring a right of property in land. And, besides the payments in labour and money that they must make to their lords, this *misera contribuens plebs* has to pay almost the whole of the public taxes. If a peasant sustain an injury from his lord, or his lord's steward, he cannot appeal to an impartial tribunal for redress; but must, in the first instance, appeal directly to his lord. The latter is, indeed, attended upon such occasions by a judge of the county, and a sworn assessor; but they attend as witnesses only, and take no part in the proceedings. The peasant has the illusory right of appeal to a superior court. To suppose that industry of any sort should make any progress under such a system, would be the height of absurdity.

Predial servitude is abolished in all the German provinces of the Austrian monarchy. The peasants may everywhere become the proprietors of estates.

In Prussia a very sweeping, and in some respects, perhaps, a too violent, though on the whole a most beneficial change has

* Account of Denmark, in the year 1692.—4th ed. p. 54.

been effected, since 1810, in the occupancy of land. Previously to this period, when the reforms of Baron Stein and Prince Hardenberg commenced, the peasantry or occupiers of land in Prussia were divided into two great classes. The first class comprised those who had acquired a sort of hereditary right to the lands held by them, on condition of their paying a certain rent to the superior lord, consisting sometimes of a certain portion of the produce of the land, sometimes of services, such as we have already described, and sometimes of both. The second class consisted of those whose title to the lands they occupied was either for life only, or for a certain specified number of years. In order totally to subvert the feudal system, to give a stimulus to agriculture by relieving the occupiers from those servitudes which cramped their energies and fettered their operations, and above all, to interest the peasantry in the prosperity of their country, and, consequently, in the subversion of the foreign tyranny by which it was then weighed down, the government had recourse to very strong measures. It was enacted that all those peasants who held perpetual leases, on condition of paying certain quantities of produce, or of performing certain services on account of the proprietors, should, upon giving up *one third* of the land held by them, become the free unconditional proprietors of the other *two thirds*. And with respect to the other class of peasants, or those who occupied lands upon life-leases, or leases for a term of years, it was enacted that they should, upon giving up *half* their farms become the unconditional proprietors of the other half. The first part of this famous edict, or that which had for its object to relieve the hereditary holders of land from the payment of the produce and services to which they were subject, on surrendering a third part of their occupancies, seems entitled to every commendation. The abuses which it went to extirpate were so fatal to the public prosperity, and had, at the same time, become so inveterate, and so deeply entwined with the existing institutions, laws, and habits, that they could not have been destroyed by any less powerful means. But we confess that the other measure, or that which enabled the holders of farms under life-leases, or leases for a term of years, to acquire the absolute property of half the lands they occupied, on surrendering the other half, seems to be an invasion of the right of property, for which no sufficient motive has been assigned, if it be not, perhaps, the desire of rousing the energies of the peasantry, in the struggle in which Prussia was then engaged. But even this, one should think, might have been effected by less violent measures. If the terms on which farms were let were objectionable, a law might have been introduced to amend the mode of letting; and as leases fell out, the abuses would

have been gradually rectified without giving any violent shock to the security of property. But however objectionable the principle of this measure may have been, it has, in connection with the other, given a powerful stimulus to agriculture. The peasantry being relieved, or having it in their power to relieve themselves from the burdens and servitudes to which they were formerly subjected, have begun to display a vigour and energy hitherto unknown. A new spirit has been infused into all classes; and Mr. Russell mentions, in his interesting and valuable tour in Germany, that those most opposed to the measures in question admit that they have, in the course of a dozen years, carried the country farther forward than it had been carried during the whole previous century. We suspect, however, that there must be some exaggeration in this statement. The ignorance of the cultivators, the prejudices in which they have been educated, and the almost total want of capital, which can be accumulated only by slow changes, oppose obstacles—which it is difficult to suppose can have been yet overcome—to the rapid introduction of an improved system of farming.

In a matter of this sort, Mr. Jacob must be looked upon as a better authority than Mr. Russell; and the account which he has given of the present condition of the small occupiers of land in Prussia, is very unfavourable.

"The new proprietors," he says, "who have been raised to that condition, by the abolition of the ancient feudal tenures, though they can scarcely ever want the bare necessities of life, have very little beyond them. If they happen to be both industrious and economical, their own labour, on the small portion of land which they possess, will supply them with potatoes and some little bread corn, as well as provision for their two oxen. They all grow a small patch of flax, and some contrive to keep five or six sheep. If disposed to labour beyond the time required for their own land, there is a difficulty in obtaining employment; and in the winter months, which are long and severely cold, no agricultural work can be performed. The flax and the wool spun in their cottages must supply the clothing of the family; and the fat of the animals they kill must be converted into soap and candles. Meat of any kind can be rarely afforded to be eaten by such families; and only the few who are more prosperous than their neighbours can keep a cow to supply them with milk. They consume nearly all they produce, and are considered happy if they have a sufficient surplus for sale to meet the demands of a few shillings, annually, for the payment of their trifling taxes and local assessments. It was the universal opinion of all with whom I had any conversation on the topic, that this description of peasants were hitherto in a worse condition than under the old tenures; but as this was attributed to the depression of agriculture, and the want of capital, and of incitement to the large occupiers to employ their spare time, it was not considered to be an impeachment of the wisdom which had planned and executed their emancipation."—*First Report*, p. 19.

But the distress of the peasantry, arising from the depressed state of agriculture in 1825, must be already very much mitigated; and there can be little doubt that their complete emancipation from the state of modified servitude in which they were previously held, and the more general diffusion of instruction amongst them, will ultimately lead to the accumulation of capital, and the introduction of better practices.

Few circumstances deserve to be so much attended to, as influencing the condition of the people of the northern countries of Europe, as the extraordinary increase that has recently taken place in the number of their inhabitants. We are not aware that any sufficiently extensive or careful inquiry has hitherto been made into the causes which have produced this increase,—but it is a topic well worthy of the most deliberate investigation. Perhaps it will turn out that the breaking-up of the old feudal restraints on the peasantry has had, in this respect, no inconsiderable influence. This, however, is not a subject on which we shall at present enter; though we may, perhaps, revert to it on some future occasion.

Much difference of opinion has existed with respect to the expediency of inserting conditions in leases as to management. Those who are adverse to such conditions argue, that being in general framed by the landlord, whose knowledge of the practical business of farming is seldom very accurate or extensive, they are exceedingly apt to proceed on mistaken views, and are for the most part either vexatious or impossible; that the strict observance of conditions can rarely be enforced; that if it were, it would reduce the occupiers to the condition of mere machines; that it would prevent them from taking advantage of such discoveries as might be made during the currency of their leases; and that, having no means of escaping from the prescribed mode of management, they would cease to interest themselves in the progress of agriculture, and would become indifferent to every sort of improvement. Dr. Smith has given the sanction of his authority to these objections. He proposes, in the event of a tax being laid upon rent, that it should be made somewhat heavier on all those farms the tenants of which are bound by their leases to a prescribed mode of management. Such conditions are, he says, the effect of the ill-founded conceit entertained by the landlord of his own superior knowledge, and uniformly tend to the prejudice of agriculture.*

But notwithstanding the plausible nature of some of these ob-

* *Wealth of Nations*, vol. iii. p. 265.

jections, and the high authority by which they are supported, they seem to be; generally speaking, without foundation; and the best practical farmers concur in the opinion that conditions, when judiciously devised, may be of great service to agriculture; and that they ought never to be dispensed with.

This, it must be observed, is not a question that can be decided on the principle of leaving every one to be regulated by his own sense of what is most advantageous, for here we have two parties—the landlord and tenant—each with separate, and often conflicting interests. It is for the landlord's interest that his farm should always be in good order, and more especially that it should be in good order when the lease is about to expire; inasmuch as the rent that it will then bring will depend very much upon this circumstance. But the tenant is in a very different situation; his interest in the farm being limited to the period for which his lease endures, it must, speaking generally, be his object to make the most of it during that period, without caring about the state in which he leaves it. Although, therefore, restrictions as to the mode of cultivation in the early part of a lease of considerable duration may perhaps be fairly objected to, we do not think that any landlord who has a proper sense of his own interest, or who wishes to get his estate restored to him in good order, ought ever to let a farm without prescribing certain conditions as to its management, which it should be imperative on the tenant to follow during the six or seven years immediately preceding the termination of his lease. It is true that these conditions may not always be the best that might be devised, but they can hardly be so defective as to be insufficient to preserve the farm from being over-cropped and exhausted previously to the tenant's leaving it; and if they do this, they must, both in a private and public point of view, be decidedly beneficial.

We have the highest practical authority for saying, that there is nothing more common than for tenants, who are not restricted as to management, materially to injure their own interest, by attempting to overwork and extort too much produce from their farms previously to the expiration of their leases. It is evident, too, that in countries where this pernicious practice is general, though a tenant may enjoy the satisfaction, such as it is, of having wasted his farm before leaving it, the chances are, that if he take another, it will be one where the cupidity and ignorance of his predecessor have been equally active with his own. A vast deal of agricultural capital has been destroyed in consequence of this ruinous practice; and we are quite sure that every intelligent farmer will admit that the interest of the tenants is quite as much promoted as that of the landlords by the insertion of such condi-

tions in leases as may be effectual, without unduly fettering the spirit of individual enterprise, in preventing the occurrence of so great an evil.

It has been supposed that the insertion of conditions in leases with respect to management is a modern invention. Such, however, is not really the case. It is not very easy, indeed, partly from the silence of the original writers, and their inattention to such subjects, and partly also from their having attracted almost no notice from the critics and commentators of modern times, to get any very precise information with respect to the method of managing landed property in antiquity. In Lacedæmon the lands were cultivated by the helots, who seem to have been in nearly the same condition as the *adscripti gleba* of the middle ages. The Spartans were entitled to a share of the produce of the lands; but it is distinctly mentioned that they had no power to increase their demands upon the helots, or to deprive them of their possessions, so long as they paid the fixed burdens.* In Athens, and the other Grecian states, landed properties were not generally extensive, and the proprietors seem, in most instances, to have occupied them directly, most commonly employing slaves, but occasionally also free labourers, in their cultivation. But although there are good grounds for thinking that this was by far the most usual mode of managing landed property, it is certain that it was not the only one; and there can be no doubt that in Greece lands were sometimes let on lease for a considerable number of years, for a fixed money rent, and under conditions with respect to management, which evince a very considerable knowledge of the business of agriculture. Theophrastus mentions that it was usual, in the island of Thasos, for proprietors to let their farms under conditions as to management to prevent the exhaustion of the land by overcropping. M. Reynier conjectures, apparently with much plausibility, that the custom of letting lands in this way had not obtained in Attica, otherwise Theophrastus would not have referred to Thasos for an illustration of the practice.† But specious as this conjecture may appear, it has been ascertained to be without foundation. The attention of the learned world has recently been called to some inscriptions of unquestionable authenticity,‡ brought from Greece many years since, and now in the University of Leyden, which had hitherto been most strangely overlooked, that contain not merely an allusion to the practice of letting land in Attica, but leases actually

* Reynier, *Recherches sur l'Economie Publique des Grecs*, p. 247.

† Id. p. 377.

‡ Given by Boeckh in the great work on ancient inscriptions, (vol. i. p. 132,) now publishing at Berlin, at the expense of the Prussian government.

entered into. One of these inscriptions was found near Mount Hymettus, and is dated in the fourth year of the 108th Olympiad, or 345 years before the Christian era. It is a lease by the Aexonians, the town's people, or demos of Aexone, of a piece of land called the Philais, near Mount Hymettus, to a father and his son for forty years, for 152 drachmas a-year. But as the inscription is exceedingly curious and instructive, we take the liberty to subjoin the following translation of it, which we believe will be found to be sufficiently exact.

"The demos of Aexone let on lease the Philais, to Antocles the son of Auteas, and to Auteas, the son of Antocles, for forty years, for 152 drachmas a-year; the said land to be farmed by them, or planted with trees, as they please; the rent to be paid in the month of Hecatombeon. If they do not pay it they forfeit their security, and as much of the produce as they stand in arrear. The Aexonians are not to sell nor to let the said land, to any one else, until the forty years have elapsed. In case of a loss on the part of the tenants by hostile invasion, no rent to be paid, but the produce of the land to be divided between the Aexonians and the tenants. The tenants are to deliver up half the land fallow, and all the trees upon the land; for the last five years the Aexonians may appoint a vine dresser. The lease to begin with respect to the corn land with Eubulus the Archon entering into office; but with respect to the wood, not before Eubulus goes out of office. The lease to be cut upon stone, to be set up by the magistrates, one copy in the temple of Hebe, the other in the Lesche; and boundary stones (*ἑκατόμβαι*) to be set up upon the land, not less than two tripods on each side. And if a tax should be paid for the land to government, the said tax to be paid by the Aexonians, or if paid by the tenants, to be deducted from the rent. No soil to be carried away by digging of the ground, except from one part of the land to another. If any person makes a motion in contravention of this contract, or puts it to the vote, he shall be answerable to the tenants for the damage."

And there are some further stipulations with respect to the cutting of the olive trees, and the division of the price obtained for them between the Aexonians and the tenants.

Now it appears clearly from this inscription or lease, that the mode of letting land for a money rent, for a considerable number of years, and under conditions with respect to management, must have been well understood in Attica. The terms of the lease are such as indicate a very high state of civilization, and a very considerable knowledge of agriculture. In proof of this it is only necessary to advert to the clause binding the tenants to have half the land in fallow, at the termination of the lease, and to that which authorizes the Aexonians, or lessors, to appoint a vine-dresser for the five years previous to its expiration; the making different entries to the corn and vine lands, the provisions

with respect to the damage that might arise from hostile invasions, and the interdiction of the carrying away any portion of the soil to another farm, all discover a disposition to protect, as far as possible, the just rights and interests of both parties, and to advance the progress of agriculture. The lease cannot be objected to on account of its being for too short a term; in this country it would be thought too long. The English reader will find, in the translation* of the valuable work of Boeckh on the Public Economy of Athens, (vol. ii. p. 15,) an inscription containing a lease of some public lands belonging to the Piræus. The inscription is dated in the 4th year of the 104th Olympiad; the term of the lease is ten years; the rent is made payable by equal portions, in the months of Hecatombæon and Posideon—the first and sixth months; the lands for the first nine years are to be cultivated according to custom; but in the tenth year the half only are to be ploughed. There are besides some stipulations with respect to the securities to be given by the tenants; and the carrying away of wood and earth is prohibited.

We have no such precise information with respect to the mode of letting lands in ancient Italy. It would seem, however, from the statements of Columella, that when farms were let to *liberi coloni*, or free tenants, they were bound to a certain system of management. He recommends to landlords to be more rigid in enforcing conditions than in exacting rent; for, says he, “*ubi sedulò colitur ager, plerumque compendium, nunquam detrimentum affert, eoque remissionem colonus petere non audet.*” (Lib. i. cap. 8.) Pomponius Festus states distinctly that those who let lands were in the habit of stipulating that two corn crops should not be taken in succession.—“*Restibilis ager,*” he observes, “*dicitur qui biennio continuo seritur farreo spico, id est aristato; quod ne fiat, solent qui prædia locant, excipere.*”†

ART. VI.—*La Araucana de Don Alonzo de Ercilla y Zuñiga.*
4 tom. 18mo. Madrid. 1824.

If the natives of what it is the fashion to term the Peninsula, *par excellence*, do not appear fully to participate in the ardour of the passion now prevalent amongst their European brethren for ancestral history and ancestral literature, good and sufficient reasons may be found for this seeming lukewarmness. In other nations

* We believe we are indebted for this translation to Mr. Lewis, son of the Right Hon. Frankland Lewis. It is admirably executed. The preface shows that the translator is not less conversant with the sound principles of economical science than with Grecian and German literature. A French translation of Boeckh's work, by M. Laligant, has also appeared since the English one.

† See *Recherches Historiques sur l'Agriculture chez les Romains*, p. 82.

an exclusive admiration for the classics had produced contempt for native modern genius; a proportionably violent reaction in its favour was the natural consequence. But Spaniards never being induced by any circumstances, external or internal; to undervalue aught connected with themselves, no such oscillation could take place in Spain. Neither has a later French or classical school arisen (some attempts at enforcing the Unities, and a few imitations of the French theatre cannot be so entitled,) by temporarily superseding the writers of the Spanish golden age,* (as the sixteenth century, the era of Spain's political pre-eminence and literary splendour, is fondly termed,) to give them, a second time, the zest of novelty. They held their place steadily though languidly, and if their glory waxed dim, it was because the haughty Don attaches no great importance to literary fame: Spain has, nevertheless, shown herself not wholly unsusceptible of the prevailing influence, having taken the infection, perhaps, during the peninsular war; and those authors upon whom, in the opinion of enlightened foreign critics, her poetical reputation rests, have latterly ranked higher, we believe, in public estimation than at any period since the enthronement of the Bourbon dynasty at Madrid. Modern Spanish poets and critics celebrate their praises: New editions of their works are starting up in their native land, as well as in those countries to which the Spanish *liberales* have fled from the power of Ferdinand the Beloved. One of the fruits of this temperate zeal for old national literature is now before us, in the form of a recent Madrid edition of Ercilla's *ARAUCANA*, and affords us the opportunity of making our readers acquainted with a Poem, of which little beyond the name is in this country commonly known.

The literary ambition of most modern nations has aspired to epic fame, although the poems, upon which such lofty pretensions are founded, differ so widely both from their classical prototypes and from each other, that it is hard to conceive how one denomination may comprehend all. These claims, however, it is not our present intention to discuss. They have been pretty generally advanced and admitted, and thus far no country is entitled to taunt a rival with arrogance. But if many boast their epic poets, Spain alone, to the best of our knowledge, has presumed to bestow upon the object of such partial admiration the venerated name of the Father of the Epopea. Don Alonzo de Ercilla y Zúñiga is denominated by his own countrymen the Spanish Homer; although we must entirely acquit the bard himself of being art or part in this stretch of national vanity. He professes not even to consider

* The literary golden age of Spain includes the first half of the seventeenth century.

his work as an epic poem; calling it, in a prose prologue, a history, speaking of its strict conformity to truth as its chief merit, and assigning, as his reason for hastily publishing the first fifteen cantos*, without further correction, that numbers of eye-witnesses were then still alive, who could testify his veracity, especially with respect to the savage Araucanians, in whose favour he seems to have entertained strong apprehensions of being thought prejudiced. And his apprehensions were not idle, for one of the chief objections made to his poem by native critics has been, and still is, its tendency to exalt the Araucanian rebels above his own countrymen.

We cannot help suspecting that the poet's modesty has proved even more detrimental to his European reputation than the successful disposition which the vain-glory of his compatriot eulogists was calculated to provoke. We ourselves assuredly do not esteem Ercilla another Homer; but that so able a critic as the celebrated author of *La Littérature du Midi de l'Europe* should actually "pook-pook out of court," as a mere *Gazette versifiée*, a poem ranked by Cervantes, no despicable judge, amongst the very best in the Spanish language, and praised even by Voltaire, is, we must confess, to us inexplicable, save upon the supposition that M. de Sismondi did not take the trouble of studying a poem, rated so low by its author, but flung it aside after a hasty random glance at half-a-dozen passages, concluding that, as *ultra-humility* is not the usual predicate of the *genus irritabile vatum*, what Ercilla esteemed history could be but Spanish or Araucanian bulletins. Our judgment of the ARAUCANA is different. As an epic poem it is altogether faulty from deficiency in unity of design, and almost equally imperfect as a poetical history of the Araucanian insurrection, neither closing with the catastrophe of the principal hero and leader, Caupolican, nor proceeding to the end of the war. But, taken as a poetical sketch of part of the insurrection, it possesses many beauties of execution and detail, which, if not of the highest strain of poetry, must rescue it from the designation of a rhyming newspaper. Of these the portraiture of the native Araucanians, of their characters, customs, and feats, is incontestably the chief; and this portraiture derives additional and extrinsic interest from the consideration that the descendants of Ercilla's favourite barbarians have, even to the present day, maintained an effective independence amidst the desolating slavery of their aboriginal countrymen, amidst the oppressive thralldom in which the Creole tyrants of the land themselves were held by the yet more tyrannical mother-country; and from the gratifying hope that now, when the

* The poem was originally published in three parts, at long intervals.

poor remnant of the degraded Indians are admitted to the rights of freemen, the Araucanians, the finest specimen of man perhaps in the New World, may receive the blessings of civilization without loss of liberty. Another charm of the ARAUCANA is the lively interest given to many of the scenes by the author's being an actor in, or an eye-witness of them;—even the marvellous acquires something of this character from the manner in which he has thus personally identified himself with it;—whilst the interspersed autobiographical touches impart a peculiar vivacity and freshness to the whole.

Two Spanish writers have endeavoured to supply Ercilla's deficiencies. D. Diego de Santistevan y Osorio wrote a continuation of the ARAUCANA, in which he carried it on to the end of the insurrection, thus completing the work as a poetical history; and the Licentiate, Pedro de Oña, a Chileno creole, wrote an ARAUCO DOMADO (Arauco subdued) to correct our poet's far more important error, in not exalting some one Spanish hero above the Araucanians. Oña's hero is D. Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, Ercilla's commander. The ARAUCANA itself will show why that nobleman was less honoured by its author. But as poetry after all is the main thing in a poem, the ARAUCANA, with all its faults, is still the pride of Spanish literature; whilst the productions of Don Alonzo's rivals are scarcely known, except to Spanish bibliographers.

After what we have said of the story, to give a regular abstract is out of the question. We shall content ourselves with selecting some of the most characteristic or interesting parts of the poem; and in our translations shall study fidelity to the original—as far as may be compatible with the rhyming shackles of Ercilla's stanza, the Italian *ottava rima*, which for the sake of such fidelity we adopt, rather than the credit of our own versifying powers. We trust the reader will place to the same account some whimsical conceits that may occasionally offend his taste in our extracts. But first a word or two of the poet himself.

Don Alonzo de Ercilla y Zuniga was a Biscayan, and of noble extraction, as the Don prefixed to his name implies, or, to speak more correctly, did then imply; for, "in these degenerate days," the Don seems to have lost its high distinction, and become as common as our own Esquire. His mother was one of the ladies attendant upon the Empress Isabella, wife to Charles V. He was born A.D. 1533, and in his youth was attached to the household of Philip II., whom he followed as a page in various journeys through Italy, Germany, and Flanders, and accompanied to England when the Spanish prince married our Queen Mary. In England Philip received the alarming intelligence of the insurrec-

tion of the never more than half-subdued Araucanians against the *adelantado*, or Governor of Chile. He immediately despatchd thither a new *adelantado*, with whom went Ercilla, then twenty-one years of age, as a volunteer. The governor died upon his voyage, but the volunteer safely reached Lima, or, as the Spaniards more magnificently call it, *La Ciudad de los Reyes*, the City of Kings, and proceeded with the first expedition, sent by the Marquis de Cañete, Viceroy of Peru, under his own son, Don Garcia de Mendoza, to the assistance of the Spaniards in Chile. From that moment our adventurous poet was present in all the scenes he paints. Inspired by their striking character, he wrote his poem upon the spot, recording, in the hours allotted to repose, the feats and labours of the preceding day, often upon fragments of paper so small as to be afterwards with difficulty put together, or upon leather for want of paper. In the midst of the war, conceiving himself wronged by Don Garcia, he left America and returned to Europe, where he married. He was appointed *Gentilhombre de la Camara* to Philip's cousin, the Emperor Maximilian II., but seems to have experienced no favour or patronage from his own gloomy sovereign, of whose neglect he complains bitterly in the last canto of his poem. Finally, upon his wife's death, Ercilla retired to a monastery.

We now proceed to the poem, written under circumstances so remote from the tranquil retirement which has been deemed indispensable to the votary of the muse. The *ARAUCANA* is not only dedicated to Philip, but is throughout addressed to him. We give the opening stanzas, and parts of the description of the Araucanian government and customs.

" I sing not ladies, loves; nor wooing course
By the enamoured cavalier pursued;
Shows, tendernesses, presents, fond resource
Of amorous affection's anxious mood;
But the transcendant prowess, valour, force
Of Spain's heroic sons, whose hardihood
A heavy yoke, by their good weapons' aid,
Upon Arauco the unconquered laid.

" And many a noble action I will sing,
Many an audacious, generous enterprize,
Performed by savages who own no king,
Deservedly that muse may eulogize;
Such eulogies a brighter lustre fling
Upon the Spanish name, since loftiest rise
The victor's praises in the world's esteem
Most formidable when the vanquished seem.

* * * * *

- " Sixteen *caciques* and lords, men of known worth,
 The sovereign authority possess ;
 And never gave barbarian mothers birth
 To warriors of like valour and address,
 Guardians and bulwarks of their native earth !
 Of these in pow'r none greater is, none less :
 Other *caciques* there are, but these, most brave,
 Govern the country their strong arms must save.
- " The chieftain's power of profit yields him nought,
 Attendance in the field is all he gains ;
 That service, when a battle shall be fought,
 His mandate irresistibly constrains ;
 But then by him those vassals must be taught
 All military duties with such pains,
 Such diligence and discipline, that they
 May in war's school henceforth bear master's sway.
- " For children the accustomed exercise,
 Proportioned to the strength their years may yield,
 Is racing, where the mountain side supplies
 A craggy, difficult, precipitous field.
 Whoe'er attains the goal in victor guise,
 Sees by some trifling gift his triumph sealed.
 Thus trained, the youth acquire such wind and speed,
 The very stag in fleetness they exceed.
- " From childhood such the Araucanian plan ;
 The sluggard forced—praise-spurred whoe'er excelled.
 The boy, as he advances tow'rd's the man,
 To harder martial practices is held.
 He in whom watchful eye may weakness scan,
 Unfit for arms, is from war's ranks expelled ;
 He who distinguished in their use appears,
 Earns station fitting his desert and years.
- " In war high charges and pre-eminence
 Are by the inefficient ne'er obtained,
 The claims of lofty birth, of affluence,
 Of rank and heritage, are all disdained ;
 By strength of arm and valour's excellence
 Only, the leader's office can be gained ;
 From these celebrity, importance, flow,
 The stamp of sterling value these bestow.
- * * * * *
- " Each warrior to one weapon's use his arm
 Must dedicate with all his energy,
 Fixing on whichever chanced to charm
 His early boyhood's inexperienced eye.
 With that the foe effectively to harm
 Incessant practising,—from archery

He must abstain the ponderous mace's blow
Who deals,—from mace and spear who bends the bow.

“ When council and a general accord
Are needed, this their never-changing use ;
The chief, *caciques* meet round the festive board,
And revel in their *chicha's** maddening juice,
Our wine that emulates ; whatever lord
Tidings that such assembly should produce
First learns, despatches messengers around
To all *caciques* who rule Araucan ground.

“ Then, in full senate the *caciques* arrayed,
He who assembled them his motive states,
The which by them considered well, and weighed,
A remedy is sought 'midst loud debates ;
But once resolved, once a conclusion made,
Who'er in judgment differs from his mates
Thenceforth no more opposes their decree,
Ruled by the will of the majority.

“ If serious opposition there be not,
Then to the baser and expectant crowd,
Hov'ring athirst for tidings round the spot,
Is the new ordinance proclaimed aloud :
But should division, save by battle's lot
Not to be reconciled 'twixt chieftains prond,
Arise, that to the nation is made known,
Whilst sounds their barb'rous music's noisiest tone.

“ This military senate's chosen seat
Embow'ed amidst a thousand forests lies,
Where, most profusely, flow'rets fair and sweet
Adorn the open glade with various dyes ;
Where sometimes trees' o'erhanging branches meet,
Waved gently by soft zephyr's am'rous sighs,
Where a pellucid, deep, and peaceful brook,
Meandering, seeks the meadow's furthest nook.

“ A race unknowing God or laws divine ;
But him, Heav'n's outcast Angel, they respect ;
To him, the gift of prophecy assign,
Incessant hymn his praise, profess his sect ;
And, off'ring guilty worship at his shrine,
Invoke his pow'r their wishes to effect ;
Whate'er they from his oracle receive,
Be't good or ill, they faithfully believe.

* A fermented and intoxicating beverage, found amongst almost all the tribes of South America.

" The battle's fate whenever they would try,
 Him they consult, with each unhallowed rite ;
 If he encourage not, however high
 For blood be their barbarian appetite,
 'Tis bridled ; care there's none of empery
 For which they seek not the accurst one's might :
 Eponamon they call him, and bestow
 His name on such as reckless valour show."

The poet, after celebrating the successful resistance of Arauco and southern Chile to the powerful Incas of Peru, and their six years' struggle against the Spaniards prior to their first submission, describes an assembly of the *caciques*, summoned to organize an insurrection against their foreign masters. They begin, according to established rule, by a banquet ; and, when all are thoroughly heated by large draughts of *chicha*, a desperate quarrel, respecting the choice of a leader, occurs. Eight heroes are nearly coming to blows despite the efforts of their humbler or soberer comrades, but listen to the remonstrances of a wise old *cacique*, named Colocolo. This speech is esteemed by Voltaire Ercilla's master-piece, and far superior to Nestor's speech in the first book of the *Iliad*. It is undoubtedly good, and perhaps better calculated to allay the disputants' angry passions than Nestor's eulogies of his own wisdom, and exaltation of the contemporaries of his youth above his actual auditors. Nevertheless, as there are parts of the Araucana which please us better than Colocolo's eight stanzas of admonition, we shall translate only the last two, stating the substance of the first six. He renounces his own just claims to the station of general on account of his age ; he praises all the candidates ; reproves them for admitting emotions of pride whilst enslaved by the Spaniards ; exhorts them to turn their rage against the common enemy instead of individual rivals ; and thus proceeds to the point in dispute :—

" Alike ye all are powerful and brave ;
 Equality of birth, of ancestry,
 Of dignity and opulence, Heav'n gave
 To all, distributed impartially ;
 And every one to govern or to save
 A world, has questionless ability.
 Such office, proffered erst, ye did not prize,
 And thence our present miseries arise.

" In your strong arms with perfect confidence
 I trust, to remedy each transient ill ;
 But first a sovereign chief, whose eminence
 May rule the war with unrestricted will,
 Must be selected. Our unbiassed sense
 To show—since equal all in valour, skill—

Be't he whose shoulders longest can support
A massive beam.—To strength let us resort !”

This singular test of generalship is unanimously approved and adopted. The candidates for sovereignty successively take upon their shoulders a tree, whose weight Ercilla fears to mention, bearing their load for various periods of time, from four to fourteen hours. Lincoya, the last, runs about with it for a day and a night, sinking the second day at noon. But, in the midst of his triumph, arrives Caupolican, the ablest, bravest, and best of Araucanians. He carries the tree two days and two nights, flinging it away with a bound when the sun rises for the third time. All present exclaim that such shoulders are fit to bear the burthen of government; and we are now told that Colocolo had devised this whimsical trial in order to insure the election of Caupolican, the properest leader, as well as the strongest man amongst the *caciques*, but who had not reached the senate at the time of the altercation.

Caupolican's conduct of the war we shall not detail; but from the many battles, which constitute the greater part of the poem, we shall select some striking and interesting passages. Valdivia, the original conqueror and *adelantado* of Chile, being startled from a state of negligent security by tidings of the insurrection, marches with a handful of men towards Arauco. A friendly Indian warns him that 20,000 armed Araucanians await him beyond the frontier. The Spaniards are staggered at the news; but Valdivia, thinking it probably too late to retreat, exclaims,

‘How, valiant cavaliers!
Can enemies unseen awake our fears?’

“Without more argument, his gallant steed
He spurred, and o'er the border led the way;
His troops, their limbs by one strong effort freed
From terror's chill, followed in close array.
Onward they press.—The opening hills recede
Spain's chief Araucan fortress to display—
Over the plain in scattered ruins lie,
Those walls that seemed destruction to defy!

“Valdivia, checking his impetuous course,
Cried, ‘Spaniards! Constancy's own favourite race!
Fall'n is the castle, in whose massive force,
My hopes had found their dearest resting-place;
The foe, whose treachery of this chief resource
Has robbed us, on the desolated space
Before us lies; more, wherefore, should I say?
Battle alone to safety points the way!’”

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" Danger and present death's convulsive rage
 Breed in our soldiers strength of such high strain,
 That fear begins the fury to assuage
 Of Araucanian bosoms ; from the plain
 With shame they fly, nor longer battle wage,
 Whilst shouts arise of ' Victory ! Spain ! Spain !'
 When checking Spanish joy, stern Destiny
 By wondrous means fulfils her fixed decree !

" The son of a Cacique whom friendship's bands
 Allied to Spain, had long in page's post
 Attended on Valdivia, at his hands
 Receiving kindness ; in the Spanish host
 He came.—Strong passion suddenly expands
 His heart, beholding troops, his country's boast,
 Forsake the field. With voice and port elate,
 Their valour thus he strives to animate.

" ' Unhappy nation, whom blind terrors guide !
 Oh, whither turn ye your bewildered breasts ;
 How many centuries' honour and just pride
 Perish upon this field with all your gests !
 Forfeiting what inviolate abide,
 Laws, customs, rights, your ancestors' bequests.
 From free-born men, from sov'reigns feared by all,
 Ye into vassalage and slavery fall.

" ' Ancestors and posterity ye stain,
 Inflicting on the gen'rous stock a wound
 Incurable, an everlasting pain,
 A shame whose perpetuity knows no bound.
 Observe your adversaries' prowess wane ;
 Mark how their horses, late that spurn'd the ground,
 Now drooping pant for breath, whilst bathed all o'er
 Are their thick heaving flanks with sweat and gore.' "

" ' On memory imprint the words I breathe,
 Howe'er by loathsome terror ye're distraught ;
 A deathless story to the world bequeath,
 Enslaved Arauco's liberation wrought !
 Return ! reject not victory's offered wreath,
 When fate propitious calls, and prompts high thought !
 Or in your rapid flight an instant pause
 To see me singly perish in your cause !'

" With that the youth a strong and weighty lance
 Against Valdivia brandishes on high :
 And, yet more from bewildering terror's trance
 To rouse Arauco, rushes furiously
 Upon the Spaniards' conquering advance ;
 So eagerly the heated stag will fly
 To plunge his body in the coolest stream,
 Attempting thus the sun's meridian beam.

" One Spaniard his first stroke pierces right through,
Then at another's middle rib he aims,
And heavy though the weapon, aims so true,
The point on the far side his force proclaims.
He springs at all with fury ever new ;
A soldier's thigh with such fierce blow he maims,
The huge spear breaks, his hand still grasps the hilt,
Whilst quivering in the wound one half is left.

" The fragment cast away, he from the ground
Snatches a ponderous and dreadful mace,
He wounds, he slaughters, strikes down all around,
Suddenly clearing the encumbered space ;
In him alone the battle's rage is found,
Turned all 'gainst him the Spaniards leave the chase ;
But he so lightly moves, now here now there,
That in his stead they wound the empty air.

" Of whom was ever such stupendous deed,
Or heard, or read, in ancient history,
As from the victor's party to secede,
Joining the vanquished even as they fly ?
Or that barbarian boy at utmost need
By his unaided valour's energy,
Should from the Christian army read away
A victory, guerdon of a hard-fought day ?"

This battle ends in the defeat and death of all the Spaniards. Caupolican pronounces a panegyric upon the ex-page Lautaro, ascribes the victory to him alone, appoints him his lieutenant, and with his own hands cuts his hair into the form denoting authority. Another great battle, that fills the fifth and sixth cantos, is fought in a mountainous position chosen by Lautaro, where the Spanish cavalry cannot act. He is attacked by Valdivia's successor, Villagram, who has recourse to his artillery.

" The quick and terrible artillery
Now pours a fire impetuous and dread,
Striking the Indian ranks incessantly,
Strewing the ground with dying and with dead.
Echoes the atmosphere afar, on high ;
With smoke and flame is veiled the mountain's head ;
Earth seems to open 'midst the noise and gloom,
New Etnas bursting from her fateful womb.

* * * *

" Him Araucanians infamous esteem,
Who 'mongst the latest at assaults appears ;
This chief they note ;—hence foremost all would seem,
E'en those most influenced by abject fears.
They blench not at the carmen's lightning gleam,
That, ranks o'erthrowing, horrid openings clears ;

Though mangled limbs be piecemeal hurled on high,
And headless trunks scattered around them lie.

"Blind fear can nor disturb their constant mood,
Nor their impetuous advance delay,
But if one arm becomes the musket's food,
Th' avenging sword they with the other sway ;
Onward they rush, their pathway traced in blood,
Till at the cannon's mouth their course they stay :
The balls forth vomited ere they can rise,
Are stopped by Indian bodies rampart-wise.

"Fierce rages the attack on either side,
Nor is there pen or tongue of power to tell
What flights of darts and balls earth's surface hide ;
Or what tempestuous passions all impel ;
Fire, smoke, the cannon's roar, the changeful tide
Of trampling feet, mixes with shriek and yell,
Whilst nor by voice nor feature 'midst the throng,
Is't known to either army who belong.

* * * *

"Villagran holds the battle in suspense,
Maintains each foot of ground, each sep'rate post ;
Preventing every ill, his providence
Through each division of his little host
Hurries him to and fro.—With practised sense
Discharged the general's duties, 'tis his boast,
A daring soldier, for renown athirst,
In the most desperate perils to be first.

"Torbo, enwrapt in blood, war's dread attire,
Slaught'ring unsparingly the Christian bands
He sees, and turns his horse with sudden ire,
Firm grasps his lance, firm fixed in stirrup stands,
And at his bosom aims with vengeance dire ;
But anger such impetuous haste commands
As foils his eager hand—th' untimely blow
Innocuous falls, missing the hated foe.

"Pursuing his career, the unchecked steed
Bursts fiercely through the hostile rabblement ;
The wrathful Spaniard urges back his speed,
To remedy his anger's fault intent.
He pierces Torbo's quilted cotton weed
And strong hide breast-plate with tremendous rent,
And opens in his body wound so dread,
His spirit in a lake of blood is shed."

Notwithstanding Villagran's prowess, the Spaniards are so thoroughly routed, that they evacuate the strong town of *La Concepcion*, which is sacked by the Indians. The Araucanian triumph is celebrated by the *Gran Senado*, the Great Senate of

Arauco, with military games, after which the *Caciques* deliberate upon the further conduct of the war. Both games and council are rendered scenes of disorder and bloodshed by the unbridled turbulence of these gallant but savage warriors, and peace is only kept or rather restored by the judicious interference sometimes of the Araucanian Nestor, Colocolo, and sometimes of the youthful hero Lautaro. In the council, the strength of Santiago, or Mapocho, as Ercilla prefers calling the capital of Chile by its Indian name, is held to be the only obstacle to the complete expulsion of the Spaniards from South America, if not to the conquest of Spain. Lautaro offers to take Mapocho with 500 men. His offer is accepted; he selects the boldest, but likewise the most unruly of his countrymen, and sets forth upon his expedition. With much skirmishing, violence, and outrage, Lautaro reaches the vicinity of Santiago, driving before him crowds of Indians, the faithful vassals of the Spaniards. They carry to Santiago tidings of his approach, which are disbelieved. The wary Villagran, however, sends a troop of horse to reconnoitre, who, beaten by Lautaro, return with information that he is building a fortress. The *adelantado* now sends out a considerable force under his kinsman, Pedro de Villagran, who encamps at some distance from the new fortress. Lautaro, after having undiscovered visited the Spanish camp in the night, alarms it by driving thither one of the horses taken in the last conflict, and by this insult, provokes the Spaniards to attack his fortress in the morning. The preparation Lautaro makes for their reception consists in issuing orders that no Araucanian shall pass the walls; that the Spaniards shall be suffered to force the gates, and tempted to enter by the simulated flight of the garrison; and that so soon as all shall be withinside, the gates shall be closed, and the intruders assailed upon all points. The first part of the scheme is happily executed, and the Spaniards rush in with shouts of victory.

“ Relation of this contest were there none,
 Had th’ Araucanians waited patiently
 The end of what was prosperously begun,
 Closing their gates on their last enemy.
 But Spaniards entering as the fort were won,
 O’erpowered their discipline and constancy;
 Unseasonably their bursting fury gave
 The signal that recalled the flying brave.

“ As running courser, whose keen scent perceives
 The mares far lingering on their way behind,
 In absence’ jealousy who neighs and grieves,
 (His every eager sense backward inclined,)

Slackens the fleet career the air that cleaves,
His ears reverting; and if he may find
His rider willing to retrace the ground,
Turns, ere command be given, with glad bound.

"The Indians thus with every shew of fear,
(A fear they but affect,) urging their flight,
Arrest their rapid footsteps when they hear
The welcome signal to renew the fight,
Brandishing 'gainst the Spaniards sword and spear
That seemed but now surrendered to their might.
With such wild fury turning they engage,
Earth trembles at the horrid sounds of rage.

"As when in placid sea soft curling waves
Easily zephyr's gentlest breath obey,
If sudden from opposing quarter raves
A furious wind, with unresisted sway
That tears the sand from Ocean's deepest caves
Whirling it upwards to the light of day,
The high swoll'n billows change their former course,
And roll obedient to the tempest's force.

"So fared our countrymen, who heedlessly
Pursuing, as they thought, assured success,
Were in the fulness of victorious glee
Confounded by this tempest's suddenness.
Backward they trace the path late trod so free,
But leisurely, as when no dangers press;
Striving by heroism to countervail
The vantage of the numbers that assail.

"But as some mighty river far renowned,
Bursting the banks that should confine its pride
Over unwonted channels, spreads around,
And whilst thus triumphs its ungoverned tide
O'erthrows trees firmest rooted in the ground,
Bearing down all that dares its rage abide;
Even deep-buried rocks the water's force,
Uprending, hurries down its furious course.

"With such impetuous violence of mood
Upon the Spaniards bursts the Indian band;
Against the headlong sweeping of the flood
Resistance profits nought, no pow'r may stand;
They're driven by the torrent many a rood
Beyond the fortress gates, that wide expand
For their departure; fear of instant death
Smoothing all obstacles, gives strength and breath.

"More hastily, with yet more nimble feet
Than lately at their entrance they displayed,
Enveloped in a cloud of dust, retreat
The Spaniards, clearing wall and palisado;

The Araucanians their pursuers fleet,
Mingle amidst their ranks, now disarrayed;
Confused the nations on each other throng
On blow redoubling ever blow more strong."

Lautaro alone does not join in this pursuit. Indignant at the disobedience of his people, he recalls and informs them that his schemes and hopes are marred, at the moment of success, by their misconduct; that Mapocho, which with their number it were idle to attempt by open force, can only be taken by stratagem, and that it will now be requisite to retreat, in order to revive the arrogant confidence of the Spaniards. He does retreat accordingly, and again fortifies himself in a strong position; but unluckily trusts the security of one side to a supposed impassable mountain. An unsuspected path across this mountain is discovered to Villagran by a treacherous Indian, and the Spanish army traverses it during the night.

"At length the darkness and the heavy air
Were tempered by the sun's approaching ray;
The sentinels, arranged with martial care,
Saluted from afar the new-born day;
And, as came safety with the morning fair,
Sought their allotted beds.—Then sudden lay
The Indian fortress hushed in silence deep,
Buried its garrison in wine and sleep.

"And now the fresh and cheerful hour arrives
When with the growing brightness of the morn
Obscurity no longer vainly strives,
But, tow'rs the west withdrawing, shrinks forlorn;
When Clytia from her nightly swoon revives,
Turns to the east, that glowing hues adorn,
Her face, and joys to see the shades of night,
And stars fly Delphic Phœbus' reddening light."

The Spaniards now attack. The Araucanians, undaunted by their exposed condition, being divested for sleep of all defensive armour,

"From heavy slumber suddenly awake,
And, to their wonted energy restored,
This grasps his bow, that seizes a sharp stake,
A fire-brand one, and one his proper sword,
Another's weapon this; those for the sake
Of speed, if nought the instant may afford,
Rush out unarmed to meet the enemy,
On fists and teeth contented to rely.

"Lautaro at that season, as was told,
His fair Guiscolda soothed with fond discourse;
Now, tenderly encouraging consoled;
Now, for distrust of her defender's force

Reproved her. But not thus might be controlled
The fears of which his valour was the source.
These tender quarrels, breathing all love's charm,
Were broken by the trumpet's rude alarm.

- " Hurries not with such keen activity
The avaricious wretch, whose spirit dwells
Ever amidst his wealth, if he descry
Symptom of plunderer near his treasure cells ;
Nor tender mother at her infant's cry,
When dread of ravenous beast her haste impels,
Springs to his succour with such eager bound
As sprang Lautaro at that trumpet sound.
- " Instantly twisting round his arm a cloak,
With naked weapon and as naked breast
Forth rushed he ;—waiting not, so rudely broke
This fierce alarm on unsuspecting rest,
To gird on armour. With inhuman stroke
Mutable Fortune, thou, whate'er has blest
Man's efforts through long years of toil and joy,
Wilt often in one cruel hour destroy !
- " Four hundred Indian friends, who thither bied
Their Christian lords to aid against all foes,
Assailed the fortress on the further side ;
With strong and practised hands their painted bows
Incessantly and vigorously they plied ;
Their shafts flew thickly—horrid death-shrieks rose—
And as Lautaro burst amidst the fray
A fatal arrow met him on his way.
- " Through his left side (Oh ruthless destiny !)
The cruel arrow so directly went
It pierced the heart most daring, constant, high,
That ever was in human bosom pent.
Death's self exulted in such archery,
From one sole blow beholding such event ;
And, stealing from the homicide his fame,
Mankind to death ascribed the fatal aim."

In this conflict all the Araucanians present fall, save one, who being wounded had concealed himself. The survivor is so overwhelmed with shame at his own baseness, that after the departure of the conquerors he kills himself, expressing his fear that even his death-wound may betray the imbecility of his arm.

Having now lost our favourite hero, Lautaro, we shall pass over the subsequent battles, merely stating that they uniformly prove unfavourable to the Araucanians. Indeed, we are not without fear that we may be thought to have already been over-liberal of them. But they are generally esteemed our chivalrous bard's *forte*, and we can assure our readers that we have spared

them a prodigious quantity of mangled limbs, scattered brains, bowels entangling the feet of their lawful proprietors, and such other unpleasing images from the battle-field, which give somewhat too much of reality to Ercilla's descriptions. We shall now join Don Alonzo on board the fleet, that conveyed him, with part of Don Garcia de Mendoza's *corps d'armée*, from Lima to Chile. In the course of the voyage the fleet encounters a storm, delineated with the spirit to be expected from a poet who had endured its terrors. We extract some of the stanzas, although in order to attempt giving an idea of the lively manner in which Ercilla has introduced nautical terms into heroic verse, we must occasionally deviate from our accustomed fidelity, rather imitating than translating.

- " Now bursts with sudden violence the gale.
 Earth sudden rocks convulsively and fast ;
 Labours our ship, caught under press of sail,
 And menaces to break her solid mast.
 The pilot, when he sees the storm prevail,
 Springs forward, shouting loud with looks aghast,
 ' Slacken the ropes there !—Slack away ! Alack,
 The gale blows heavily ! Slack quickly !—Slack ! '
- " The roaring of the sea, the boist'rous wind,
 The clamour, uproar, vows confused and rash,
 Untimely night, closing in darkness blind
 Of black and sultry clouds, the lightning's flash,
 The thunder's awful rolling, all combined
 With pilots' shouts, and many a frightful crash,
 Produced a sound, a harmony so dire,
 It seemed the world itself should now expire.
- * * * * *
- " Roars the tormented sea, open the skies,
 The haughty wind groans whilst it fiercer raves ;
 Sudden the waters in a mountain rise
 Above the clouds, and on the ship that braves
 Their wrath, pour thundering down—submerged she lies,
 A fearful moment's space, beneath the waves :
 The crew, amidst their fears, with gasping breath,
 Deemed in salt water's stead they swallowed death.
- " But, by the clemency of Providence,—
 As, rising through the sea, some mighty whale
 Masters the angry surges' violence,
 Spouts them in showers against the vexing gale,
 And lifts to sight his back's broad eminence,
 Whilst in wide circles round the waters quail,—
 So from beneath the ocean rose once more
 Our vessel, from whose sides two torrents pour.
- * * * * *

- " *New, Eolus*,—by chance if it befell,
Or through compassion for Castilian woes,
Recalled fierce Boreas, and, lest he rebel,
Would safely in his prison cave enclose.
The door he opened; in the self-same cell
Lay Zephyr * unobserved, who instant rose,
Marked his advantage as the bolts withdrew,
And through the opening portal sudden flew.
- " Then with unlesseing rapidity,
Seizing on lurid cloud and fleecy rack,
He bursts on the already troubled sea,
Spreads o'er the midnight gloom a shade more black;
The billows, from the northern blast that flee,
Assaults with irresistible attack,
Whirls them in boiling eddies from their course,
And angry ocean stirs with doubled force.

* * * * *

- " The vessel, beaten by the sea and gale,
Now on a mountain-ridge of water rides,
With keel exposed, now her top-gallant sail
Dips in the threatening waves, against her sides,
Over her deck that break. Of what avail,
The beating of such storm whilst she abides,
Is pilot's skill? Now a yet fiercer squall
Half opens to the sea her strongest wall.
- " The crew and passengers wild clamours raise,
Deeming inevitable ruin near;
Upon the pilot anxiously all gaze,
Who knows not what to order, stunned by fear.
Then, 'midst the terrors that all bosoms craze,
Sound opposite commands.—' The ship to veer!'
Some shout; some, ' Make for land!' some, ' Stand to sea!'
Some, ' Starboard!' some, ' Port th' helm!' some, ' Helm a lee!'
- " The danger grows; the terror, loud uproar,
And wild confusion with the danger grow;
All rush in frenzy, these the sails to low'r,
Those seek the boat, whilst overboard some throw
Cask, plank, or spar, as other hope were o'er;
Here rings the hammer's, there the hatchet's blow;
Whilst dash the surges 'gainst a neighb'ring rock,
Flinging white foam to heav'n from every shock."

The old Scotch saying, " his bark is waur than his bite," holds good of this formidable tempest. No harm is done; the troops land in the bay of *La Concepcion*, and commence hostilities. We shall now introduce to our readers the beginning of that *Epopœan*

* We were startled, as our readers will probably be, at this picture of Zephyr, but apprehend the poet simply means to say the wind changed from north to west.

marvellous with which Ercilla, notwithstanding his modest profession of writing mere history, has thought proper to adorn his poem. The scene is a Spanish fortress, which Canpolican designs to surprise by night.

"That very night I, in unquiet mood,
Found not upon my couch an instant's rest,
Whether impending danger stirred my blood,
Or the desire, ev'n then that filled my breast,
To sing the wond'rous scenes 'midst which I stood—
Thus wakeful, and by phantasy possessed,
Tired memory I hastened to unload,
Writing down verses as my numbers flowed.

"Amidst the solemn silence of dark night,
Whilst round men's busy hum in sleep was lost,
As thus alone I sat, intent to write,
Unlooked-for accidents my purpose crossed ;
A sudden darkness fell upon my sight,
My joints were stiffened by a numbing frost ;
I strove in vain my senses to recal,
And from my failing hand the pen let fall.

* * * * *

"These tortures leave my frame, when they subside,
Exhausted as by lengthened malady,
Sighs ease my heart, the lids, long staring wide,
Drop heavily on either weary eye,
And slumber's balmy influences glide
O'er each relaxing limb and faculty ;
Whilst life and sensibility remain,
Retired within the nobler part, the brain.

"Scarce to delicious slumber and repose
Was my debilitated frame resigned,
When such tremendous noises sudden rose
As might have boded ruin to mankind :
With haughty port, and glance where fury glows,
Appeared before the couch where I reclined
A woman, in whose person, height, and mien,
The terrible Bellona's self was seen.

"In female garb from foot to girdle dight,
Upwards, from girdle unto head, she wore
A suit of scaly armour, burnished bright,
A sabre by her side ; her left arm bore
A shield, a spear was brandished in her right ;
Around her pressed the Furies dripping gore ;
Her aspect fierce, and dark-red cheek expressed
The martial ardour that inflamed her breast."

This terrific goddess informs the warlike poet that his zeal in recording heroic feats induces her to show him wars of more cele-

brity than those in which he is engaged, and also to enable him to adorn his verses with loves and ladies. For this purpose she places him upon a pyramidal hill, whence he beholds the storming of St. Quentin in Flanders. When the town is taken he perceives by his side, instead of Bellona, a venerable dame in white. This personage, whom, from the way in which she is subsequently mentioned, we suspect to be Reason, explains to him the European politics of the sixteenth century, and foretells the triumphs of Philip II.'s long reign; pausing, however, at the celebrated battle of Lepanto, for an account of which she refers him to an Indian magician named Fiton, giving minute directions for finding his abode. She then shows him a paradisiacal garden in Spain full of beautiful ladies, but he has scarcely time to fall in love with a damsel, at whose feet is a label bearing the name, Donna Maria de Bazan—afterwards his wife—when the sound of the Araucanian assault arouses him from his dream.

This assault, after much hard fighting, is repulsed; and we now have the benefit of Bellona's hint to the poet about adorning his verse with loves and ladies. We should gladly follow his example, and insert the tender episode; but, truth to tell, we do not like Ercilla's loves and ladies so well as his Araucanian heroes. We shall, however, give the jet of the story, and its introduction, which the author's personal intervention renders lively. Don Alonzo mounts guard without the walls the night after the attack, and is alarmed upon his watch by a noise amongst the dead bodies. He creeps cautiously forward, discovers a dark form moving upon all fours, invokes the aid of heaven, and rushes, sword in hand, against the indistinct object, which also rising up, humbly says:

“ My lord, my lord, I for compassion sue,
A woman I, who never injured you.

“ If that mine anguish, my disastrous fate
May not with tender pity touch your mind,
But, that your blood-stained sword and rancorous hate,
Transgress the limits to their rage assigned,
What honor from such deed can you await?
When wrathful Heav'n shall publish to mankind
That 'gainst a wretched widow was displayed,
Amidst her woes, the terrors of your blade.

“ Then, gentle sir, if for your happiness,
Or your unhappiness, (alas! 'twas mine!)
You ever knew what 'twas with fond excess
Of passion to adore a form divine,
Suffer me, from amidst the corses' press,
To take the consort for whose loss I pine,

And lay him in the grave!—Who dares deny
Just pray'rs, incurs injustice' infamy.

- “ Oh hinder not a pious diligence,
By war the most implacable allowed !
To urge ev'n rights with ruthless violence
Would seem the act of tyranny avowed.—
Let my sad soul its body* bear from hence,
Then be my head beneath your sabre bowed,
For grief has driven me to such extreme,
That life more terrible than death I deem.
- “ What further evil should I apprehend ?
What joy desire, unless to die unknown ?
Swift may my sorrows find their destined end,
Since from my best-beloved life's breath has flown.
For if our clasping forms in death to blend
Unkindly Heaven denies, in grief alone
Here keeping me, no persecution's might
Can stay my soul from following his soul's flight.”

The poet's heart is touched, and he requests the sad widow to tell him her story. She complies rather more circumstantially than might seem consistent with her state of mind, and the love-making she describes is, to our fancy, rather Spanish than Araucanian. Ercilla helps her to find the body, and escorts her with it to a place of safety.

We shall now extract a scene of Araucanian bravery, more successfully painted than Tegualda, the widow's " wooing course." A desperate and bloody battle, gained by the Spaniards, leaves them a young Araucanian prisoner, named Galvarino, whose hands they resolve to cut off, in hopes of thus striking his countrymen with terror.

- “ I stood beside, and marked him as he laid
Upon a broken branch his good right hand ;
’Twas ruthlessly lopped off with trenchant blade—
With chearful count'nance, waiting not command,
He raised the left—it fell. No pain betrayed
By brow or eye-lid, to the mortal brand
His neck he offered, bending back his head,
As in contempt of cruelty most dread.
- “ ‘ Cut, cut this throat,’ he spoke in high disdain,
‘ Ever athirst for your detested blood ;
I fear not death, nor can your torture's pain
Disturb my spirit's settled hardihood.
Nor to have mangled me believe your gain
Or our much damage. Curb your boastful mood !
Abundant arms Arauco can afford,
Of strength and skill to wield the warrior sword.

* The reader will observe it is her husband's body the widow thus designates.

- " ' If hoping thus advantage may be got;
 My being, useless now, you would prolong,
 In your despite I'll die upon the spot !
 For if you will my life, my will more strong
 Shall work my death ; blissful enough my lot
 If dying thus in aught avenge my wrong.
 If only by my death I can annoy,
 To die for your annoyance be my joy !'
- " Thus, contumacious, bold, and insolent,
 Death to provoke he outraged all around ;
 And obstinately on destruction bent
 He flung him down upon th' ensanguined ground,
 And weltering in his blood, solely intent
 To shake existence off, each recent wound
 With his own teeth impatiently he tore,
 And drew from either stump new floods of gore.
- " Whilst thus his death-wound to achieve he toils,
 And pity in our bosoms tempers rage,
 A luckless slave, laden with Indian spoils,
 He sees approaching his disaster's stage ;
 And as the deadly serpent from his coils
 Darts on the prey doomed hunger to assuage,
 So on the victim whom ill fortune brings
 Within his reach, resolutely he springs.
- " The wretched slave, with clinging arms and feet
 Entangled, on the humid earth is thrown ;
 And now the horrid stumps, still bleeding, beat
 Eyes, nostrils, mouth, stifling in blood each groan ;
 Now with his teeth he gnaws his horrid treat,
 Rending away the flesh, baring the bone,
 And hardly we succeed, howe'er we strive,
 In rescuing the victim still alive.
- " Audaciously upspringing from the ground,
 Then thus the devilish barbarian spoke :
 ' Since still of blood and vigor I have found
 Enough, the Christians' anger to provoke,
 Life, though abhorred, I will retain, till crowned
 With vengeance, till repaid each bloody stroke ;
 And, handless as I am, I shall not fail
 Of means that to my vengeance may avail.
- " ' Remain, accursed as ye are, remain !
 Dreading in me your most inveterate foe ;
 Zealous, solicitous to work your bane,
 Who solace, save your ruin, none can know.
 My powers of injuring shall soon constrain
 Repentance that ye dealt not my death blow.'
 This said, and more of bitterer offence,
 As lightly as the wind, he parted thence."

Galvarino never pauses in his career, it should seem, till he

stands before the *Inclito* (renowned) *Senado*, which he finds disposed to treat; but, by his eloquence, and the display of his mangled arms, impels to resolve upon "war to the knife." Galvarino faints from exhaustion ere the resolution is taken, but recovers to animate and exasperate his countrymen by the same means during the next battle. It is in consequence desperately contested, though at last gained by the Spaniards, chiefly through the personal prowess of our warrior-poet. Twelve *caciques* are selected from amongst the prisoners to be hanged, the cutting off of hands having proved ineffectual to inspire terror.

"I at the fatal moment reached the place,
And, by the cruel sentence deeply grieved,
For one at least warmly entreated grace,
Saying, he as a friend had been received.
But he, whilst indignation flushed his face,
Displayed two mangled arms of hands bereaved,
That hitherto his mantle had concealed,
And thus his name and injuries revealed.

* * * * *

"Fearless, perchance rejoiced death to provoke,
He glared on all around, and fiercely spoke:
'Oh race abhorred, perfidious and accursed!
Most undeserving this day's victory,
Slake in my blood your still insatiate thirst!
For howsoever changeful destiny,
Exalting now the best and now the worst,
O'erthrow Arauco's ancient sovereignty,
Conquered we will not be, though haply slain,
Nor shall our free-born souls endure the chain.

"Believe not that from death we would recoil!
On death alone our hopes henceforth repose,
Through loathed existence if we longer toil,
'Tis to wreak heavier vengeance on our foes.
Designs so just if destiny should foil,
Whilst swords are ours, our confidence still glows.
Those, turned against ourselves, shall guard our fame,
From life bestowed by you—your pride, our shame."

* * * * *

"Twas thus the arrogant barbarian sought,
With gallant bearing and insulting word,
To rid him of a life with sorrow fraught,
And move us to inflict a death deferred
Against his will. In this his generous thought
Persisting, with his taunts our wrath he stirred,
Till I, who long resisting fain had saved,
Vanquished, abandoned him to those he braved."

* * * * *

- " When not an executioner was found,
 For none amongst us had been taught such trade,
 A way whose marv'llous strangeness must resound
 Throughout the wondering world was next essayed :
 To each one of those twelve *Caciques* renowned
 A cord was given, each, as in scorn, was prayed
 At his own pleasure to select a tree
 On which to hang himself, unforced and free.
- " Not more impetuously, when trumpets call,
 To the assault the practised warrior springs,
 And scaling eagerly the hostile wall
 To ladder or projecting buttress clings,
 Than those *Caciques*, abhorring foreign thrall,
 Ascend the tallest trees as borne by wings :
 They reach the topmost boughs, and fastened there
 By their own hands, hang lifeless in the air.
- " But than his fellows one less resolute,
 Repenting somewhat of his nimbleness,
 Paused suddenly, and turning round made suit
 For leave his feelings briefly to express.
 'Twas granted, and in expectation mute
 Whilst all stood listening, with disturbed address,
 Endeavouring Christian clemency to wake,
 He thus in lowly contrite accents spake :
- " ' Unconquerable and most valiant race,
 Displaying of all virtues the extreme ;
 Know, a *Cacique* am I, my line who trace
 To heroes Araucanians most esteem ;
 And I the last, whom kin nor offspring grace—
 All swept away by war's destructive stream.
 A line so honored since my death would end,
 To me your gracious clemency extend.'
- " More he had added,—but, impatiently,
 Fierce Galvarino, with disdainful brow,
 Who heard his comrade sue for clemency,
 Thus interrupted his discourse : ' Oh thou,
 Of an illustrious line base progeny !
 Dares thy pusillanimity avow
 Such sentiments ? Can fear of death so stir
 Thy spirit, that dishonor thou'lt incur ?
- " ' Dastardly traitor ! In degraded state
 Is't possible thou rather wouldst prolong,
 By some sad years, thy wretched being's date,
 Than resolutely die like warrior strong !
 What renders bearable the hardest fate,
 Save that death closes the career of wrong ?
 Can even meanness forfeit such relief ?
 The only certain remedy for grief !'

" Scarcely the generous *Cacique* endures
 To hear this admonition to the close,
 Ere he, repentant, round his neck secures
 The cord, and from a branch his body throws ;
 Bold Galvarino following, assures
 O'er death his triumph as o'er other foes :
 And the old oaks, on this eventful year,
 Loaded with new and wondrous fruit appear."

We have thought proper to unite Galvarino's two adventures, divided in the poem, by the discovery of the magician Fiton, to which we now revert. Ercilla, being sent out upon a *reconnaissance*, comes to a plain,

" Bounded by hills upon the further side,
 Up whose steep brow winded a narrow way ;
 An Indian there I saw, by age half dried ;
 Each breath of wind appeared his form to sway,
 That fleshless, large, bent, vaulted and decayed,
 Seemed as of twisted tree-roots it were made.

" I, startled at the feebleness and size
 Of this sad image of decrepid age,
 My succour proffered him in courteous guise,
 And would have questioned his experience sage :
 But not so lightly, in her terror, flies
 The timid doe from chasing staghounds' rage,
 As that precipitous acclivity
 The ancient Indian climbed at sight of me.

" Astonished at his flight, without more thought
 Impatiently I spurred my generous steed
 To follow, and half deemed already caught
 That strange old man, whatever were his speed.
 But from my sight he vanished, whom I sought,
 Seeming the wind in swiftness to exceed.
 And I, who might his course no longer trace,
 Abandoned, most reluctantly, the chase.

" I found myself upon a mountain's brow,
 Down which two unfrequented pathways led,
 Where Rauco's waters a deep chanel plough,
 Press'd by two jutting rocks in narrow bed ;
 Beneath my feet waved many a leafy bough,
 Reared many a stately tree its tufted head ;
 There, by the stream, I saw a gentle fawn
 Tasting the dewy verdure of a lawn."

This was the very guide to Fiton's abode promised in the vision, and Ercilla makes for the fawn. It flies like the old Indian, but in the end leads him to another old Indian, who proves to be the nephew of the magician, and agrees to conduct Ercilla to his abode.

" Then, rising from our pleasant seats, I tied
 My weary steed securely by the rein,
 And hastily, by Guaticolo's side, .
 I trod a narrow and intricate lane ;
 Along this path a weary while we hied,
 Till in a horrid forest we remain,
 Where never had the sun's meridian beams
 Gilt the o'ershadowed earth with chequered gleams.

" There we beheld a jutting caverned rock,
 So thick with shrubs, trees, branches covered o'er,
 As though they should the narrow passage block,
 That led, far inwards, to a little door,
 Where heads of savage beasts the courage shock.
 'Twas open, as inviting to explore;—
 Swift through that open door the stout old man
 Darted, and dragged me with him as he ran.

" An hundred paces full we onwards past,
 Whilst some alarm upon my spirits clung,
 Then rested in a vaulted cave at last,
 Where a perpetual light strange lustre flung.
 Around me many an anxious look I cast ;
 On shelves, against the sides in order hung,
 Stood countless vases, bearing each a name,
 Of unguent, essence, herb, unknown to fame.

" Here we beheld prepared the lynx's eyes,
 That with unequalled virtues are endued,
 If in due season be secured the prize ;
 The basilisk's, with poisonous force imbued ;
 The foam of dog, that from the water flies,
 Convulsed and raging in his frenzied mood ;
 The marrow of the cencris, born and bred
 In Lybia's burning sands and deserts dread.

" The blood of red-haired men in fury rife ;
 The flesh of infant whom the leech's art,
 By ways unknown to Nature, called to life ;
 Of loathsome harpy's wing a broken part ;
 The seps' envenom'd tooth, more sharp than knife,
 Pierced through and through the marv'llous griffin's heart ;
 The fish that stays a vessel's course, and braves,
 By power superior, stormy winds and waves."

This, though but a small portion of the contents of Fiton's magical laboratory, may satisfy the reader. The wizard himself proves to be the light-footed old runaway; and being put into wondrous good humour by learning how widely his fame had spread, he leads the poet into another room, too costly to be described by human tongue.

" With flags of chrystalline transparency,
 Most skilfully disposed, was paved the floor,
 Whence tints opposed and mingled, to the eye
 Of various works and aspects offered store;
 Above, a vaulted and diaphanous sky
 With countless sparkling gems was starred all o'er;
 That, dazzling with their lustre human sight,
 Gave the vast chamber chearfulness and light.

" Supported upon pedestals of gold,
 An hundred images were placed around,
 Where Art to life does such resemblance hold,
 The deaf would deem they uttered vocal sound.
 Upon the intervening walls were told,
 By sculptor's art their actions most renowned,
 Displaying their transcendent excellence
 In letters, arms, virtue, and continence.

" The middle point of this vast chamber's space,
 That measured half a mile from side to side,
 Was a gigantic apple's wondrous place;
 Of art abstruse the miracle and pride.
 'Twas folded in a sphere of light's embrace,
 And both, unpropped, in ambieut air abide;
 The lucid sphere, and globe within compressed,
 Self-poised, on their own centre seem to rest."

This apple reflects whatever passes in the world, and that sometimes, though with more difficulty, and in a somewhat Irish fashion, beforehand. In this way Don Alonzo now beholds, represented upon its surface, the Turkish and Christian fleets engaged at Lepanto, and every operation of the battle. Upon a subsequent occasion the magician, whom he casually meets, gives him a lesson of geography upon it, but so dully, that we could not conceive why Ercilla had incumbered his lay with such an enumeration of names of countries and towns, till it occurred to us that he might possibly think himself bound, in common civility, to pay Camoens, the original inventor of this *fac-simile* of the habitable globe, the compliment of not omitting the only use which he had made of it in his *Os LUSIADAS*.*

Our tuneful cavalier seems to have been a stout warrior and active officer, judging less from any *auto-panegyrics* than from the constant employment he appears to have had;—he represents himself as despatched upon one mission after another—now to *reconnoitre* the enemy—now to explore distant and undiscovered regions—now to obtain provisions—now to escort such provisions to the fortresses most in need of them. We have no room to

* *Os Lusíadas* was published in 1572; the second and third parts of *La Araucana* not before 1578 and 1590.

dwell upon these expeditions, but cannot quite omit an adventure he meets with upon one of them, inasmuch as it both exhibits the author in an amiable light, and is a solitary instance of a happy conclusion. Don Alonzo is in advance of his party exploring the country, when he meets with a beautiful young Indian, Glaura, who, at his request, tells him her whole history, ending with her having been separated from her husband, Cariolan, in a late skirmish with the Spaniards.

- " The young and beautiful unfortunate
 Had scarcely told the story of her woes,
 When a strong Indian troop that lay in wait,
 Ambushed on either hand, suddenly rose,
 And with loud shouts, harbingers of my fate,
 Seized both the valley's issues, to oppose
 My passage ; ever rising more and more,
 As though the very grass barbarians bore.
- " At that eventful moment came a slave,
 Captured in recent battle by my sword,
 Exclaiming,—' I, who know the ground, can save !
 Betake you to the river, good my lord ;
 'Twere phrenzy should you even think to brave
 The throngs with which the mountain sides are stored,
 But on my faith implicitly rely,
 And, for your safety, you shall see me die !'
- " As tow'ards the generous youth I turned my face,
 Courteously his kind offer to accept,
 Glaura I saw rush past with frantic pace,
 Loud shrieking, whilst upon his neck she leapt,
 ' What do I see ! My husband I embrace,
 And disbelieve it ! Thou, whose death I wept !
 Can I be waking ?—Is it but a dream ?
 Such happiness I dare not certain deem !'
- " I, all astonished at this accident,
 And joyful as astonished at such change,
 Seeing fair Glaura's desolate lament
 End in prosperity unhoped as strange,
 But pressed for time, my thoughts upon th' event
 In gratulations duly to arrange,
 Said, ' Fare ye well, my friends ; receive from me
 All I can offer you, your liberty !'

With these words our poet gallops off by the path Cariolan had indicated, leaving the reunited pair to join their countrymen. As further evidence of the kindly feelings which should naturally dwell in the poetical spirit, we must extract from the manifold, and often trite moral reflections, with which Ercilla opens every canto, a stanza upon the conduct of the Spaniards towards the native Americans.

"The sea of blood in these new countries spilt,
 If that my judgment be in aught of worth,
 Have hopes o'erthrown on conquest that were built,
 Drowning the harvests of this golden earth.
 For Spanish inhumanity and guilt,
 Transgressing all the laws of war, gave birth
 To such atrocities as ne'er before
 Deluged a conquered land with native gore."

But we must hasten to the catastrophe of Caupolican. The victories of the Spaniards produce a complete discomfiture and temporary dispersion of the Araucanians, the caciques seeking safety in concealment. Caupolican's retreat, long undiscoverable by the Spaniards, is at length betrayed to them, and a party is sent to surprise him.

"The sentry on the mountain's brow, aware
 Too late of coming Spaniards, loudly gave
 In shouts th' appointed signal, to prepare
 For foes his mighty chief, secure as brave,
 Whom, hurrying on, our men hoped in his lair,
 Incautious, to surprise and thus enslave.
 Sudden the cottage-door was open thrown,
 Through which the bold barbarian would have flown.

"But when he saw cut off all chance of flight,
 And marked what present ills o'er him impend,
 A steel-edged battle-axe, deadly in fight,
 With which to clear the road he thought to wend,
 He swung on high, that gaining weight from height,
 The more destructively it might descend;
 When, as it fell, a jutting beam of wood
 Received the weapon's point—unarmed he stood.

"A soldier, whose impetuosity
 Had past his fellows urged him, reached the door,
 And in the naked arm, still held on high,
 Deep plunged his sword through muscle, flesh, and gore.
 The Indian then, desperate of remedy,
 Slowly withdrawing, from defence forbore;
 And bade his followers surrender strait,
 Nor, by resistance vain, provoke their fate."

Caupolican, when brought to the Spanish fortress, is condemned to be impaled, and then shot to death with arrows; nor does his embracing Christianity procure any mitigation of this unjust and flagitious sentence. Immediately after his baptism he is led forth to execution.

"Dishevelled, half unclothed, on foot, unshod,
 He went, two heavy chains dragging along;
 About his neck a rope, which, as he trod,
 The hangman pulled by its huge knotted thong.

Armed troops secured him near ; the verdant sod,
Far round, was hidden by the meaner throng,
Who gazed on this sad spectacle with awe,
And, gazing, disbelieved ev'n what they saw.

" Now to the scaffold the *cacique* is led,
A bowshot distant from the town that lies,
Raised half a lance's length, its sight of dread
Presenting openly to all men's eyes.
With energy accustomed, measured tread,
And cheer unaltered from his wonted guise,
The fatal steps lightly he mounts, as he
Should but from weary prison be set free.

* * * * *

" Then, unconstrained of any, tow'rd's the stake
(Dire instrument of his atrocious doom !)
He goes with aspect calm, seeming to make
A trifle of the agonies to come.
And, ' Since my destiny,' unmoved he 'spake,
' For me appoints this passage to the tomb,
Freely I travel it.—'Twill soon be past,
No evil can o'erpow'r if 't be the last.'

" But now the executioner drew near,
A sable African, meanly attired,
Whom, when the proud barbarian saw appear,
To deal that death so recently desired,
Though hitherto, with soul and count'nance clear,
All wrongs and ills against him that conspired
He had endured, this insult he disdained
To bear, albeit the last, and thus complained ?

" ' In Christendom, in honourable breast,
Can such abhorred indignity find place,
As that a man, distinguished 'midst the best,
His death-blow should receive from hands so base ?
Sufficient punishment death is confessed
Even for guilt, and can all debts efface :
A chieftain thus degradingly to treat,
Were savage vengeance, not infliction meet.

" ' Is there no sword 'mongst those with such good will
That seemed of yore on my destruction bent,
Well-practised Araucanian blood to spill,
That to my heart its point will now present ?
Howe'er invet'rately, with spiteful skill,
Fortune may persecute, I shall prevent
This outrage. Never shall unworthy man
Lay hand upon the great Caupolican.'

" This said, he lifted his right foot on high,
Despite the burthen of his fetters' weight,
And with one blow the negro suddenly
Struck from the scaffold down in woeful state.

But chid for such impetuosity,
He penitently yielded to his fate;
And suffered any hands that chose to take
And place his person on the pointed stake.

“Nor when upon that horrid stake impaled,
When tore the point its agonizing way,
His lacerated entrails first assailed,
Then through his body pierced, could aught dismay
A constancy o'er tortures that prevailed—
No suffering might lip or brow betray,
But such serenity his mien expressed,
As on his nuptial couch he sunk to rest.

“Six archers, who, as ablest in their art,
Had been selected for the hateful deed,
With bended bow and nicely fitted dart,
Now from the scaffold thirty steps recede.

* * * * *

“Now, leaving scarce a spot unoccupied,
An hundred arrows his bold breast sustained,
Through which his mighty spirit freedom sought;
Less numerous wounds his death had scantily wrought.

“Methinks the most obdurate I perceive
Melting with pity at this horrid tale,
Of cruelties he hardly can believe,
I was not there.—Mountains unknown to scale,
I had been sent, new conquests to achieve,
Nations yet undiscovered to assail;
Had I been present, rest, dread Lord, assured,
Such execution I had ne'er endured.”

Had Ercilla ended with this reprobation of the detestable murder of the gallant insurgent leader, the conduct of his poem would, in our opinion, have been at least equal to that of the *Lusiad*. But, unhappily, there are three cantos and a half more almost wholly unconnected with the insurrection. He, indeed, describes the assembling of the Araucanian Senate in order to elect a successor to Caupolican, but flies off from its deliberations to narrate the exploratory expedition above mentioned. We are tempted by its whimsicality to translate the stanza which our poet, to establish his claim as a discoverer, carved upon the bark of a tree, after running half a mile beyond his companions.

“Passing all Christian traces most remote,
Here Don Alonzo de Ercilla came,
The channel cross'd, ten shipmates in his boat;
To prove his right to this discovery's fame,
The last of February these lines he wrote,
When eight and fifty years added their name

To fifteen hundred—two hours past mid-day—
Then to his comrades measured back his way."

We must also let Don Alonzo tell his own story of Don Garcia's ill-treatment of him at a tournament held at La Imperiale.

"A sudden accident disturbed our sport,
And such the judge's strange celerity,
I stood condemned, amidst the astonished court,
The axe upon my neck, prepared to die.
My heinous crime, by malice' false report
Exaggerated, Fame proclaimed on high;
'Twas, that my hand upon my sword I laid;
I, who ne'er causelessly unsheathed my blade!

"Afterwards, this unlucky strange mischance
My long imprisonment and exile wrought;
Harsh means, by which a ruler's arrogance
To remedy his earlier error thought.
But, armed with patience, as with sword and lance,
However wronged, I faulked not in aught;
Nor battle ever missed, nor skirmished fight,
Serving upon the frontier, day and night."

This irksome situation at length drives Ercilla back to Europe, where he proposes resuming the deliberations of the Araucanian Senate, but rejects the idea as absurd, whilst surrounded by wars and events so much more interesting and important; such as the conquest of Portugal by Philip II., whose right he pronounces to be incontrovertible, severely blaming the resistance of the Portuguese. He finally resolves, having been so undeservedly ill used by the world, to dedicate his remaining years to God, who receives the penitent, however late; concluding, as we shall do, with the following stanza:—

"I, in unchecked career, who had bestowed
Upon the world life's fairest flowery years,
Down a precipitous and headlong road,
Pursuing idle hopes—and gathering fears;
Noting what folly my past conduct showed,
To God how much offensive it appears,
The faults that I acknowledge to atone,
Henceforward will no longer sing but groan."

- ART. VII.—1. *Sammlung Bischöflicher Hirtenbriefe und Verordnungen seiner H. d. D. Fürsten-Primas d. Rheinischen Bundes, Bischofs zu Konstanz. Für das Bisthum Konstanz.* (Collection of Episcopal Pastoral Letters and Ordinances of his Highness the Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine, Bishop of Constanx. For the Bishopric of Constanx.) Konstanz. 1808—1827. 2 vols. 4to.
2. *Archiv für die Pastoral-Conferenzen in den Land Kapiteln des Bisthums Konstanz.* (Archives for the Pastoral Conferences in the Country Chapters of the Bishopric of Constanx.) Freiburg. 1822—1825. 48 parts.
3. *Denkschrift über das Verfahren des Römischen Hofes, &c.* (Memorial respecting the Proceedings of the Court of Rome on the nomination of the Baron Von Wessenberg, Vicar General of the Bishopric of Constanx, to the Succession and Administration of that Bishopric, and the Measures adopted in consequence by the Court of Rome.) N. B. This is translated into English, with other Documents, under the title *Reformation in the Catholic Church of Germany.* London. 1819. 8vo.
4. *Vollständige Beleuchtung der Denkschrift über das Verfahren, &c.* Von Dr. Fridolin Huber, Pfarrer zu Deisslingen. (Full Explanation of the Memorial on the Proceedings of the Court of Rome, &c. By Dr. Fridolin Huber, Parish Priest of Deisslingen.) Rotweil on the Neckar. 1819. 8vo.
5. *Vertheidigung des Herrn Coadjutors F. von Wessenberg und des Kath. Klerus im Grossherz. Baden.* Von einem Layen. (Defence of Baron von Wessenberg and the Catholic Clergy in the Duchy of Baden. By a Layman.) Rotweil on the Neckar. 1819. 8vo.
6. *Die Katholische Geistlichkeit im 19en Jahrhundert.* (The Catholic Priesthood in the 19th Century.) 8vo.
7. *Die Katholische Kirche Württembergs, bei dem Eintritte des Jahres 1818.* (The Catholic Church of Württemberg at the beginning of the Year 1818.) Stuttgart. 8vo.
8. *Vertheidigung der Katholischen Religion gegen angriffe neuerer Zeit.* Von Dr. Fridolin Huber. (Defence of the Catholic Religion against recent attacks.) Frankfort on the Main. 1826. 8vo.
9. *Die Öffentlichen Gottesverehrungen der Katholischen Christen waren anfangs anders beschaffen als jetzt, und sollten wieder anders werden, &c.* Von einem alten Katholischen Pfarrer in Baiern. (The Public Worship of Catholic Christians was originally constituted differently from its present form, and

- must again become different. By an old Parish Priest in Bavaria, &c.) Landshut. 1810. 8vo.
10. *Handbuch des Kathol. und Protest. Kirchen-rechtes.* Von Dr. Sebald Brendel. (Manual of Catholic and Protestant Ecclesiastical Law.) Bamberg. 1827. 8vo.
 11. *Beiträge zu dem künftigen Deutsch-Kath. Kirchenrechte.* Von A. Müller. (Contribution to the future German-Catholic Ecclesiastical Law.) Newstadt on the Orla. 1825. 8vo.
 12. *Preussen und Baiern in Concordat mit Rom.* Von A. Müller. (Prussia and Bavaria in Concordat with Rome.) Neustadt on the Orla. 1824. 8vo.
 13. *Gebetbuch für aufgeklärte Katholische Christen.* Von P. J. Brunner. (Prayer-book for enlightened Catholic Christians.) Rottenburg. 1817. pp. 400. Also translated into French under the title of *Livre de Prières et de Méditations Religieuses à l'Usage des Chrétiens éclairés de l'Eglise Catholique.* Paris. 1822. 12mo.
 14. *Ueber die Deutsche Mess und Abendmahl-anstalten in der Katholischen Hofkapelle zu Stuttgart.* (On the German Mass and Communion arrangements in the Catholic Court Chapel at Stuttgart. 1787. This is by Werkmeister, though his name is not given.)

WHEN we presented to our readers, in a former number, a singular account of the state of the Roman Catholic Church in Silesia, we pledged ourselves to notice any replies to the work then before us, if they contained material refutations of its statements. We learn from a late advertisement of an answer which professes to be the best and fullest, that no less than thirty others have appeared, and though we will not undertake so Herculean a task as to read them all, we promise very faithfully to procure some of them, and to state with all fairness their general tenor. We also hinted an intension of giving a short sketch of Wessenberg, one of the most remarkable of the recent church reformers in Germany, and of his proceedings.

This last design we shall now proceed to fulfil, and we should have done so at an earlier period, but for the necessity of collecting from various parts of Germany the books which stand at the head of the present article, all of which we deemed it necessary to consult before we could enter advantageously into the question. We mention this fact, not for the purpose of complimenting ourselves, but for the sake of making a bitter but just complaint of the state of our National Library. No matter what may be the subject, it is wholly fruitless to look there for any recent foreign publications. The present is surely a

strong case, though perhaps not the strongest. Our readers will find in the following pages the details of the course of a Roman Catholic prelate, who boldly and uncompromisingly attempted, and in a great degree carried into effect, a system of church reform. This was not done in a corner, but in a conspicuous part of Europe. It was not done quietly, but gave rise to violent discussions and serious persecutions. It was not a matter of a moment, for the acts and ordinances of Wessenberg's predecessor, his own, and the pastoral conferences of his clergy occupy, as our readers will see, many volumes, and extend over a very considerable space of time; and yet, in the national library of a great Protestant nation, what record of these singular transactions is to be found? Let it not be supposed for a moment that we seek to throw any blame on the distinguished and excellent persons who have the charge of that library. On the contrary, we doubt not that they lament the deficiencies which it presents in every department of modern foreign literature, with scarcely a single exception. The simple history is, that in the midst of all this clamour about the diffusion of knowledge, scarcely a penny can be gained from this intellectual nation to buy foreign books for its library. A few periodicals are taken in there, a few works published in parts are going on to their completion, and there is an end. Germany is overflowing with literature; her presses teem with the productions of her speculative and laborious sons. France, after a long night of barbarism under a military government, is awakening to energy and activity in literature. Even in Italy, broken to pieces and sunk as is that lovely region, dear to every lover of art and genius, much is done in those departments of literature which a coercive religion allows to flourish. But no record of all this activity is to be found in the national library of England. The nations of the continent might as well be still involved in all the darkness of the middle ages, for any benefit which the student who has no resource but the British Museum could gain from their labours. To hear the cry of public men and public journals, one would suppose that the whole nation was become a nation of students; but it is only necessary to go to its library to get rid of the delusion, and see that they are perfectly satisfied with the glimmering of their own farthing candle, and stone blind to any light that may be breaking around them. It is really painful to any one who loves England to compare her productions in literature with those of other nations at the present moment, to see how narrow are the boundaries which confine it, and then to find that the improvement which might be derived from a full knowledge of what is doing elsewhere, is denied by the nation to itself. A paltry two thousand pounds a year would, we are bold

to say, procure all, and more than all, that would be requisite, and yet that paltry sum is denied—an exercise of self-denial which, we presume and hope, it would not be easy to parallel in the records of any other nation.

But we must “leave off our faces,” and begin our sketch of Wessenberg’s proceedings, and of those of Rome towards him. The latter part of the subject is as curious as the former. Although the Pope and the Cardinal Secretary concerned with Wessenberg were Pius VII. and Consalvi, there was still the same narrow spirit, and the same unbroken and unbending desire to push on the limits of the power of Rome, which marked her earlier and more successful efforts. The greater kingdoms had shown a resolution, which made all efforts against them hopeless. Austria, at least, and Prussia, had spoken in a tone which had made Rome tremble, which had extinguished her spirit, but not altered her taste. The successor of the Gregories would still try his strength against a petty German duke, and still endeavour to advance the power of the Holy See, and the rights of the nunciature, some half dozen miles beyond the frontier of the German empire. The wolf and the bear were beyond the speed of the aged huntsman, and the courage of his worn-out pack, but they might still worry a sheep, or run down a hare.

It is necessary to premise a few words as to the history of Wessenberg’s predecessor, which is somewhat remarkable. Charles Theodore of Dalberg was born of one of the most ancient and honourable houses of Germany. The reader will at once remember the proclamation at the crowning of the emperors of Germany, *Ist kein Dalberg da?* (Is there no Dalberg here?). This ancient line was divided into two, the houses of Dalberg-Hernsheim and Dalberg-Dalberg. Their possessions lay on the left bank of the Rhine, near Speyer and Worms. Charles Theodore was born in 1744, of the first of these families, at their ancient castle of Hernsheim, near Worms, of which his father was governor. He was educated at Göttingen and Heidelberg, and gained in those universities the literary taste and knowledge which were the ornament and comfort of his troubled life. His father conceived that the church offered the fittest career for his distinguished son, and after various inferior honours, and much attention given to matters of state, law, and diplomacy, as fitting him for the higher honours of his profession in Germany, he became, on the nomination of the Elector of Mainz, in 1772, governor of Erfurdt, a situation which he retained for some years, and which gave him habits of intercourse with the distinguished coterie of Weimar. In 1787 he was elected coadjutor to the Elector of Mainz, and thus his future prospects of power and honour

seemed to rest on a sure foundation; and they were shortly still further extended, by his being chosen coadjutor, in 1788, to the Bishop of Constanz, and in 1797 prevost of the chapter of Würzburg. The French revolution, however, cast a shade on these brilliant prospects. The larger part of the territory of the future elector was seized before he entered on it. On the death of his predecessor, Frederic Charles, in 1802, he found himself in possession only of the Principality of Aschaffenburg, the town of Erfurdt, and Eichsfeld. He had succeeded, in 1799, to the bishopric of Constanz, but Mainz * and Worms were gone to France. Finally, in 1803, by a recess of a Deputation of the Empire, it was settled that the archiepiscopal seat should be transferred from Mainz to Regensburg, and that the archbishop was to be elector, arch-chancellor, metropolitan, and primate of Germany. His power was to extend over all the lands on the right side of the Rhine which had formerly belonged to the sees of Mainz, Trier, and Kölln, except the Prussian territory, and over those parts of the see of Salzburg which had been put into the possession of Bavaria. His temporalities were to consist of the principalities of Aschaffenburg and Regensburg, with the town and county of Wetzlar, which, with Regensburg, was declared neutral. His income was settled at a million of florins. We have every reason to believe that his government as a temporal prince was most beneficial to his little states; but it endured for a very brief period. In fact, he had lost the temporalities of Constanz in 1802, and was stripped of those of Regensburg in 1810. His conduct during the reign of Napoleon made him, and justly, an object of suspicion; but there were many circumstances which tended to justify, and many to explain his conduct. He certainly, in the earlier part of his intercourse with Napoleon, maintained the firmness and dignity belonging to his birth and station. His election of Fesch as his successor was no doubt suspicious, but not indefensible. Sunk and degraded as Germany then was, Charles of Dalberg might think he did much for securing the existing constitution of the German empire, by giving the family of Napoleon an interest in it. His accession to the confederation of the Rhine, in the character of Prince Primate, is the least defensible of his acts. His biographer in the *Zeitgenossen* declares that he was taken by surprise, and over-persuaded by his minister, Albini, who represented his accession as the only means of preserving the electoral state. He obtained from Napoleon the grand dukedom of Frankfort for a time; but when the star of France set, he relinquished of his own

* This electorate comprehended a territory of 169½ miles, a population of 350,000 persons, and an income of two millions of florins.

free-will all his temporal possessions, and devoted himself to the discharge of his spiritual duties, to retirement and poverty. The descendant of the ancient Dalbergs, the Elector of Mainz, the Arch-Chancellor of the Roman Empire, the Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine, the Grand Duke of Frankfort, the Archbishop of Regensburg, the Bishop of Constanz, when all his wretched furniture and goods were sold, (and they were bought at monstrous prices, as memorials of him,) died worth not a thousand pounds!

But we must pass to the consideration of his power as archbishop. By the recess of the deputation of the empire of 1803, great changes took place in the relations of the Catholic church in Germany, and subsequently parts of five dioceses, viz. Strasburg, Speyer, Würzburg, Mainz, and Worms, came into possession of the Grand Duke of Baden. Attempts were made to settle a constitution for the Catholic church of Baden, (which embraced also the diocese of Constanz) but without effect. The various bishops, parts of whose sees had come into the possession of Baden, died off, except Charles Théodore. He was Bishop of Constanz, and Archbishop with respect to those parts of dioceses which were subjected to him on the transference of the chair from Mainz to Regensburg. In conjunction with the Grand Duke of Baden, and with the consent of the Chapter of Constanz, he nominated Baron Ignatius Henry von Wessenberg, (who had long been his vicar-general for the diocese of Constanz) as his successor. From that period to the death of Dalberg, the history of the one is the history of the other.

In giving then a sketch of the strange proceedings of Rome towards Wessenberg, we must commence with stating our unqualified belief in the rectitude of Wessenberg's principles. That some of the reforming Catholics in Germany may have been partakers of the rationalizing spirit of their Protestant countrymen, we are inclined to believe; but after a patient examination of Wessenberg's proceedings and writings, we must express our belief that he was a sincere Christian. That he heartily disapproved of many of the abuses of the Church of Rome, is unquestionable; that he may have displayed some want of judgment or of temper in his attempts to remedy existing evils, may also be true, though we have no grounds for knowing that this was the case: but there was not, we verily believe, any reason whatever to suppose that he had departed from the faith of the Roman Church, as far as it is known from her authorities.

There are two parts of Wessenberg's history. The first embraces Dalberg's life, during which, as we shall see, the reforming spirit displayed by the two friends caused some murmurs from

Rome, but no active measures, for Rome was then too weak, and the Prince Primate—till quite the conclusion of his life—too strong. The second begins after Dalberg's death, when the storm broke on Weissenberg.

We begin with the beginning, as in duty bound. We know not whether our readers recall the wretched picture given of the state of Catholicism in Silesia, in a former number. There is no question but the remoter parts of that country are in a worse state than the more civilized parts of Germany. But with some allowances, the picture given of Silesia will serve admirably to describe Catholicism as it existed at the beginning of this century through Germany generally, and in the diocese of Constance in particular. It may not be amiss to repeat the leading particulars from one of the works placed at the head of this article, called, "*Die katholische Geistlichkeit, im 19te Jahrhundert.*" (The Catholic priesthood in the 19th century.) It appears to relate especially to the south and south-west of Germany.

The writer begins by complaining that the number of priests is not kept up in any sect, and especially among the Catholics, and that the seminaries are often almost empty.* The spirit of the times, which is now contemptuous towards the clergy, (partly in consequence of their conduct, and partly from the inroads of revolutionary feeling from other countries) is one of the causes of this deficiency; others are the loss of all the rich foundations, the poverty arising from long wars, which disables many from sending their sons to the places of education, the loss of the assistance in that way which was derived from the now suppressed monas-

* We find many curious illustrations of these statements in the work which stands No. 7 in the list at the head of this article. In Würtemberg, it appears, that by the strange changes of territory from 1802 to 1811, the population of Roman Catholic subjects increased from a very small one to nearly two-thirds of the whole, or 450,000 persons. There was not a single episcopal see in the new territories, but there were parts of the dioceses of Constance, Augsburg, Würzburg, Worms and Speyer. The funds belonging to the bishoprics of course did not come to Würtemberg: nor was there a single really Roman Catholic place of theological study for the young priests. The funds for education which properly belonged to the parts of Swabia, given up by Austria, were retained by that power, and the establishment at Freyburg, in the Breisgau, (which went to Baden,) kept its property in Würtemberg, and yet did not give to the subjects of Würtemberg the advantages they derived from it while under the rule of Austria. There were 650 parishes, and about 1300 priests, of whom one-third were monks. To all the old evils of Romanism were added those of a revolutionary and irreligious spirit, and all the mischiefs arising from the licentiousness and irregularity of war. After the death of the various bishops, a vicariate-general was established at Rottenburg-on-the-Necker, with a seminary for priests, in 1817, and the government entered on pretty vigorous plans of reform. It is a curious fact, in illustration of the text, that though there is need for about forty fresh priests every year, in 1817 only four were ready to come from the seminary, and in 1818, there were only seventy students at Rottenburg and Tübingen (where was a theological faculty) together. The writer adds, that the same want is felt in the other states of Germany.—(p. 49.)

teries, and the fears of the conscription, as well as the conscription itself. These evils might be remedied in some degree by the establishment of burses or exhibitions, and by releasing all clerical students from the necessity of military service.

The church again having lost all the monasteries, collegiate foundations, universities, and courts of the prince bishops; and the income of livings being very miserably diminished by taxation and various causes, something must be done to give a stimulus and an inducement to respectable persons to enter the church. The foundations of the new chapters should be made to serve this end. The revenue of the clergy must, where it is small, be freed from all taxation. A priest cannot live for less than 700 florins (i. e. about 70*l.* or 80*l.* a year) nor for less than 1000, if he must have a curate. Above these sums they might be taxed. As it is, the curates are worse paid than rich farmers' servants. Indeed, many livings are not worth more than from 300 to 500 florins* per annum, (i. e. from 30*l.* to 50*l.*)

The various mass foundations, &c. might be used for equalizing the livings, though a perfect equality is not advisable.

With respect to celibacy the writer makes a strange remark, viz. that the modern education, spirit of the times, &c. makes *continence* more difficult than it used to be. The free manners of the present day awaken sexual instinct before the choice of a profession is made. The writer is opposed to celibacy, a subject which has been discussed, he says, for above thirty years, but he allows that the people would not bear a change at once.

The case of the old and worn out priests is a hard one. They used formerly to be sent into the monasteries, where they had situations of comparative comfort. A fund for their maintenance must now be formed.

The education of the clergy is now, the writer states, very wretched, and far too short.† A year, or a year and a half, at one of the *pflanz-schulen* is all. The instruction is very confined; there is little classical or scientific knowledge introduced. In a seminary, care should be taken to give high notions of the

* In Würtemberg, it seems, that the system of taking the benefices, pursued by the monasteries, was most mischievously felt at their secularization. Something, however, was done by way of forming a church fund by those temporal persons who got possession of them, and in some cases an annuity was permanently fixed on the former property of convents. The government had great difficulty on this point; but they settled at last that every parish priest should at least have 500 florins and a house. A fund was formed by means of the revenue of all vacant benefices during their vacancy. This is the case too in Bavaria. See Brendel's *Handbuch*, p. 437. The curates were to receive from 52 to 104 florins a year, with a furnished room, lights, washing, servants, board, and a certain allowance of wine and beer.

† In Würtemberg the priests must be a year at the seminary at Rottenburg, after a full course of theology at Tübingen.

importance of the profession, much zeal, and fitting manners. The young men now hate the seminaries, which are like monasteries, stiff, severe, and uncomfortable. Each should have his own bed-room, while dozens now sleep in the same; and more freedom should be allowed, that when the student gets full liberty he may not abuse it. Why should there be an overseer in the sitting-room for young men of that age, and what can be the effect of there being such a person but deceit? The last part of the education should be dedicated to instruction in *pastoral* knowledge; and to the fostering a warm spirit of piety. Above all, the New Testament should be put into the students' hands, and they should not be confined to the regular and endless routine of meditations and prayer-formulæ.

After the course is over, the young priest begins his career as a curate, and all depends on his rector's religious example and precepts. Now the bishops should attend closely to the manners, dress, &c. of the young clergy.* In some dioceses examinations on such matters take place, but these are unfit for men. There should be prizes, book-clubs, and pastoral conferences established, to awaken and keep up a spirit of activity and exertion.†

The present system of confessions is mere form, lasting for a few minutes, cold and useless. The people go by hundreds in the processions and pilgrimages, to some favourite shrine, and all confess in four or five hours.‡ These are not fit times nor places for so solemn a duty, where hundreds stand round, and the priest is worn to death. The parish church is the only fit place.

The many ceremonies, the liturgy, the creeds, and the use of a foreign tongue, are productive of great evil. A better liturgy, explanation of the creeds, a cleansing of the liturgy from repetition and mysticism, and the introduction of German are necessary. *Much is done by individual clergy*, and their efforts show the general feeling.

The books for the instruction of the young are very bad, and not practical, and the catechisms are mere rote religion.

* In Würtemberg a priest must serve two years as a curate, and then is to be examined in theology in all its branches, and ecclesiastical law; and the strictest testimonials are required. All this is done by the government; the bishop may examine too if he pleases. No person is ever presented to a situation in his own native place. Residence of the closest kind is enjoined.

† Theological libraries and book-clubs were established by law in Würtemberg, in 1807, as well as pastoral conferences. Priests, chaplains, and curates, must be members of these clubs.

‡ This is entirely stopped in Würtemberg. At least it is made illegal to go to shrines out of Würtemberg, and the shrines in the country are converted into regular parish churches. So in the Grand Duchy of Weimar, all procession to shrines is made liable to punishment, and no processions from foreign territories are allowed to come through Weimar. See Müller's *Beitrage*, p. 128.

The reformation must begin *with the governments*, who must appoint good and active bishops, as soon as the arrangements for the new bishoprics are made.

Such were the evils of the Roman Catholic Church which Dalberg and Wessenberg endeavoured to remedy. The history of their efforts must be collected from the two very interesting volumes which contain the acts and ordinances for the bishopric of Constanz from the year 1801 to the year 1827, when the functions of Wessenberg actually ceased. Our limits of course prevent us from doing more than pointing out generally the line of action adopted. In all the pastoral addresses to the people on occasion of the yearly celebration of Lent, we find the greatest care taken to make them feel the little value of ceremonial and compulsory fasting, which is accordingly reduced to little more than a mere name; while the true meaning and value of mortification are carefully pointed out. Another great object was to prevent the sad evils which arose from the extreme number of holidays. Priests and people alike were accustomed on these days, not to join in quiet devotion in their own parishes, but to seek excitement by leaving home, scouring the country under the pretence of visiting some favourite church where a grand mass or procession took place, and then falling into excess, disorder and licentiousness. We find no less than eight ordinances on this important matter. All but the greater feasts are abolished,* and the clergy strictly forbidden to leave home or celebrate their parish service earlier on these days, or to keep any eves or vigils of the forbidden holidays. But it was necessary to go further than this, and to put down the pilgrimages and processions as far as it was possible. Accordingly we find that Wessenberg, by an ordinance of March 4, 1809, recalled the great Christian truth of the necessity of a spiritual worship; and after stating it, on the authority of the Council of Trent, as the duty of every bishop to reform abuses in these points, he orders all votive tablets, or *wappen* images and signs, and such things, to be removed from the churches; no more of the trumpery and mischievous legendary tales† usually sold at the places of resort, to be printed or sold in

* The feasts left were the Circumcision, Epiphany, Candlemas, St. Joseph, Annunciation, Easter Monday, Ascension, Whit Monday, Corpus Christi, St. Peter and St. Paul, Assumption, Birth of the Virgin, All Saints, Conception, Christmas, St. Stephen, and the day of the patron Saint of each church. This list was too large, it would seem, for Würtemberg. See *die Kath. Kirche Württembergs*, p. 25.

† Müller gives us some specimens of these tales. "The Virgin visits nuns by night; Christ plays at cards with a nun in her cell; makes love to nuns and marries them; beasts and insects pray to the Host; St. Patrick beats an oven with snow, and to please his nurse changes a pound of honey into a pound of butter." We have not patience for more. One of the latest miracles mentioned we are glad to see here noticed. It was related to us at Rome as fully proved at the canonisation of the last

future; no sermon recounting the miracles of the saint of the place to be preached, but the Gospels to be read in German, and works of real piety to be spread on these occasions. He directs the priests of the place of resort to teach the *real* doctrine of the Church as to the honouring of saints, their relics and pictures, and to warn the people against the superstition of believing that there is any virtue in particular images or places. If the church to which resort was made was not a parish church, he forbade any particular day to be observed. If it was, he allowed no variation in the service from that usual in other parishes. He forbade any priests from other places to go to assist on these occasions; and if there was no *appointed* priest at a place of resort, he forbade any celebration whatever. On ordinary days the Gospel and Epistles were to be read in German; and if there were two priests at a place of pilgrimage, while the one was saying mass, the other was not to be idle, but was to lead the people in prayer *in German*. It is impossible not to do justice to the good sense and discrimination, as well as good feeling, of this ordinance. Wessenberg felt that the sudden and entire removal of these pilgrimages would be dangerous, and perhaps impossible; he therefore began by doing all he could, and was obviously preparing the way for much more. These ordinances can only be paralleled by the singular and interesting documents which may be found at the end of Burnet. We allude to the injunctions of various English bishops, in which the same complaints are made, and the same mixture of right feeling and good sense is conspicuous. Some of Wessenberg's ordinances might be thought almost translations from them. Let us look for a moment to those of the Bishop of Salisbury in 1588, where it is ordered that "all such having cures, do every Sunday and Monday continually recite and sincerely declare, at the highe masse time, in the Englishe tonge, both the Epystle and Gospell of the same daye;" that "preaching be not lefte off for any other maner of observaunces in the Church, as processions;" that "ye suffre no night-watches in your churches or chapells—neither decking of your images with gold, silver, clothes, lights or herbs—nor the people to knele to them, nor worship them;" but ye "shall instruct and teach them how they ought and may use them, that is to say, only to behold

saint, a certain Julian of Spain, in 1824 or 1825; viz. that out of pity for some game shot by a fowler, he recalled it to life when picked and nearly roasted. The pictures of his three miracles were hung up in the portico of St. Peter's, and the resuscitation of the game was announced in this form. "Beatus Julianus, aviculus, ut torrentur ad ignem jam appositas, e veru detrahens, novâ vitâ donavit." And this in 1824 or 1825! See Müller's *Beitrage*, p. 131.

and loke upon them as one loketh upon a boke, whereby mennes minds be stirred and kenled sometimes to vertue and constancy, for otherwise there might be peril of ydolatrie, especially of ignorant lay people;" that "ye shall instruct your parishioners not to be envious about workes invented by their own folishe devotion, as to go about in idle pilgrimage, and say with vain confidence this prayer and that prayer, with other superstitious observacions in fastings, prayeing and kepyng of old folyshe customs." Again, we find in the injunctions of the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry a statement, that "universally reigneth this abhominable, detestable and dyvelishe use and custom, that *upon holy dayes*, in the tyme of divine servyce and preachyng, that youthe and other unthriftes resorteth to alehouses, and there use unlawful games, blasphemie, drunkenness, with other enormities." Thus we find the evil practical tendency of the Roman Catholic religion in these material points, the same under the most varied circumstances of place and time.

But the priesthood was one of the great objects of anxiety with Dalberg and Wessenberg. The address to the members of that body, which stands first in this collection, well deserves translation for its eloquence and its piety. They were in a sadly degraded condition, low in education, in manners, in feeling and in station. Wessenberg, like the English bishops we have alluded to, was obliged to attend to wretched minutiae, and compel them to be decent in their demeanour and dress, or in the words of the Bishop of Litchfield, to "weare nete, convenient and decent apparel." With proper feeling Wessenberg couched his instructions on these points in Latin, and while he willingly confessed how trifling in reality the point of dress was, he justly added that an indecorous dress showed something wrong within. The evils had gone so far that he was obliged to issue one ordinance against the clergy living so much in the wine-houses, and another forbidding them to say mass in boots and spurs, or to carry shillelahs—"quæ cum Herculis clava comparari possent!" It is rather amusing to find that even among the Swiss mountains there were some pretenders to dandyism among the clergy, and to hear the bishop protesting that he eschews the abominations of whiskers (*ne clerici faciem aspiciens militis putet*) and trowsers, and strictly forbidding the smoking cigars in the roads and streets!*

Wessenberg's earnest wish was to raise the condition of the lower clergy, by providing them with a better education and a more fitting stipend, and to awaken in all a spirit of zeal for their

* Sammlung, (1801—1808,) pp. 141 and 159.

duty. His Visitation questions are most searching.* He inquires minutely into the life, conversation and manners of the priest, his studies, his library, his style of catechising, the books in use among his people, his care in restraining them from scouring the country on festivals, and in pointing out and remedying the abuses of these pilgrimages. Nor are the inquiries less minute as to the moral and religious state of the people, and the care taken by the priest to lead them away from evil to good. He requires† from the proper officers accurate lists of all the vicars (or, as we should say, curates) in their district, with their characters and every requisite particular; and he desires too that they will see that “none of the clergy employ a curate without need, or refuse to do so when age or sickness requires it.” In another ordinance he provides that *proper* curates shall be sent from the seminary to such places as require them; that they shall not be displaced at the pleasure of the priest; and that they shall have board, lodging and fifty florins a year.‡ In order to prevent the rise of too great a body of clergy, he endeavoured to stop irregularities in titles to orders, and required at the least a strict adherence to the form by which some public body undertook to provide the candidate for orders with food and clothes, in case of sickness, or of not obtaining a benefice, and having no other support.§ Wessenberg required strict and constant residence, not allowing of an absence of more than a few days without a special permission.||

In order to provide for the education of the clergy, he directs that there shall be two admissions every year into the Bishop's Seminary, viz. at All Saints day and Easter, and that the candidates shall remain ten months in it.¶ His difficulties here were very great, from his diocese extending over part of various territories; and it seems that in Switzerland especially he had a good deal of trouble, part of which was ended by the erection of a Bishop's Seminary at Luzern in 1808. He required before admission into his seminaries, that there should be a certificate of

* Sammlung, (1801—1808,) p. 218.

† Ibid. pp. 65—69. Ibid. (1808—1827,) pp. 47. 104.

‡ Ibid. (1801—1808,) p. 67.

§ This is called a *Titulus mensæ*, or in German, *Tisch-Titel*. The form is given in Sammlung, (1801—1808,) p. 72. A full and clear account of the various titles allowed by the Roman Catholic Church is given by Brendel (*Handbuch*, p. 394.) They are (1) a nomination to some benefice (*titulus beneficii*); (2) a sufficient private fortune (*titulus patrimonii*); (3) an undertaking by some public body for the maintenance of the Candidate (*titulus mensæ*); and (4) the peculiar title of the Mendicants (*titulus paupertatis*.)

¶ Sammlung, (1808—1827,) p. 39. By another ordinance (p. 137.) it would seem that a common excuse was going to some baths for health. This is forbidden without a proper certificate.

¶ Sammlung, (1801—1808,) p. 70.

proficiency in philosophy and natural history, dogmatics, morals, church history and law, pastoral and exegetical theology—requisitions which might be remembered with advantage in other places than Switzerland, and by other churches than the Roman Catholic.

Not content with having thus provided for the education of the clergy, he was most anxious to secure their good conduct and zeal, and for that purpose he revived the ancient system of pastoral conferences, or meetings of the clergy under proper authority, for the discussion of professional matters, principally practical ones. These meetings he regulated by certain proper directions,* and Wessenberg ultimately proposed himself in a very curious paper a series of questions (no less than 275) on the subjects best adapted for these conferences.† They relate especially to the proper preparation for orders, and the due and faithful discharge of the various and difficult duties of the office. Wessenberg himself mentions the great advantages which experience showed him were derived from these conferences, and we have the results in a number of very interesting volumes called the *Archiv für die Pastoral Konferenzen*. We have a series of them from 1822 to 1825 lying before us, and we must say that they have more than local interest. It would appear that from ten to fifteen clergy belonged to each conference, under the direction of perhaps a rural dean; that the conferences were not too frequent; that the essays were either in German or Latin; and that the question treated of in an essay was subsequently discussed. We find essays on a variety of subjects, on the sacraments (and pretty free discussions of them),‡ sketches of the lives of useful priests, essays on the superstitions of the people, on the choice of the priesthood, on the use of a knowledge of medicine to the clergy, with some directions for its study, on the duties of vicars (curates),§ on the way of inducing the people to confess to their own parish priests, a point on which there is evidently great practical difficulty, as appears from various ordinances of Wessenberg and from essays in these volumes.|| In short these Archives contain papers on all practical subjects which can possess in-

* See Sammlung, (1801—1808,) p. 92—102.

† Ibid. p. 103—128.

‡ See Archiv for 1822, parts iv. and v.

§ It is clear from many circumstances that the arrangement of sending the curate (frequently an entire stranger) to live in the priest's house, was generally productive of great evil and discomfort. In one of these essays (*Archiv for 1822*, part x. p. 225.) the vicar is desired not to be too nice in his eating, and not to go into the kitchen before dinner to ascertain what he may expect! The writer strongly recommends the vicar to keep on good terms, if possible, with the servants, for many a worthy young man has lost his character by their falsehoods, and females are easily enraged by trifles.

|| Especially from one in part x. of the year 1822, where the priest of one of the places of resort states his conviction, that many who are really penitent do not confess at home out of shame.

terest for the clergy, and we can add that for the general reader who wishes to form an accurate notion of the state of moral and religious feeling of the lower orders of the south of Germany, they are invaluable. The traveller sees little and fancies much as to the virtues or vices of the people among whom he passes a few days or weeks. These volumes contain no descriptions, but they state existing evils and deficiencies,* and offer remedies for them, so that the picture is as accurate as it can be. The picture too, which they give, is most creditable to Wessenberg, to his designs, and to the clergy who assisted them. The promotion of real piety and of charitable institutions, (as for example of a Refuge for the blind which occupies Papers 9 and 10 for 1823,) the removal and correction of superstitious usages, the direction of the people in the use of Scripture and in every good work; these are objects in which it must give true pleasure to

* The remarks on the various superstitions of the people, (1822, pts. 8 & 12, & 1823, pt. 2 and 5, 1824, pt. 3,) the explanation of the comet, in order to do away with idle fears, (1822, pt. 10,) and other similar papers are very curious. There is one essay too, by a Catholic priest, interesting alike for its benevolence and its absurdity. A poor Protestant neighbour, who had fallen from his horse and done himself some serious injury which had obviously ended in derangement, came to the priest declaring that he was possessed, and telling a story of almost dramatic interest. In his sickness he had consulted a quack doctor, who told him that he could cure him by charms. He wrote strange signs on little fragments of paper, some of which were to be worn, some to be eaten in bread and drunk in wine. These the poor madman fancied afterwards were charms by which he had unknowingly sold himself to the devil. The doctor, he fancied, had done so before, and could only redeem his own soul by putting another in the power of Satan. Then comes a history of all the poor madman went through, which puts us strongly in mind of Crabbe's tremendous representation of madness in Sir Eustace Grey. "I know that this is my condition," said the poor madman, "by all I have seen and heard, by all I have suffered, by the change which has taken place in me, which has at length brought me to my present condition. All I cannot reveal; the little I can and dare tell must convince you. Often has my tormentor pent me up in the stove, and let me lie among the burning brands through the live long night. Then I hear him in my torment talking loud, I know not what, over my head. All prayer he forbids me, and he makes me tell whether I would give all I have or my soul for my cure. Then he speaks to me of the Bible; but he falsifies all he tells me of, or he tells me of some new-born king or queen in the Kingdom of God. I cannot go to church; I cannot pray; I cannot think a good thought; I see sights of horror ever before me, which fill me with unutterable fear, and I know not what is rest; my one only thought is how soon the devil will come to claim his wretched victim and carry me to the place of torment." The poor creature had a belief that a Roman Catholic priest had the power of exorcism. The priest was most kind to the poor maniac, and tried to convince him of the unreasonableness of his belief, and to talk to him of the power and goodness of God, and his love to his creatures. It need not be said that this was talking to the wind. In fine he said, "Well, I will rid you of your tormentor. He shall have to do with me, and not with you, in future." This promise had the desired effect; and the priest followed it by advising the maniac to go to a good physician, to avoid solitude, to work hard, to read his Bible, and remember the comfortable declarations of which he had been just reminded, and if he was in any doubt or anxiety, to go to his parish minister. What is singular is, that this essay mentions it as a common case for the Priests to have such applications from Protestants; and (in 1823, pt. 1) we find an essay on the proper method of treating Pietists or Separatists when called to their death-beds.

every right-minded man to see the clergy employed. There is much discussion, as it may be imagined, on the subject of reading the Bible, but no wish apparently to prevent it. There are many inquiries as to what would be useful in the way of ascetic exercises for a penitent, many researches on the best way of instructing the young, on the management of schools, and many spirit-stirring exhortations to the priesthood to a discharge of their duties.

These conferences, however, were not the only means to which Wessenberg resorted for the improvement of the clergy; for we find, both from the Collection of his ordinances and the Archives, that he established book societies, under convenient regulations, in the various districts of his diocese. His attention was next turned to the instruction and edification of the people; and first of all to the state of religious worship. And it is obvious from the whole collection of his acts that he felt the necessity of restoring the ancient practice of using the mother tongue in public prayer, but that he was afraid of making too violent changes at once.* He introduced, very cautiously and gently, German formulæ of prayer on minor occasions,† and perpetually offered prizes for the composition of formulæ of prayer and works of devotion. In this matter he was assisted in a variety of quarters by Roman Catholic priests. Various works appeared in the South of Germany on this important subject, to one of which entitled "The public worship of Catholic Christians was originally different in its form from its present state, and must again become different," (No. 9 of our list) we have on a former occasion alluded. It is written by an old parish priest in Bavaria, (who

* We stated in a former article that a German mass had been introduced in Stuttgart; but this is not quite correct. The Duke of Würtemberg, though a Protestant, claimed the right of regulating spiritual matters in his dominions, and was anxious to improve the state of the Roman Church there. He took the subject of liturgy into his consideration, and, like Wessenberg, proceeded with caution and judgment to introduce by degrees a good deal of German into the various forms. First the Epistle and Gospel were read in German; then certain of the prayers in the Mass (as the Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Pater Noster, Benedicat vos, with many others,) as were others in the actual administration of the Communion, (as the Confiteor, Misereatur, &c.,) which was preceded by an address in German, pointing out the use, &c. of the Rite. But, in order to keep up the integrity of the Latin Mass, (or, in other words, to prevent objections,) each prayer in the Mass, which was given in German, was previously given in Latin. These alterations were introduced in July, 1786, and it appears that the Roman Catholic priests of Stuttgart entirely approved of them, with a single exception. Besides this a collection of German hymns, and of German prayers to be used after the sermon, was introduced. At vespers, German hymns were to be sung, and the Bible read in German. The Passion, &c. in the services of Passion Week, were also sung in German. These particulars are found in the book called *Ueber die Deutsche Mess und Abendmahl*, &c. (No. 15 of our list.)

† As the blessing of water at the Epiphany (*Sammlung*, 1801—1808, p. 271); the blessing of the land (to make it fruitful), *ibid.* p. 181—198; the procession of the Corpus Christi, p. 197—217.

was then Royal circle-inspector of the schools for the people;) and consists of an inquiry into the early worship of the primitive Church, from the works of the Fathers, with remarks on the abuses which had successively sprung up. The writer points out the line pursued in the early Church as to the forms of prayer, preaching, and singing in the Church, and dwells with great earnestness on the necessity of making the public worship of his Church a more reasonable service. He criticises the *Mass Book* at great length and with much severity, and shows how inapplicable are many of the selections of Scripture and prayers to the times to which they are appropriated, and how entirely the sense and meaning of many of the passages of Scripture quoted are frittered away.

The use of the mother tongue is insisted on, and a bold recommendation given, that when the necessary improvements were made, the new form should be introduced in all churches on a given day, after three months notice. The writer, too, endeavours (p. 667), to do away with the notion that the people have any violent objection to a change, and mentions that *many* parish priests had already suppressed various abuses, frequently read passages out of Scripture, and had introduced many new customs as to singing and praying, and all this much to the content of the people.* That with the exception of the mass, all other services in the diocese of Constanze were finally performed in German, we find from Huber,† who adds, that Catholic Würtemberg, and as far as he knows, other German Catholic countries are following the same plan.

Huber himself is one of those whose works must have given much help and countenance to Wessenberg, in this part of his career. His last book, which is called a "Defence of the Catholic religion against recent attacks," (No. 8 of our list) contains his sentiments often delivered elsewhere. It professes to be a reply to Heuhofer, but while it justly reproves that writer in many points for ignorance, it readily allows how much there is to be done in order to bring the Catholic Church to a right state as to its worship, as well as other points. The plan pursued by Huber, (like Wessenberg,) was to do nothing rashly, not to shock the people‡ by violent changes, but to give a better turn

* He mentions that Pracher performed, in 1808, a public service for the dead in German, (on an anniversary,) at Leinstetten, and that in many churches German hymns are already introduced.

† *Vertheidigung*, p. 88. (This work, our readers will observe, is as late as 1836.)

‡ He gives a curious instance, in his own experience, of the mischief done by hasty proceedings. When he first went to his parish, he found, to his great disgust, only the common books of devotion, viz. :—P. Cochem, the Great and Little Garden, the Spiritual Soul-watcher, &c. The very first occasion which offered, he attacked these

to usages already in existence. Thus, for example, instead of rejecting the rosary, he connected with it a set of simple and pious prayers, calculated to recall to the minds of the people the great doctrines and duties of Christianity, and this practice he tells us, was followed by very many Catholic pastors.*

With respect to the honouring of saints, Huber insists strongly on the fact, that the real doctrine of the Roman Church is, that the saints were to be merely objects of imitation, and must be thought of to strengthen our faith. And he says, that in the devotional works of late years, by Brunner, Sailer, Jais, Nack, Klaißen, Hassler, Parizek, and his own *Handbuch der Religion*, these abuses of the doctrine were removed. He allows no gilded images, and does not wish for many of any kind. Indeed he took away twelve at once from his own church. The old style of addressing the saints is given up, he tells us, in all the recent books of prayer; the well-known litany to the Virgin, as it contains exaggerated and mystical expressions, is rejected by all zealous pastors, and not received into any recent books of Catholic devotion, at least not without signal alterations.† He readily allows that he can himself remember the time when one saint was supposed to find lost goods, and another to cure sick cattle; nay, that he perfectly recollects, in a *Neuvaine* held by the capuchins in honour of St. Anthony, the saint was addressed as "Thou restorer of lost goods! Thou ever-enduring worker of miracles!" But now the matter is quite different, and he feels persuaded that none even of the people believe such idle tales. The whole of Huber's work is to the same purpose. The ceremonies, he says, have very frequently a recondite or no meaning, (p. 313,) and they ought to be altered; indeed zealous clergy, *whose number increases every year*, of their own authority introduce variations; the masses for the dead have given rise to various abuses, some of which are already, and the rest will be corrected,‡ (p. 220); the

books publicly and vehemently from the pulpit. The people were shocked and offended; they said that their fathers knew how to pray as well as fresh teachers, and would not look at his new volumes of prayer. Taught by his ill success to vary his plan, on a subsequent occasion he took occasion to speak in proper terms of respect of the piety of the composers of those early books, but added that many improvements, as they all knew, were constantly making in agriculture, masonry, &c., and so they must see that this might be the case with books. He then proceeded in the pulpit to compare the old and one of his new books of devotion, and before the evening he had numerous applications for copies.

* *Vertheidigung*, p. 41.

† The very same expressions which Protestants have objected to as mystical and likely to lead the people to an exaggerated conception of the power of the Virgin, are objected to on the same grounds by Huber, p. 277, 278.

‡ Huber is obviously at a loss what to say as to denying the communion in both kinds. When we find a man of his good sense and feeling reduced to talk of "some people drinking no wine, and some feeling disgust at drinking out of the same cup

mass unquestionably should be in the mother tongue, (p. 69, note); and pilgrimages should be abolished, (p. 71).*

But we return to the more immediate subject of improvements in Roman Catholic devotion, and we find that Wessenberg was not assisted by Huber alone. We have already mentioned the names of several Roman Catholic writers of improved books of devotion,† and there is at least an equal number of improved hymn books. Among them is one by Sperl, called "*Christliche Gesänge vorzüglich für die öffentl. Gottesverehrung der kath. Kingerichtet durch einen kath. Priester*," which is actually received into use in the parish church of Karlsruhe‡; and Huber§ mentions another as in use in the churches of Bavaria. The volume of Prayers and Hymns for the use of the Diocese of Constance, was first published in 1812, a second edition in 1814, and subsequently the demand for it became such that there was a fresh edition in each of the years 1824, 1825, and 1826.||

The introduction of a new Catechism was another great object of Wessenberg's anxiety, and we find¶ that after various efforts, by exhortation and proposing prizes for the composition of new Catechisms, he obtained one which he recommended to the diocese.

These were important improvements, and we find him, in an ordonnance of 1826,** (when we apprehend that he foresaw the close of his episcopal labours,) stating his deep-felt satisfaction, that after five-and-twenty years of labour he had been able to achieve so much for the promotion of real piety; that the gospel was now carefully read and familiarly explained to the people in the early service, as well as by a sermon at the time of ordinary mass; that the book of prayers and hymns for all seasons of the year made the devotion of the people a more reasonable as well as pious service; that the use of vespers in the mother-tongue, and the reading suitable passages of Scripture; the getting rid of the mischievous concourse of people in pilgrimages for confession, and in some places the division into classes of those who

with so many others, and of the consecrated cup being often overturned," (p. 81,) we see that he is indeed driven hard. It puts us in mind of a conversation in the Archiv, where, as a defence of celibacy, the chief argument is the peace of a bachelor's house, and the comfort of not finding a Xantippe always at home.

* This is already done in Würtemberg. See *Die Kath. Kirche Würtembergs*, p. 23.

† There is of course a good deal of difference in these. Brunner's *Gebetbuch für aufgeklärte kath. Christen*, (Rothenburg, 1817,) which we have looked over with some care, though it undoubtedly recognises fully and distinctly the great doctrines of Christianity, is too vague and too sentimental for our taste, and dwells too little on the means of improving the heart, which are peculiar to Christianity.

‡ See *Gebetbuch für aufgeklärte, &c.* p. 398.

§ *Vertheidigung*, p. 99.

|| *Sammlung*, (1808—1827,) pp. 139. 143. 168. 236. 242. 259.

¶ *Ibid.* p. 144.

** *Ibid.* p. 267, et seq.

wished to confess; the improved state of religious instruction in every point of view, as to matter and manner; and the use of good popular works of edification, all tended to fulfil the great object of his life, and to give him the highest and deepest satisfaction.

It was vain to expect that proceedings like these could fail to give umbrage to the Holy See. There was a papal nunciature at Luzern, and the nuncio did not fail to report to Rome all the steps of Wessenberg. We cannot say that he reported faithfully, for, on the contrary, it is clear enough that he misstated many matters, and exaggerated others. The first decided notice taken of Wessenberg by the See of Rome was on occasion of the arrangement made between the Prince Primate and the Government of Luzern, with respect to the erection of a priest's seminary there. The diocese of Constanx extended over part of Switzerland, and the Canton of Luzern was included in it. But there was no seminary, as we have before observed, for the education of the Swiss Roman Catholic priesthood. The Bishop therefore arranged with the Government of Luzern that such a seminary should be established, and that, *with permission* of the Holy See, a convent of minors of St. Francis at Werthenstein (close to Luzern) should be appropriated to it, as no novices entered the convent, and its vacancies could not be supplied from Germany, the convents there being all suppressed. By the same agreement it was settled, that the canonries in two chapter foundations, (one at Munich and the other that of St. Leodegar, in the Hof at Luzern,) should be dedicated to aged priests, and to professors in the schools and academies; that a fresh division of parishes should be made, with a sufficient provision for the priest of each; and that for these objects (the seminary, that is to say, and the payment of the parish priests,) every priest holding a benefice above a certain value should be taxed.

The suppression of the monastery required papal permission, but the erection of the seminary did not; and accordingly Wessenberg entered upon the business at once, and established his seminary in a public building at Luzern. The Prince Primate wrote for permission to use the convent, explaining that all its members would be provided for at Luzern, but received a direct refusal, accompanied by a long lecture on the value of convents, and the duty of maintaining them. In the mean time the nuncio had sent a false statement, to the effect that Wessenberg (to whom all these proceedings were ascribed) had already taken possession of the convent. This produced a very angry letter from the Pope, complaining bitterly of the perversion of the various foundations and of the change of parishes, and accusing

Wessenberg not only of all this mischief, but of having on other occasions laboured for the suppression of religious houses. That Wessenberg, in his earnest desire to improve the education and state of the priesthood, was the adviser of these steps, admits of no question; but it is equally true not only that the treaty with Luzern was signed by the Prince Primate himself, but that that prelate expressly reserved to himself on all occasions the ultimate decision on certain matters, viz. all ordonnances and pastoral letters put forth in his name, general instructions for episcopal commissaries, prayers on the parts of religious of either sex for secularization and other dispensations, agreements with all governments, and the correspondence with the Papal See and the nunciature at Luzern.* It was therefore absurd to accuse Wessenberg as the author of these measures, and to absolve the Prince Primate of all concern in them; but it was convenient to do so, as this correspondence took place in 1807, when the Prince Primate was not in a state to be threatened. He answered with great temper, but in a very proper spirit declared that all which Wessenberg had done was done with his consent; and that so far was the latter from desiring the suppression of religious houses, that from his desire to preserve them, he had gone to the diet of Bern to remonstrate against some proceeding having that tendency.† We do not collect what was the end of the correspondence. The Prince Primate professes his readiness to submit as to the convent of Werthenstein, if the Pope perseveres in his resolution, and so the correspondence closes.

The next attack on Wessenberg was evidently in consequence of a representation from the nuncio at Luzern, who was more eager to find grounds for annoying Wessenberg than judicious in his choice of them. We have noticed the wise and Christian instructions given as to fasting by Wessenberg. In consequence, as was alleged, of representations made by sovereigns and magistrates, as to the excessive rise of price in the articles used as food in fasts, the bishops of the greater part of Germany had dispensed with the usual fast on Saturdays. In 1799, the predecessor of the Prince Primate granted the same indulgence to the city of Luzern; and in 1806, the Prince Primate himself, at the request of the magistracy of Luzern, extended it to the canton. All this must have been known to the nuncio, but neither he

* Vollständige Beleuchtung, p. 10. Reformation in C. Church, p. 31.

† There was no great reason for the Pope's objection, for, as the Prince Primate mentions, the suppression of religious houses, when wanted for other purposes, was no novelty; nay, the Council of Trent directs expiring convents to be turned to the purpose of seminaries, and Pius VI. had actually suppressed three flourishing convents at Mainz for such a purpose.

nor the See of Rome ever made any remonstrance on the subject. When, however, in 1809, this indulgence was still further extended to some few Saturdays which had been previously exempted (as being the eves of the greater solemnities), the nuncio gave notice to the papal court, and the result was a long letter to the Prince Primate, setting forth the advantages of Saturday fasting, and the sinfulness of dispensing with it, and laying the whole sin at the door of Wessenberg, whom, as His Holiness phrases it, the Prince Primate retains to His Holiness's affliction and the grief of all good men. The Prince Primate displayed the same good temper in his answer to this mandate as to the last, pointing out the absurdity of objecting to what had not been objected to before, defending the character of Wessenberg in the fullest and handsomest manner, and adding, that though he was aware that the permission accorded could not be recalled without great offence to many whom it was not desirable to offend, yet he would abide by the Pope's determination.*

We confess that, in our opinion, Charles Theodore acted with greater courtesy than wisdom on this occasion. For the Papal brief to him expressly claimed for the Papal See exclusively the right of dispensing; and we know not how with Wessenberg at his elbow, he came to commit so great a blunder as not to notice the injustice of the claim. There might, perhaps, be at the moment some temporary reason for wishing to keep the Holy See in good humour, some little point to be carried, unknown to us. If this was not the case, and Dalberg and Wessenberg were then blind to the pretensions of Rome, under the fallacious idea that her wishes and hopes kept pace with her means, their eyes were soon opened. For, at the very beginning of 1811, we find a letter from the Nuncio at Luzern to Wessenberg, expressly claiming for the Holy See exclusively, the power of dispensation in matrimonial cases, among others; and complaining bitterly of Wessenberg, for presuming, in his office of bishop's vicar-general, to exercise it. The Pope was at this time in the hands of Napoleon, but the Nuncio asserted that access to him was still open—and that if it was not, application should be made to himself.

That the right of granting these dispensations had originally belonged to the bishops, there is no question; and they had exercised that right till in the eleventh century the popes founded their formal reservations on the voluntary applications made to them by bishops for advice in such cases. But the best authorities of the Roman Church would, we apprehend, decide that

* See *Vollständige Beleuchtung*, p. 187—200.

as these reservations could not change, though they might limit, this episcopal right, the limitation must cease when access to the pope could not be gained.* And the assertion that a Nunciature in Switzerland could have any authority in the diocese of a German bishop, was, at once, an infringement of the rights of the German Church. That a Papal Nuncio should, while his master was, in fact, a prisoner, have thought of extending the dominion of the Church of Rome, would hardly be credible, were the fact not before our eyes. It need not be said that Charles Theodore and Wessenberg denied, *in toto*, his right to interfere, and pursued their previous line of conduct. But the Nuncio was not easily deterred; for although we find none of the details, it appears (from a hint in Wessenberg's correspondence with Consalvi) that in 1814 he made a similar attempt, and received a similar rebuff from Charles Theodore in person, as that prelate happened to be at Luzern, in the absence of Wessenberg.

The feelings of the Holy See were now so embittered against this excellent person, that, as appears by letters found among Charles Theodore's papers after his death, many complaints were made to him of the 'perverse doctrines' of Wessenberg. No decided steps, however, were taken, for the very obvious reason that Charles Theodore was not likely to be compliant. But *as soon as Napoleon's fate was sealed*, the Pope, by a brief of Nov. 2, 1814, positively ordered the dismissal of Wessenberg from his post of vicar-general. Charles Theodore, though fallen from his high estate, and evidently obliged in some degree to change his tone, still bore a powerful and manful testimony to the virtues of Wessenberg, and begged that he might not be condemned unheard. But he did not act wisely on this occasion. By the Church law of Germany, and the law of the empire, no Papal bull or brief is valid, without the *placitum regium*; and therefore the dismissal of Wessenberg was a mere dead letter till that approbation was obtained. Charles Theodore might have known the feelings of the Grand Duke of Baden well enough to have been secure that he would not have permitted such an act of injustice, and that he would have demanded, as he was entitled to do by the laws of the empire, and as he asserts in his Memorial he should do in such cases, that the accused should be tried by his countrymen. The brief might, therefore, have been safely, and even advantageously published. However, Charles Theodore re-

* See Petrus de Maros, *De Concordia Sacerdotii et Imperii*.—iii. 2. 6. Obernetter.—i. 7. 21. See also Huber's *Vollständige Beleuchtung*, p. 276, where some of the passages are given; and it is added that Van Espen, Thomasin, Bossuet, Fleury, Eybal, and many jurists go farther and say, that if the good of the Church requires it, this right of dispensation may be taken from the Pope against his will.

solved to suppress it entirely. We have the authority both of Wessenberg and of the Chapter of Constanzt, for saying that they never heard of it till after his death.* All parties were therefore deceived. The Pope might conclude that the German authorities felt no objection to his proceedings, and might thus be fortified in his resolution to persevere in his claims, and those authorities were kept in ignorance of the pretensions of the Holy See.

The next year, strange to say, Charles Theodore nominated Wessenberg as his successor in the bishopric. This was done in canonical form, and with the approbation and confirmation of the sovereign, and a notification of it sent to Rome, with a request for the confirmation of the Holy See.† But, as far as is known, no answer, either in the affirmative or the negative, was obtained. The fact seems to be, that the court of Rome could not approve the choice, but saw that a rejection of it would immediately draw on itself a demand from the court of Baden for the grounds of refusal, and a public inquiry into Wessenberg's character.

The silence of the court of Rome did not create any sensation, but was attributed to the peculiar circumstances of the times. Consequently, when Charles Theodore died, the chapter of Constanzt took a step which they were justified and indeed required by law‡ to take on such occasions, viz. to proceed to the choice of a vicar capitular or administrator of the diocese, *sede vacante*. Their choice fell on Wessenberg, and they notified it by letter to Rome. This step was superfluous, for the council of Trent does not require any such notification, and does not leave the Pope the power of either confirmation or rejection. But it was more than superfluous—it was highly improper—for the notification was sent without any communication to the Grand Duke. The Holy See saw its advantage, and, *without any notice of that sovereign*, wrote back to the chapter of Constanzt a formal rejection of Wessenberg, and a positive order to proceed to another election. This happened in March, 1817. It seems probable, as the Grand Duke's Memorial states, that the Holy See wished to try the effect of this contempt of sovereign authority, and it soon (the memorial adds) had that gratification, though not in the way most likely to satisfy the Holy See, as public indignation was loudly expressed at the insolence of the proceeding. In May, the chapter, instead of complying with the demand, wrote back a spirited defence of Wessenberg. And then the court of Rome began to see that there must have been intercourse

* See the Letter of Wessenberg, in *Reformation of the Catholic Church*, p. 39; and that of the Chapter, *ibid.* p. 64; or *Vollständige Beleuchtung*, p. 56.

† *Vollständige Beleuchtung*, p. 44.

‡ See Council of Trent.—*Sess. 24.* chap. 16.

between the Chapter and the Grand Duke,* and that without his intervention nothing could be done. The question then was, whether he should be bullied or coaxed, and the latter was resolved on. We doubt whether a more artful or impudent letter could well be written. As if there were no such person as Wessenberg in the world, the letter begins with assuming most impudently that the diocese of Constanx is subject to the nunciature of Luzern; and that, consequently, the Holy See wishes to introduce to His Royal Highness the Nuncio now in Switzerland as a most excellent person; to express a fervent hope that through him some arrangements for ecclesiastical affairs may be made in Baden, as well as elsewhere in Germany; and to recommend the Roman Catholics in Baden to the Grand Duke's kind protection.

After all this, like the postscript of a lady's letter, comes the pith of the matter. There is a trifle which the Holy See may as well mention, as it is communicating with the Grand Duke. There is a troublesome, wrongheaded man of the name of Wessenberg, it seems, who was vicar-general to the deceased bishop, but whose character and conduct were so bad, that the Holy See was obliged to desire his dismissal. Now, strange to say, the chapter of Constanx has had the impudence not only to elect him as their vicar, *sede vacante*, but to notify their choice to the Holy See. Of course the Holy See had rejected the choice, and it hopes the Grand Duke will give his assistance towards expelling this troublesome person, whom all the good abhor and hold in contempt, and of whom it is publicly known that he has not the approbation of the Holy See.† This letter was sent by the hands of the most reverend nuncio himself; and His Royal Highness, on the receipt of it, as might naturally be expected, was most indignant. There is something very amusing and characteristic in the difference between the wily Italian smoothness of the Pope's letter, and the straightforward blunt German honesty of the Grand Duke's angry reply.

"The Chapter of Constanx did quite right in choosing Wessenberg," says the Grand Duke in substance, "for the principles of the canon law, and the custom of Germany required them to choose, and Wessenberg is such a good man, and so highly esteemed by clergy and people, that they could not choose better. His Royal Highness is very sorry, therefore, to find the Pope rejecting in so contumelious a manner a person so esteemed by all good and well-disposed men. He will oppose the

* The Grand Duke's Memorial says, that the Brief, of which the court of Rome did not condescend to give him the slightest intimation, by some clandestine means found its way into the public journals.

† Reformation of the Catholic Church, pp. 2—5.

execution of the Pope's brief to the chapter, and persist in his opposition till it can be proved before a proper tribunal, and in the way mentioned in old concordats, that Wessenberg is a bad man. The possessions of the diocese of Constanx were never subject to any nunciature whatever,* and His Royal Highness trusts that no attempts will be made against his just rights."

These pithy and pleasing replies to the various points of His Holiness's letter were sent off in June, 1817; and a few days after, Consalvi was apprized that Wessenberg himself would go to Rome, to show his respect for the Holy See, and to justify himself from all accusations. There was no great prospect of his meeting a very kind reception, inasmuch as the Grand Duke, in addition to his complimentary letter, had shown the farther civility of keeping a promise which he made in it, and with which the Holy See would have willingly dispensed, viz. the issuing a certain decree of the same date as the letter, by which Wessenberg was maintained in his situation and his full authority, until a formal and proper inquiry had taken place, in the way directed by the old concordats, viz. by German judges. Indeed the Grand Duke fairly confesses in his Memorial,† that he had no great hopes from the journey of Wessenberg, but still as he was anxious to get rid of the difference with the court of Rome as soon as possible, he thought the experiment worth making. It was made, and poor Wessenberg arrived at Rome in that pleasant season when only dogs and Englishmen like to be seen out of doors, that is to say, in the month of July. We presume that His Holiness and the Cardinal Secretary voted the weather rather too hot for business, for no entreaties on Wessenberg's part could induce those very reverend persons to take the least notice of his arrival till September, that is, for seven weeks after his arrival. Luckily, he survived the heat, the malaria, and the cruel neglect of the Holy See, and had strength to read and reply to Consalvi's note of the 2d September. It begins with reprobating Wessenberg's conduct for still calling himself vicar-capitular after the Pope's brief of rejection; and then goes into a detailed accusation, in the first place, with relation to the erroneous doctrines and sentiments of Wessenberg, and in the next, with respect to his administration. The first division, it is quite obvious, was a matter of little interest to the Holy See. It was proper of course to say that Wessenberg was accused of such opinions as a reason for all

* The letter observes, that by a recess of the empire of February, 1803, it was settled that Switzerland should have a certain sum from the diocese of Constanx, for the erection of a bishopric and cathedral of its own; and that 300,000 florins were accordingly paid; so that even if there had been previously any question as to the rights of the Swiss Nunciature, it must now obviously be at an end.

† Reformation in the Catholic Church, p. xxvi.

which the See had done and said against him, but when he had replied, Consalvi, in his second note, *drops almost all mention of this matter, and confines himself to those acts of episcopal power by which Wessenberg had interfered with alleged rights of the Holy See.* In truth, nothing could be so vague, so frivolous, and so absurd, as the charges against Wessenberg's opinions. Certain books were said to be written by him, which he had never written; he had licensed a great many bad books, whereas, in fact, he had licensed very few, and even those with a proviso that they met the approbation of the church. The "Archives" had praised Cooper's account of the sufferings of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, though there are many dogmatical errors in the book, &c. &c.

The main and capital charge was that Wessenberg had exercised many of those rights which really belong to bishops, but of which the Holy See (the greatest enemy to true episcopacy) had robbed them. He claimed the right of giving dispensations in case of marriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants, without any reservation. The Pope had (in 1790) issued a decree against a Professor Dereser, and the Archbishop Elector of Köln, whose subject he was, had (in compliance with the concordats already alluded to) assumed the right of investigating the matter, and had pronounced him innocent. Wessenberg, thirty-three years after, nominated him to a place in Luzern, never having heard of the Pope's brief; and when he was told of it, he nevertheless chose to abide by the archbishop's decision, in compliance, we must say, with the recognised rights of the German church, but in contempt, Consalvi said, of the authority of the Holy See, which had a right not to direct an inquiry, but to issue an imperative order. Then Wessenberg had abolished many holidays, without any previous permission from the Holy See; he (or rather Charles Theodore) had granted many dispensations from religious vows, which was the peculiar privilege of the Roman court; he had prevented the clergy of the diocese from obtaining privileges directly from Rome, without communication with him, a measure salutary in itself, and necessary for preserving the power of the Episcopate; but of course highly offensive to Rome. In like manner he had fearlessly forbidden any acts from Rome to take any effect in his diocese, without approbation from his episcopal curia, an old and well-established provision in the German church. Our readers will observe that all these points relate to what are called the accidental, tolerated, or disputed rights of the Holy See;* and the sear the rights about

* All Roman Catholic churches confess that certain rights belong to the Pope. He is *primus inter pares*, and the point of union for the various parts of the Church, they

which Rome has ever been most anxious. It is needless, we think, to weary our readers with a detailed account of Wessenberg's reply. We will only briefly state that it exhibits the best possible temper, and the utmost respect and deference for the Holy See. Wherever he or his personal feelings only were

who are in union with him being in union with one another. The reverse is not allowed by all to be necessarily true. He has the right of calling general councils, to preside in them in person or by deputy, to announce their decrees, and watch over their execution.—*Brendel*, p. 171, 176. With respect to particular churches, the Pope may make ordinances for their good and in the spirit of the Church, and such ordinances will be of force till those churches show good ground for rejecting them. He is to watch over the maintenance of true doctrine and discipline, to supply what particular heads of churches neglect, to make provisional decrees in matters belonging to him, decide on pure church matters, and to send nuncios to particular churches.—*Brendel*, pp. 176—179. With respect to the accidental or tolerated rights, we find among them the right of confirming and consecrating bishops, of requiring an oath of fidelity from them, appointing their coadjutors, degrading them and permitting their resignation, erecting new bishoprics and dividing or uniting old ones, canonizing saints and establishing new religious orders. These were all encroachments by the Holy See. The very first for example, viz. the right of consecrating and confirming bishops is quite a novelty in the Church. The Council of Nice decrees, that the consecration of a bishop shall take place by three others, and his confirmation by his metropolitan. The confirmation by the metropolitan went on in Spain till the 13th century, and in Naples till the 14th, and it prevailed generally till the 12th. Nay, in Salzburg the archbishop remained (till the last changes) in possession of the right of confirming his four suffragans, of Lavant, Gurk, Seckau, and Chiemsee. The popes got possession of the archbishop's power by degrees, in consequence of frequent contentions about appointments, and consequent appeals, by one or other party, from the metropolitan to the Holy See. Thomasinus says, (*Disc. Eccl.* s. 11. t. 11,) that he could find no traces in antiquity of the power claimed by the popes of giving canonical institution, and it is curious that even the Council of Trent only says that the metropolitan is to examine and institute the bishop, and to send to Rome an account of his examination and institution for the papal approbation. We have dwelt on this point at some length, as it was and is a matter of no small interest, and has ever been an instrument of mighty power in the hands of Rome. Peter de Marca, for example, could not get his confirmation for six years, in consequence of offence taken by Rome at what he said as to the liberties of the Gallican church. When the House of Braganza obtained the kingdom of Portugal, Urban VIII. and Innocent X. would not confirm the bishops appointed by John IV. for fear of displeasing Spain. This went on from 1640 to 1688, when twenty-eight bishoprics were vacant, and the sole surviving bishop was ninety years of age. Clement VIII. and Pius VI. would not confirm the Neapolitan bishops, because the government would not send to Rome the white horse which was given as a token of feudal submission to the Holy See, and the Episcopate had at one time nearly expired in Naples. In Louis the XIVth's time, there were thirty-two episcopal sees vacant, and in Napoleon's time, all our readers are doubtless aware of the dispute which continued for eleven years. We heartily wish more information could be gained on these points; for we see that Brendel says, (p. 187,) that even now in France the sees are only provisionally filled. It may be curious to mention the sort of pecuniary profit which Rome has got from this right of confirmation and consecration. The Archbishop of Salzburg paid, in 1745, 995 scudi for his pallium, and 31,358 for his confirmation; i. e. (roughly speaking) about 7,000*l.* The pallium consists of two stripes of white wool, cut from two lambs offered up, in St. Agnes's church, on St. Agnes's Day, spun into a sort of cloth by the nuns of St. Agnes, and consecrated by the Pope on the altar of St. Peter's. See Müller's *Fremden und Baiern*, p. 168. We allude to the rights claimed by the Holy See to interfere in the temporal concerns of sovereigns, and in the proper rights of bishops, by faculties, exemptions, dispensations from vows and oaths, and in cases of marriage, absolutions and indulgences.

concerned, he states his readiness, nay, his anxiety to make every concession, and he shows with great clearness and power that in almost every instance he had in fact done nothing at which any reasonable offence could be taken; but he could not resign the rights of the German Episcopate, nor concede and compliment away the just power of his own sovereign. His explanations were therefore wholly unsatisfactory, and Consalvi's reply, passing over, as we have said, almost all questions respecting Wessenberg personally, dwells again on these very points with great earnestness and great determination. Wessenberg then saw clearly how the case stood. His own character and opinions were not the stumbling-block, but his advocacy of the rights of the German Church and the Episcopate. The Pope required from him an absolute resignation of his office, together with a declaration of repentance for his conduct, and a promise to change it. Such a step would have been wholly inexcusable in Wessenberg. His election had been regular; he was approved by the Grand Duke his sovereign, and no offer was made by the Holy See of investigating the charges against him according to the established and legitimate method.* Nay! the charges themselves were obviously not pointed at him, so much as at the liberties of the German Church. He therefore replied with great dignity and spirit, that any personal sacrifice to gratify the Holy See he was ready to make, but that he had duties to perform both to the Church at Constanx, and to the Grand Duke his master, and that he must, therefore, return to Baden. On his return thither the Grand Duke felt it necessary to take very decided measures. He felt, as before, that there was no reason for withdrawing Wessenberg from a dignified and advantageous sphere of action, on mere vague and general accusations. The fact too was now undeniable, that he had not been guilty of any personal faults, but that the office was attacked in the man. He was therefore resolved to maintain and support Wessenberg in every way, and he commanded him not to allow himself to be disturbed or restrained in the exercise of his office by any interference or indirect practices, in short, by nothing which was not established beyond all doubt by the clear laws and undisputed practice of

* The investigation of charges by judges on the spot was the practice of the ancient Church at all times. See Cyprian Ep. 59. Conc. Nic. Can. 5. Conc. Antioch. Can. 14 and 15. Can. Afric. 1, 2, and 19. Can. Adrian I. c. 12. 30. 37. Leb I. Ep. 87. Cap. Reg. Franc. lib. vii. c. 143. 178. But the later Popes have recognised the right time after time, and in various countries, as in Holland for example. See the Bulls of Leo X. in *Batavia Sacra*, pt. 1. p. 237. Van Espen, *Tract. Hist. Can. de Censuris*, c. 5. § 4. It is stated indeed (in *Batavia Sacra*, pt. i. p. 238) that so firm has been the perseverance of the Belgic Church on this point, that no instance can be found of any obedience to a citation to Rome.

the Church. Wessenberg, accordingly, returned to the discharge of his various and important duties, and exhibited to all Europe the spectacle of a Roman Catholic bishop professing, and, we believe, actuated by a sincere regard for the great doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and a sincere respect for the proper power and authority of the Pope, but so far from submitting to the undue pretensions of the Court of Rome, that he exercised his office in absolute defiance of the Holy See.* Rome certainly stood in no enviable predicament at the period of Wessenberg's return. Her empire over opinion was gone, and actual power of enforcing her decree in Germany she had none. She could have excommunicated Wessenberg, but he was supported by his sovereign, and the days were gone when sovereigns could be excommunicated, or at least would give themselves any concern about it. Besides an open breach, even with a petty German prince, was not desirable, while there was yet a hope of gaining

* This is not a solitary case, for the History of the Dutch Prelates furnishes another very curious and singular instance. The dispute between them and the Papal See arose principally with respect to the Bull *Unigenitus* in the time of Archbishop Von Coudé, and one of the first publications which we see exists on the subject, is the *Causa Coudemana* in 1705. One or two pamphlets by Van Espen had, perhaps, preceded it. Since that time, at every election of an archbishop of Utrecht, or a bishop of Haarlem, or of Deventer, due notice has been given to the Holy See in regular form, with a proper confession of faith, but the only answer has been a declaration of the nullity of the election, and of the sacrilege of the consecration. The Dutch prelates appealed to a general council five times between 1718 and 1745, but of course in vain. They appear, however, to have persevered in their determination not to yield, nor to accept the bull *Unigenitus* and certain other papal constitutions, (some of which had been positively forbidden by the governments,) up to the most recent times. Whether they kept all the bishoprics constantly filled up we know not, except that it appears there was a vacancy in the archbishopric from 1808 to 1814, when a new archbishop was elected and consecrated by the Bishop of Deventer. The government neither admitted nor rejected the election. In 1823, when a Nuncio came to the Netherlands, the old archbishop and his suffragans, wishing, if they could, to achieve a reconciliation, wrote a request for an audience, to which the Nuncio returned a most insolent and ungentleman-like answer. After some farther correspondence they learned from the secretary, that nothing but a simple acceptance of the constitutions and bulls in question would suffice, while the prelates declared their perfect readiness to declare their full acceptance of all the articles of the Holy Catholic faith, and to condemn all the heresies which the Church condemned; to declare, too, their utter hatred of schism from the See of Rome, and their condemnation of the five points said to be in the writings of Jansen, and to swear obedience to the Pope and his successors. This was all in vain, and it was in vain that the prelates declared that their acceptance of the bulls in question, which had been prohibited by the government, would be breaking their allegiance. The king, disgusted with the conduct of the Nuncio, immediately recognised the prelates, which he had not done before. This was notified to Rome in due form, and the answer was an excommunication of the Archbishop of Utrecht and Bishops of Deventer, who had been consecrated in 1825; for the other bishop (of Haarlem) had been consecrated some years before during Consalvi's time, and was not excommunicated, in consequence (the prelates say in a memorial which they published in 1826) of that Cardinal's liberal feelings. We refer our readers to this "Déclaration adressée par l'Archevêque d'Utrecht et les Evêques de Haarlem et de Deventer, aux Archevêques, &c. de l'Eglise Catholique," &c. &c. 1826.

or regaining by the old Machiavelian policy, by negotiation and by intrigue. In fact, as a Roman Catholic lawyer in Germany very well observes, people, princes, and bishops, were now combined against Rome;* and consequently she could not so easily reign by dividing as in former ages. Even as it was, however, the contest appeared so unequal, it seemed such fearful odds to see the power of Rome exerted against the poor bishop and one petty prince, that it was sometime before men could believe that it would be exerted in vain. There was in consequence a strong feeling manifested for Wessenberg, and above one hundred pamphlets appeared on the subject, which roused and animated the whole of Germany. The other princes of Germany were not wanting to their brother or to themselves. Secret conferences were held at Frankfort in 1818, by Commissioners from Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, the Grand-Ducal and Ducal houses of Saxony, Nassau, Oldenburg, the two houses of Schwartzburg, Anhalt, Waldeck, Lippe, Schaumburg-Lippe, the two houses of Hohenzollern and Reuss, and the free Town of Frankfort: and in consequence an embassy was sent to Rome, consisting of the Barons von Schmitz-Grollenburg, and von Turkheim (names selected, we should think, to frighten the Pope, and well calculated to do so, if he was made of proper stuff,) in the early part of 1819. The Pope, however, undaunted by Messrs. Grollenburg and Turkheim, persisted in all the old demands of the Roman curia, or in offering only provisional concessions. As an example of the proceedings, it may be mentioned that the Holy See wished the ambassadors to engage for the observance of the "*canones nunc vigentes, et presens ecclesiæ disciplina*," but they properly answered (by a note of September 3, 1819) that it was utterly impossible to know what the present system of the Court of Rome was, or what were the canons asserted to be in vigour, and that consequently no such demand could be complied with. Even if a list of such canons were given, they must be submitted to the future bishops and the competent synods for approbation.† After seven months' useless negotiation, the men of the fearful names returned, *re infectâ*,‡ to Germany.§ Wessenberg in the meantime pursued his

* Rudhart. See Reformation in Catholic Germany, p. xviii.

† Müller's *Preussen und Baiern*, p. 60.

‡ The history of all the negotiations ought to be given. That of the meetings at Frankfort is given, we are told, in *Der Kirchen-und-Staatsfreund*. Jena, 1818. *Die Deutsche Kathol. Kirche*, Frankfort, 1818. Hillebrands *Deutschland und Rom*. Frankfort, 1818. We only know, beyond what we have stated above, that by the note of Sept. 3, 1819, the German princes declared their resolution not to submit to any terms which stood in contradiction with their constitutional relations, and the protection of the state against all attacks of religious intolerance. See Müller's *Beiträge*, Preface, p. v.

§ Our authority for these last particulars is Müller's *Preussen und Baiern in Con-*

usual course, and issued his proclamations on the various abuses and superstitions which he considered as injurious to the cause of true Catholicism. He received addresses soon after his return from Rome from the various country chapters of clergy, all bearing the strongest testimony to his various worth and high services, and all sympathizing entirely with his feelings and his resolutions as to his struggle with Rome. His answers to these addresses were marked with the same moderation and judgment which characterised his whole course. This strange state of things in Baden was at length ended by the adoption of a course which saved the honour of the Grand Duke of Baden, and at the same time did not cause the Holy See the mortification of a decided defeat. A convention was made with the State of Baden, and the two houses of Hohenzollern Hechingen and Sigmaringen, by which the ancient bishopric of Constanx was dissolved, after an existence of more than twelve centuries, and an archbishopric, extending over these three states, erected at Freyburg in the Breisgau.* We have never seen this convention, and know not any other part of its provisions, but we fear that the German Church by this and other separate conventions has lost an opportunity which it cannot easily recover. The fact seems to have been, that Austria having laid down her own code of ecclesiastical law, was indifferent; that Prussia and Bavaria had so large a body of Roman Catholic subjects, that some settlement of affairs was necessary for them; and that the minor powers were consequently left to themselves. We see that the territories of Saxe-Weimar are put into the diocese of the Prussian bishop of Paderborn, but it would seem that the Grand Duke of that petty territory has had the resolution to lay down a system of ecclesiastical law for his own duchy, which might serve as a model for the rest of Germany; by its positive exclusion of all improper interference of the Holy See, and by the positive declaration, that any spiritual person who presumes to spread any bull, brief, indulgence, or other communication from Rome without authority from the government, shall be punished.† We earnestly hope that in due time

cordat mit Rom, p. 1—6. We learn that a bull for the German states was issued August 3, 1821, but, we believe, it was not generally accepted.

* We rather imagine that a similar device has been practised in Holland, as we observe, that in the convention a new bishopric (suffragan to Mechlin) has been erected at Amsterdam, and we presume that the other three Dutch Sees are done away, and the schism thus ended. This, however, is only conjecture, for the utter want of any information on such subjects, and of all means of obtaining it in England, prevents us from speaking with certainty. We have no direct account of the proceedings of the Archbishop of Utrecht since 1826.

† We believe that in Austria even old bulls cannot be introduced without the Placet. And in France certain bulls of 1817 were not allowed by the king to be published. It may be interesting to some to learn, that in 1786, after the famous congress of Ems, in which the German archbishops met to consider the state of the Church and the expediency of resisting the domination of the Nuncios, the Electors of

this example will be followed elsewhere. We must say a word more of Wessenberg before we leave this part of the subject. His last address to his clergy on announcing to them the new arrangements, and the close of his long career, is full of dignity and of deep feeling. "My conscience," he says, "bears me witness that in all my contentions and labours I have never had any private interest in view, but as far as my weak and limited powers permitted, I have sought to promote the glory of Christ and the good of his flock; and I can with confidence appeal to you, whether I have not always shown, that to give was more blessed than to receive; whether I have refused any sacrifice which the good of my brethren required; whether I have attempted to lay any other foundation than that of Christ crucified; whether your faithful discharge of your duties and your zeal have not ever been my delight, my joy, and the crown of my glory; whether I have ever laid a burthen on you which I have not shared myself. To my last breath I shall not cease to thank Him who alone can give increase and success for the blessings which, under all my trials, he has given to my hearty, though feeble endeavours in his vineyard, and especially for the number of right-minded zealous and sensible assistants which he gave me amongst you."*

We earnestly hope that Wessenberg in his retirement may reap the fruits of his labours and his trials in a happy and peaceful old age; he will reap it assuredly in the testimony of a good conscience, and in the remembrance of having attempted and executed much good to the church to which he belonged, under difficulty, calumny, and oppression, and of having set an example which will doubtless hereafter be followed, and which may have results of the highest importance to Catholic Germany. Let the bishops of that country pursue his course, let them maintain the just rights of the Episcopate against the encroachments of the Papal See, and they cannot doubt, that if they are prudent they will be supported by the governments, and if pious, by the people. After a few years they may shake off an odious yoke, put an end to a constant series of useless and vexatious contentions, and gain, if they wish it, a German Patriarchate.

Before we conclude, we would beg to notice one or two matters of some interest respecting the arrangements with Prussia and Bavaria. We mentioned in a former article, that by the

Mainz, Trier, and Kölln, issued an order forbidding any of their clergy to have recourse to Rome, or to any Nuncios, except through themselves. The reader will find information on this congress in "Resultate des Emser Congresses von den vier Deutschen Erzbischöfen," &c. &c. (Frankfort, 1787,) and in "Neuesten Grundlagen der Deutsch Kath. Kirchen-verfassung. (Stuttgart, 1821,) if he can get them. See Müller's *Beiträge*, p. 44, and his *Preussen und Baiern*, p. 62.

* Sammlung, (1808—1827,) p. 280.

bull for Prussia, the choice of archbishops and bishops was left to the chapters of the cathedrals, and we were somewhat surprised at finding Mr. Wilmot Horton stating decidedly, in the House of Commons, that the king had the appointment. On farther investigation of the matter, it appears,* that there was a Papal brief issued at the same time as the bull, in which it was ordered, that the chapters should choose such persons as are acceptable to the king. We beg to notice, also, that the bull about Prussia† concerns only the external form of the Church; the division, that is, of the dioceses and parishes, the incomes of the clergy, and similar matters. "There is nothing," observes Müller, "as to the subjection of the higher and lower spiritual power to that of the state, nor to the relations of the spiritual superiors to the state authorities, nor to the civil relations of spiritual persons." All such matters, all that relates to freedom of conscience, proselytism, &c. &c. is passed over *sub silentio*, because all these points are to be arranged by the power of the government, and the Holy See has nothing to do with them. The Prussian law excludes the canon law, and makes the reception of the ordinary laws in church matters, "except where doctrines require that it should not be so," wholly obligatory. The exception, it must be added, means no more than it strictly expresses. It is obvious after this, that the great matters of dispute between Rome and civil governments as to affairs of civil life, especially in what concerns marriages, is entirely taken out of the hands of the See of Rome in Prussia. The bishops indeed may give dispensations *as far as the laws of the kingdom permit*, but Rome has nothing to do with the matter,‡ except with the special permission of the civil government. It must be observed again, that the bull settles nothing as to the rights of Metropolitans, as to the consecration of bishops, and the future appointments of the canons, &c. who are to be named under the new provisions. Yet all this could not be overlooked, and we, therefore, apprehend, that the Prussian government must have taken its own way there also. And, finally, it may be noticed, that the erection of new bishoprics, the suppression of the old ones, &c. &c. which, according to the first

* See Müller's *Preussen und Baiern*, p. 166.

† To prove what we said above as to the necessity of some arrangement for the Roman Catholic possessions of Prussia, it may be curious to mention, that for want of it, and for the consequent want of bishops, the church was in entire confusion, and in 1816 the coadjutor Bishop of Münster made a sort of apostolical journey along the Rhine, and in six months confirmed 323,000 persons. At Kölla alone he found 79 candidates for minor orders, 91 for deacons, and 97 for priests' orders.

‡ We regret that our limits do not allow us to go into details on this most important subject. The reader will find them in Müller's *Preussen und Baiern*, p. 145 and following.

principles of Papal law, are matters belonging *exclusively* to the Holy See, are here treated in connection and agreement with a civil government, and that government a Protestant one. These observations may in some degree be considered in connection with what Müller* has said as to the impropriety and danger of negotiating with the Pope at all, for all these are absolute gains over the Papal See, and are gains quietly attained.

With respect to Bavaria we should think, that the king had done wrong in allowing the Pope to say, that he gives the king the right of making such and such appointments, but, at the same time, it is pretty clear that his majesty took care that the donations should be liberal. Especially we would observe, that the 12th article of the convention settles, that the bishops shall have the power of naming their own vicars and coadjutors, (a privilege of *immense practical use* in diminishing the power of the Holy See, if the coadjutors succeed to the bishoprics, as is usual,) of giving or refusing the higher orders, and of taking cognizance of ecclesiastical causes, especially those concerning marriages in their own courts. These are matters of importance, and the provisions appear to us to be expressly framed to establish the episcopal rights, and save the bishops from the necessity of applying to Rome every five years, as formerly, for the power of granting dispensations.

In conclusion, we would express a hope, that before long some English bookseller will collect, translate, and publish the various concordats and conventions which have been made with the different powers of Europe within the last thirty years. They would form a volume replete with interest and important information, and would more clearly show what the actual power of Rome† is than any other documents.

* This writer (himself a Roman Catholic) makes use occasionally of harsh and violent expressions, but he has much acuteness and much learning, and we especially recommend his two books, which stand at the head of this article, Nos. 11 and 12.

† We beg to recommend to our readers who are interested in the many important points in Roman Catholic ecclesiastical law, the very important and valuable work of Brendel, which stands No. 10 in the list at the head of this article.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Voyage dans la Russie Méridionale, et particulièrement dans les Provinces au-delà du Caucase, fait depuis 1820 jusqu' en 1824*, par le Chevalier Gamba, Consul du Roi à Tiflis. 2de édition. Paris, 1826. 2 vols. 8vo. avec atlas.
2. *Itinéraire de Tiflis à Constantinople*, par le Colonel Rottiers. Bruxelles, 1829. 8vo.
3. *Tableaux Historique, Géographique, Ethnographique et Politique du Caucase, et des Provinces limitrophes entre la Russie et la Perse*, par M. Klaproth. Paris, 1827. 8vo.

PETER the Great, to whom Russia owes all its present importance, used frequently to say, that his empire had too much land; that it wanted water. The obvious deficiency of this civilizing element has been felt by all his successors, and the desire to supply it has influenced all their movements. Peter, like most rulers, directed his principal attention to the short roads to revenue; and, in consequence, was above all things anxious to establish a direct intercourse between India and his empire. With this view, and perhaps from an erroneous estimate of the advantages to be derived from the navigation of the Caspian Sea, he extorted from the Persian Shah, in 1723, the cession of the provinces of Daghestan, Shirwan, Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Astera-bad, situated on its western shores; but feeling himself unable to consolidate his power over those distant territories, which contributed nothing to his coffers, he restored them shortly after to the Persian government, and retired within his former limits.

The kings of Georgia, however, involved in continual wars with their Mahomedan neighbours, looked upon the Christian Czars of Muscovy as their natural protectors; or perhaps believed them, from their distance, to be the least dangerous allies. Influenced by these considerations, Heraclius, when, in 1783, he threw off the yoke of Persia, declared himself a vassal of the Russian empire, and this power immediately despatched a body of troops for his protection. Some of the Caucasian provinces of the Russian empire may date their dependence from the close of the sixteenth century; but until the beginning of the present century, when Georgia was declared a Russian province, the policy of the Czars does not appear to have been steadily directed to aggrandizement in this quarter. But, in order to form a just estimate of this portion of the Russian dominion, it will be requisite to consider the ingredients of which it is composed.

Immediately to the north of the Caucasus, from the mouth of the Cuban to the Cuma and Terek, extends a military frontier or line of strong posts, which constitute indeed the ordinary encampment of the Cossack regiments. To the south of this are

the Circassians, in great and little Cabardah. These tribes were among the earliest allies or vassals of the empire; but the negligence with which Asiatic despots treat their dependents, was formerly visible in the conduct of the Czars; and the Circassians, after the fidelity of nearly a hundred-and-fifty years, deserted or were abandoned by the Russians, in the beginning of the last century, and embraced the Mahomedan faith. They are now among the least civilized and most formidable tribes of the Caucasus, and are only in nominal subjection to the Russian empire, to which their neighbourhood is as dangerous as that of a declared enemy. To the west and south of these, between the Black Sea and the western range of Caucasus are the Abazes, still more barbarous and more avowedly hostile. Between the northern frontier and the Georgians in the south, there are several nations, originally distinct in race and language, and divided into numerous tribes, all speaking different dialects, nourishing a spirit of disunion, and actuated by no common interest but that of feud and rapine. The chief of these nations are the Chetchens, the Hists or Kists, the Ossets, the Lesghi, the Tatars and Turcomans, who occupy the coast of the Caspian Sea. Vestiges of Christianity are still to be found in the superstitions of these wild people, but they are Mahomedans in name at least, and that is sufficient to make them enemies in fact of their Christian neighbours. In truth, the decided preference which the Caucasian tribes evince for a hostile creed, and the facility with which bigotry might be made to direct their martial disposition, will for a long time render it impossible even to contemplate the fusion of these provinces with the rest of the Russian dominion.

Georgia, which was definitively united to Russia, in 1802, merits, from its geographical position, as well as its superior civilization, a larger share of attention. Under this name we include the provinces of Imeretia and Mingrelia, between the mountains and the Black Sea, whose inhabitants are of the Georgian race. The plains and valleys which stretch along the foot of the Caucasus, on the west and south, are among the most prolific regions in the universe. The countries in the neighbourhood of Ararat, in which mankind appear to have made their earliest settlements, seem also to be the indigenous soil of most of our European fruits. The vine, according to Chaptal, was first cultivated in Armenia; and the Georgian word *Gvino*, one of the very few words in that language which has any resemblance to the languages of Europe, seems to confirm the conjecture. But the tract of this country, in which nature has most prodigally bestowed her favours, is the part of the ancient Colchis which lies south of the river Rioni or Phasis. The humidity which distinguishes the climate of Mingrelia produces a vegetation of unusual

vigour; while in Gouriel, a little to the south, a serener sky is joined to productions of the soil still more various and luxuriant. The pomegranate, peach, nectarine, and fig, the vine, the chestnut, cherry, and pear, form as it were the underwood of the country; the hills are decked, the forests are skirted, with these natural orchards; while the finest timber, such as oak, beech, and elm, cover the mountain sides.

The attractions of a region, so richly endowed by nature, are ill consorted with the cold embraces of Russia. The demand which that empire has for raw produce, is limited to the actual wants of its population; and is abundantly supplied from within, without recourse being had to distant markets. The capabilities of the fertile soil and fine climate of Georgia, could be appreciated only by the manufacturing countries of Europe, which being obliged to import the material of their manufactures, are interested in increasing the sources of supply. In consequence, it is not till a few years after the restoration of peace in Europe, that we find the first indication of commercial activity in Georgia. M. Gamba, having travelled through Southern Russia and the Caucasian provinces in 1818 and 1819, was, in the following year, appointed French consul at Tiflis. His appointment was of course founded in the favourable account which he gave of those countries, and particularly of the benefits which France might expect to derive from an intercourse with them. In the volumes which stand at the head of this article (No. 1), M. Gamba strives hard to demonstrate the possibility of ruining the commerce of Great Britain, by establishing a direct communication over land with India. Anxious to attain this laudable object, by which mankind are to be liberated from an odious supremacy, exercised by the rare union of liberty, industry, and civilization, our author may be justly suspected of being often biassed in his details. Indeed, he views every thing in Georgia in a favourable light, even its barbarism and political degradation; and as Demosthenes consoled the Athenians, on their defeat, by reminding them of their supineness, so our author ventures to augur future wealth from present poverty. To correct these partial representations, we have the negligent, but well-timed volume (No. 3 at the head of our article) of M. Klaproth, who travelled through the Caucasus twenty years ago; and who, exempted from the influence of mercantile or official interests, must be allowed to be, although perhaps a morose, yet an impartial testimony.

Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, is described by Mr. Klaproth in sufficiently dark colours.

“The river Kur, on the banks of which it is built, flows in a muddy stream, with great rapidity, and frequently inundates the lower part of the town. The streets are narrow, the market-places crammed with

filth, and notwithstanding the improvements introduced by the Russians, Tiflis is a very miserable town. The Caravanserais of Tiflis are neither handsome nor spacious, nor well furnished with Asiatic merchandize. Those of the Turks and Persians are square edifices, resembling prisons, General Yermoloff built near his house two rows of large shops, to which they also give the name of Caravanserais, but the shops found no purchasers. In the same quarter they commenced building the new town, which resembles the cities of Europe, except that it contains some hundreds of subterraneous dwellings, on the roofs of which one may walk while crossing the town.

"In 1807, the number of the inhabitants of Tiflis amounted to 18,000, without including the garrison or the Russian civil and military officers; since that time the population has increased about 2000. M. Gamba thinks he can safely estimate the inhabitants of that capital at 33,000. But this calculation is exaggerated, like most of those made by that traveller, who appears to have a particular interest in painting Georgia in the most brilliant colours."

Notwithstanding the general justice of this last observation, we think M. Klaproth, on the other hand, betrays a disposition too resolutely incredulous of all that denotes the prosperity of Georgia. Taking every circumstance into consideration, an increase of 2000 is not sufficient for the space of twenty years.

When Tiflis came into the hands of the Russians, it was a city of ruins; Aga Mohammed Khan had ruined it in 1795, reduced the houses to ashes, and led away captive 10,000 of the inhabitants. If, twelve years after that calamity, it had a population of 17,000, why should we disbelieve an additional augmentation of 10,000 at the present day, exclusive of the garrison.

The Caravanserais and other improvements to which M. Gamba refers, were not begun till the year 1820; in the year following, a complete freedom of trade was granted to Tiflis, by an imperial ukase, and every day the population of the place is increased by the arrival of Armenians, who seek there a refuge from the tyranny of the Turks, and the vexations of the Persian government.

The Armenians, so curiously distinguished among Asiatic nations by their pacific temper and patient industry, are naturally rejoiced at the extension of the Russian power, which substitutes security and perfect toleration for anarchy and extortion. They are the most valuable subjects of the Caucasian provinces, and when we consider how numerous they are on the frontiers of Russia, Persia, and Turkey, we need feel little surprize at the rapid increase of the former power, at the expense of the two latter; while the Armenians fly daily to the protection of the Russians, and carrying with them all the wealth, industry, and intelligence, leave to the brutal government they desert, nothing but depopulated provinces.

Seas, can at all times maintain with them a quick and easy communication, free from danger and subject to little expense. By the Black Sea it can establish relations with the coast of Natolia, with the ports of Southern Russia, and the mouth of the Danube; and by the introduction of steam boats, it may communicate in eight days with Constantinople and the ports most distant from the Phasis and the Khopi. These relations, having place on a sea, the entrance to which is guarded, would be secure from the interruptions which might arise from the jealousy of a power pretending to the empire of the seas. In the times of peace there would be nothing to prevent ships from the Phasis, laden with the productions of Asia and southern Russia, displaying their flags in the ports of America, and supporting a profitable competition with vessels despatched from the ports of Europe, most advantageously situate for foreign trade."

Our readers will, no doubt, admire the facility with which M. Gamba opens new routes and channels with a dash of the pen, and, like Mercury conducting shades to Orcus, transports, by a flourish of his inky caduceus, whole cargoes from the shores of Mingrelia to the ports of the New World. His views on the Asiatic side are hardly less extravagant.

"By the Caspian Sea, the exclusive maritime domain of Russia, vessels, laden with the manufactures of Europe, can go in six-and-thirty hours from Bakou to the coasts of Ghilan, of Mazanderan, of Asterabad, or to the Gulph of Balkan. Thus the merchants of Tiflis may embrace with their vast combinations all Afghanistan, Bokharia, Cashmeer, and Thibet. They may restore the old commercial route, by which the merchandize of Chensi, the most western province of China, arrived in eighty or a hundred days at the banks of the Oxus, or in two hundred days at the shores of the Caspian Sea. And lest this should be thought a wild speculation, I will call attention to the route of two thousand leagues by which the cloths of Silesia arrive at Kiakhia on the frontiers of China. These cloths can afford to pay a duty of eight per cent. on their entrance into Russia, because the costs of carriage through that country and in Asia are little or nothing, the animals finding unlimited pasturage wherever the caravan stops. The profit on these speculations is such that they have succeeded one another uninterruptedly since 1818, and amount sometimes to fifteen thousand pieces of cloth a-year, the value of which may be four millions or four millions and a half of francs (160,000*l.* or 160,000*l.* sterling.)"

M. Gamba appears to have forgotten that the Oxus no longer flows into the Caspian Sea. He also overlooks another important circumstance; the abundance of forage which the most numerous caravans in the East can find at their halting places, and which so materially lessens the expenses of the journey, is intimately dependent on the semi-barbarous condition of eastern nations; so that if we admit such a development of industry and

wealth as the consummation of his plan supposes, we lose at once a principal element of his calculations. The introduction of steam boats into the Caspian and Black Seas has already taken place; there was one launched on the Wolga in 1820, and more recently a steam packet commenced plying between Odessa and Cherson, performing a distance of two-and-thirty leagues in about as many hours. We will follow M. Gamba in his daring flights of speculation.

“The Caravans reach Erzeroum in fifteen days from Tiflis, and they do not require a longer time to arrive at Tauris. In sixty days they complete the journey from Tiflis to Bender-Boucher in the Persian Gulph. From this port there is a constant trade with Bombay, and the passage is generally effected in from fifteen to twenty days. Thus Tiflis communicates with India by a short, safe, and easy route; but it is not to the advantages of situation alone that Tiflis is to owe its future prosperity—it has the still greater advantage of being now a part of a Christian and civilized empire. If Ormus could become the centre of a rich trade, and give birth to a commerce more extensive and important than that of any other market in the world, may we not be allowed to believe that Tiflis, situated on the banks of a river, in a country generally fertile and healthy, and under a fine climate, is destined to attain a similar pitch of greatness, especially when we consider that it is nearly at the same distance as Ormus from those rich provinces of the Pendjab, with which the latter city was able to establish so vast a commerce.”

But, alas! all these loose reasonings and specious comparisons between Tiflis and Ormus are dispersed by the reflection, that the latter place is washed by the waves of the ocean, while the former breathes the air of Caucasus. The ocean has ever been, and ever will be, the great medium of mercantile interchanges; and it is impossible to conceive any fortunate revolution in the industry of man, any increased activity or widened extent of commercial intercourse throughout the world, which will not have the effect of increasing its superiority over every other mode of communication. The project of diverting the commerce of Europe and Asia into a new channel, and thereby transferring to Tiflis all the wealth of London, is a chimera which the wildest imagination could not have conceived, unless united with a total ignorance of the nature of our Indian trade. In reality, the most valuable articles of our imported cargoes are not the productions of Hindostan, from which country, on the other hand, we fetch the raw materials of some of our manufactures, commodities too cheap and bulky to bear the expensive carriage of caravans.

But dismissing all those ridiculous schemes of encroachment on our commerce with the East, we will observe that Tiflis has sufficiently bright prospects in the improvement of the provinces which surround it. The peculiar circumstances of the Ottoman

empire, and the abandoned condition of its remote provinces, determine the Asiatic merchants to fix within the Russian frontier, where they are sure of protection. Some of the Armenians who fled thither had amassed considerable wealth previous to the imperial Ukase of 1821, which removed all restrictions on the trade of those countries, and one of their number was the first to take advantage of the freedom.

The Armenian Saratgeff, a merchant of Tiflis, purchased at Odessa in 1823 European merchandise to the amount of 100,000 francs. The adventure yielded a large profit; and the following year Armenians, six in number, appeared for the first time at the fair of Leipsic, and made purchases to the amount of 600,000 francs. These goods were shipped at Odessa for Redoute Kalé, whence they were carried by caravans into Georgia. In 1825 the amount of the purchases made at Leipsic by the merchants of Tiflis, was double that of the preceding year, and in 1826 it reached the sum of 2,800,000 francs. Thus a commerce has been commenced which will necessarily increase. The sober, intelligent Armenian, much better acquainted with the wants of eastern nations than an European merchant could be, lets no occasion slip of reaping the advantages of peace, and an air of business begins to pervade the streets of Tiflis. Of late years, many English have passed through it on their journey home from India. Travelling with a Mehmendar through Persia, they arrive at Tiflis in about two months from Bombay, and then embark at Redoute Kalé for Odessa.

We must not, however, conclude from a few examples of commercial enterprise, that the Caucasian countries open at the present time a flattering field for speculation. A little carrying trade is exercised, and is likely, according to M. Gamba, to reach its greatest perfection in these mountainous regions, but the wretched condition of the people is such as to render the internal consumption of no importance. Money is little known; their ordinary traffic is carried on by barter; when specie is required for any purpose, recourse is had to the chief nobility, and it is said that at the court of the late Mingrelian king, it was difficult to procure the change of a couple of dollars. The vicious constitution of society also opposes an insuperable obstacle to the introduction of industrious habits. The mass of the people are serfs, idle, and improvident, not from the soft climate and teeming fertility of the soil as travellers suppose, but because a reckless indifference to poverty is the only consolation of which their servitude cannot deprive them. The princes and nobility of the country pique themselves on the right they have to extort the last pittance from their wretched dependents, and would deem them-

selves indelibly disgraced if they condescended to engage in traffic.

So little does the lavish bounty of nature add to the wealth and comfort of the people, and so little foresight do they exert in providing for their wants, that when increased flights of locusts or other accidents diminish the hopes of the harvest, all the miseries of famine inevitably ensue. In a country abounding in the most valuable timber, the use of the saw is still unknown. The deep and rich soil of Mingrelia is tilled with a wooden plough unsheathed with iron; and in Georgia Proper, the crops of fine flax, which is cultivated for the sale of the oil alone, are burned as soon as the seed is gathered.

The mode of living of the upper classes is fairly exhibited in the account which Colonel Rottiers gives of the hospitality and the residence of Prince Tsérétellé.

“The apartment in which we dined served at the same time as the reception hall, and as the bed-room of the prince and his wife. Along one side of the apartment extended an immense wooden bed, like those which we see in a guard-room. On this they spread at night a mattress of felt, two fingers thick, and, very hard; this homely couch is rolled up in the morning, and placed on the chests which contain the wardrobes of the prince and princess. On the walls were suspended the various arms of the prince, which were rich and numerous. The window casements, formed of cut stone like those of our Gothic churches, were furnished with oiled paper instead of glass. We dined on the ground, seated *à la Turque*. In compliment to my wife the princess departed from the manners of the country, and made one of our party at table. The company, composed of twelve persons, was ranged in a single file. A mat was spread before us, and upon that a coloured table-cloth. Long flat cakes, of very soft paste, were placed before each of the guests. These cakes serve many purposes; one may make spoons of them to take the soup with, or the vegetables and sauces, and finish by eating the spoon itself; they also serve as a napkin to wipe the lips and fingers. The Imeretians drink a great deal, and an attendant with a large jug and a great spoon, out of which each drinks in his turn, is kept in continual motion behind the file of guests.”

The household of Prince Tsérétellé affords a favourable view of Georgian society. The habitations of the people generally are huts burrowed in the ground; a hole in the roof, which is formed of wattles covered with turf, serves at once to admit the light and to give passage to the smoke. These wretched abodes serve at once as a shelter to the cattle and the family. The use of tea is the only innovation which the Russians have as yet been able to introduce, and the love of that agreeable beverage has led with it a taste for porcelain and glass; a moderately-priced assortment of cupboard furniture may perhaps be reckoned among

the few objects which would find a ready sale in the ports of Mingrelia.

The chief production of Georgia is wine, which is of excellent quality, and so abundant in the countries situated between the Caspian and the Black Seas, that it would soon become a most important object of exportation, if the people could be induced to improve their methods of making and preserving it. At present the grapes are gathered and pressed without any care, and the process of fermentation is so unskilfully managed, that the wine rarely keeps till the following vintage. The skins of animals are the vessels in which it is kept. The hair is turned inwards, and the interior of the bag is thickly besmeared with asphaltum or mineral tar, which renders the vessel indeed perfectly sound, but imparts an abominable flavour to the wine, and even adds to its acescence. The Georgians have not yet learned to keep their wine in casks, without which it is vain to look for any improvements in its manufacture. Yet the mountains abound in the requisite materials, and only a few coopers are requisite to make the commencement.

"During my residence at Tiflis," says Mr. Klaproth, "a Hungarian named Martini, to whom General Goudovitch had entrusted the management of some vineyards belonging to the government, had made with the grapes of the country several kinds of wine, which might bear a comparison with the best wines of Burgundy. The death of this man put a stop to these interesting experiments, which moreover were regarded with an unfavourable eye by the Georgian people, who still nourishing at the time the hope of escaping the Russian yoke, were little pleased with those ameliorations of their country, which might tempt the Russians to continue in it. In fact, if due attention were paid to the preparation of wine in these countries, they might soon be in a condition to furnish Russia with all that she consumes; but before this can be brought about there is much to be done in Georgia, where ignorance and its attendant prejudices are, as in every other country, the most determined opponents of every salutary reform."

The consumption of wine in Georgia, and above all at Tiflis, is prodigiously great. From the prince to the peasant the ordinary ration of a Georgian, if we may believe M. Gamba, is one *tonque*, (equal to five bottles and a half of Bordeaux) per day. A *tonque* of the best wine, such as is drunk by persons of rank, costs about twenty sous; the inferior wines are sold for less than a sous per bottle. Rice grows in abundance on the banks of the Araxes: cotton is cultivated in Shirwan to no great extent; and madder of good quality hardly demands the care of culture. The cultivation of indigo is a favourite object with those who hope, if they cannot establish commerce with India, at least to

supply its place. An Englishman (Mr. Marr) has actually commenced the cultivation of that plant in Gouriel, and has thereby incurred the supercilious reproof of M. Klaproth, who observes, that nothing but a total ignorance of the soil and climate requisite to the culture of that plant could have led to such an experiment; yet the trial was made at the suggestions of numerous Englishmen, who, passing through the Georgian provinces on their journey home from India, may be supposed to have been adequate judges of the local capabilities which so forcibly caught their attention. Our countryman Hanway, in the middle of the last century, introduced into Shirwan some improvements in the management of silk: but the political misery of those countries leaving little room for the successful development of industry, his humane lessons were speedily forgotten—humane we say, for Hanway was a practical philanthropist, as well as enterprising merchant. Of late years, two Frenchmen, MM. Ferte Didelot and Castelaz, have renewed the experiment. They have brought into those countries experienced workmen from the Vivarais, and the result completely justifies the opinion of those who believe, that the silks of Persia only require the hands of skilful spinners to be equal to those of Piémont.

We have here collected the first indications of commercial enterprise in the Caucasian dependencies of Russia, and in none of those adventures have the natives had any share. The consumption of the country is trifling in the extreme. There are no regular caravans as yet established between Tiflis and the ports of the Caspian and Black Seas. Indeed the commerce of the Caspian Sea must always centre in Astrachan, since the transport of goods on the Steppes between the Volga and the Don is much less expensive than their conveyance through the mountains. The ports of the Black Sea with which Tiflis communicates, or rather is to communicate, on the other side are, the mouths of the Khopi and Phasis, both barred by sandbanks, which, notwithstanding all the zeal of M. Gamba and the power of Russia, will, we have little doubt, always render those rivers inaccessible to large vessels. On the Khopi is built the fort of Redoute Kalé, an insignificant place, containing about five hundred inhabitants; small as it is, it could not long escape the vigilance of our merchants, and Mr. Marr, from the house of Atwood of Odessa, arrived there in 1822 with a cargo of British wares. He was the first European who formed an establishment in Redoute Kalé, but the number of mercantile settlers who followed his example have already given to the place an air of business. On the Rioni, or Phasis of the ancients, no commercial settlements have as yet been

made; the fort of Poti, which commands its entrance, having remained in the possession of the Turks until the last campaign. This river appears to belong exclusively to the domains of fable. It was famous of old from the Argonautic expedition, and was afterwards described by Pliny and Strabo as forming a part of a line of communication with the East, which could not possibly have existed. During the Mithridatic war, according to these writers, Pompey obtained a knowledge of the route from India to the Caspian, and thence to the Euxine Seas. Explorers sent to Bactriana by the Roman general reported, that the merchants arrived in seven days from India at the river Icarus, which flows into the Oxus; that, following the course of this latter river, they entered the Caspian Sea, and crossed it to the Cyrus or Kur, which they ascended; and that from the point where the navigation of this river ceased, there was a distance of only five days' journey to the Phasis, on which they embarked their merchandise, and reached the Euxine. Such a route as that here described never could have existed. The Kur and Rioni, or Phasis, are violent torrents, like all the rivers of the Caucasian isthmus, and are navigable only a few miles from their mouths. The transport of merchandise between them could not be effected in less than twenty or thirty days. But though M. Gamba, like other modern travellers who have visited those countries, points out the geographical errors of the classic writers, he nevertheless constantly reverts to his scheme of *re-establishing the ancient route* of communication with the East, that is, in fact, of turning to account those fabled facilities of river navigation, the non-existence of which he himself contributes to demonstrate. Perhaps he contemplates the re-establishment of the age of fable, and like another Jason thinks to impose upon us with another golden fleece; but if by the ancient route he means that which was practised in the middle ages, we fear that he mistakes the route through Colchis for that by the Volga and the Don. It is remarkable enough, that Pompey also thought of restoring the *ancient route* across the Caucasus, which he supposed to have been traversed in former ages by the merchants of the Greek colonies in the Euxine. But the geographical errors of those ancient authors who attempt to describe the navigation of the Kur and Phasis, errors which have been copied by Huet, Robertson, Gibbon, Formaleoni, and other respectable writers of later times, are sufficient to throw doubts on the existence of any Grecian commerce maintained with the East through Colchis, and certainly there are few traces in the ancient writers of a regular commercial intercourse between Europe and India until the time of Augustus, when Egypt became the *entrepôt* of the

eastern trade, which constituted the wealth of Alexandria. In the middle ages, indeed, when the revolutions of Egypt had stopped up that preferable channel, the Venetians and Genoese succeeded in opening a communication between the Sea of Asoph and the Caspian. But the disadvantages of a trade carried on with distant countries by tedious and expensive caravans, prompted the eagerness of Europe to find a passage to India through the ocean. Vasco De Gama made the grand discovery, and the world has reaped its profits; nor will M. Gamba find it easy to persuade mankind to return to the old tracks of commercial intercourse which they have advisedly forgotten.

The port of Redoute Kalé and the mouth of the Phasis are the only harbours possessed by Russia on the eastern coast of the Black Sea. The fort of Anapa, on the coast of Circassia, not far from the mouth of the Cuban, which fell to the Russians in the last campaign, is of less importance for its harbour, which, indeed, is only a shallow and unsheltered roadstead, than as a station from which Turkey maintained her intercourse with the Mahomedan nations of the Caucasus. The Turcomans of Daghestan and of Great Bokharia regard the Grand Signior as the chief of their religion. It is said that the Khan of Bokharia sends annually to Constantinople a sum of three millions, for which he receives in return an embassy of thanks. This correspondence, there is reason to believe, was carried on by couriers from Anapa to the Caspian. The conquest of the place, also, struck a blow at the independence of the Circassians, who during the siege were constantly on the watch to harass the assailants, and to aid the sallies of the Turks. Anapa is their chief market, and while in the possession of the Turks was perhaps the chief mart of the slave trade in the Black Sea. The suppression of this trade is a measure indispensable to the civilization of the Caucasian tribes. They are prompted to perpetual wars by the hope of making captives. As every individual among them goes armed from necessity, they acquire a repugnance to the habit, as they never feel the security of peace. The disorders arising from this traffic soon determined the policy of Russia, and Catherine II. who ruled a nation of serfs, forbade the sale of children to the Turks.

Although free and civilized nations justly abhor a commerce so degrading to human nature, the Circassians and other tribes of the Caucasus regard it with sentiments of a different nature. The great majority of the people are born in slavery, and it matters not to what country their servitude is transferred. To go into the service of the Turks is considered the road to fortune. In Egypt, among the Mamelukes, and even in Constantinople, many slaves from the Caucasus have risen to rank and honour.

In a country where the females are confined and rudely treated, the love of novelty, and the reputation of the Turks for superior splendour, luxury, and civilization, secretly console young girls for the loss of home. M. Klaproth appears to doubt whether the Circassians ever sold their daughters, but his habitual scepticism is in this instance mistaken. M. Thaitbout de Marigny, who resided some time in Anapa, says positively that the Turks had established a market in that place, in which the Circassians bartered their sons and daughters for Turkish merchandize, with the double view perhaps of procuring the goods and providing for their children.

On the banks of the Phasis, two French gentlemen, who accompanied M. Gamba, were frequently solicited in private to purchase handsome young girls at from 16*l.* to 20*l.* each. Indeed, by far the greater part of the fair slaves, who are classed as Circassians, in the market of Constantinople, are really from the country of the Abazes and from Mingrelia. The women of Mingrelia, and the Georgian race in general, are allowed by all travellers to possess a considerable share of beauty; fine forms, dark eyes, and an expression of great energy and passion. The Circassians are described by Reineggs as remarkably fair, with blue eyes, reddish hair, and the nose turned upwards. The Caucasus unquestionably supplies the handsomest slaves which Turkey can procure, and these are all denominated from the two predominant nations, the Georgians and Circassians; hence the exaggerated reputation of these eastern beauties; hence, too, that hypothesis of a *Caucasian race*, or type of the human family, so absurdly denominated from a region which, in fact, is divided among many races.

By the reduction of Anapa and Poti, Russia has completed her possession of the whole coast of the Black Sea, from Anatolia to the mouth of the Danube. The Ottoman Turks have no longer any footing in the Caucasian isthmus; and the fierce mountaineers, who profess the Mahomedan faith, being now cut off from their natural allies, must sooner or later submit to the power of Russia. But their submission does not necessarily suppose an intimate fusion with the ruling nation; such a change of circumstances is still indefinitely distant.

The whole population of the isthmus between the Black and Caspian Seas, is estimated by M. Klaproth at 2,375,487, which number is in all probability much below the truth. Fifty years ago, Reineggs reckoned that the Caucasus could furnish 600,000 fighting men, which is unquestionably an exaggerated statement. The southern provinces of this country, that is to say, Georgia, Mingrelia, Imeretia, and the recent conquests from Persia and Turkey, containing perhaps about 600,000 souls, are now imme-

defately annexed to the Russian empire. The remainder of the Isthmus is occupied by tribes or nations, who either preserve in the recesses of the highest mountains a total independence, or who, while they profess subjection to Russia, do not on that account lay aside their predatory habits. Thus, between the line or military frontier of the Cuban and the Georgian provinces, are interposed numerous tribes of warlike mountaineers, who all cherish an aversion to the Russian authority. The great road of communication from Mozdoc to Tiflis, is along the banks of the Terek and the Aragui, both which rivers have their sources in the flanks of the great Kasibeg, the highest mountain of the Caucasian chain after Elbruz. On the Terek, and not far from the highest part of the ascent, is the celebrated pass of Dariel, or the *Portæ Caucasæ*. The expense of keeping this road in order is very considerable, and the bands of hostile mountaineers, thirsting for pillage and revenge, are so numerous and daring, that travellers and despatches are never escorted by less than a hundred-and-fifty Cossacks and two pieces of light artillery. The number of troops usually stationed in the Caucasian provinces is 60,000, almost all Cossacks; but at present it is probable that the army on the frontier is much increased. In order to maintain so large a force in a country so ill cultivated, that, with all the gifts of nature in profusion, it affords but a precarious supply, provisions are obliged to be sent across the mountains; and as the revenues of those countries are by no means adequate to meet these expenses, Russia is obliged to remit on their account about eight millions of francs per annum.

But these provinces occasion a considerable loss of life, as well as of money. A moist and warm climate, a luxuriant vegetation decaying in the pools left near the rivers by sudden inundations, and perhaps no greater attention to cleanliness than they are used to in the regions of the frozen north, are the probable causes of the mortality which carries off the Russian soldiers.

"The Russians are more subject to those maladies than other strangers who arrive in Imeretia; the mortality among them amounts at times to a sixth or even to a fifth of the garrison (during their service of three years, we presume). The cause is to be found in their linen garments, so ill adapted to an atmosphere subject to continual changes; in their inattention to diet and comfortable lodging; in their long fasts, and in the bad regulations of their hospitals. This system of regulation might answer very well in the interior of the bracing climate of Russia, but not in the Russian provinces beyond the Caucasus, where the soldier, when convalescent and weakened by the heat, cannot recover his strength with an allowance of one bottle of wine a-week, which is, I am assured, the *maximum* of the ration which the physician is allowed to prescribe for his patients.

"Let me be permitted here to mention, as an example worthy to be imitated by all states, the wise provisions of the English government, and the tender, generous care which it bestows on the soldiers in the colonies. Golberry relates, that having found at St. Louis instructions for the English hospital, he remarked with admiration, that the physician was authorized to buy claret for the convalescents, even when the price passed six francs a bottle. When, in 1822, the cholera morbus was raging in Bengal, in a hospital containing two hundred sick soldiers, each of the patients had a Hindoo to attend him."

The liberality of England to her troops is worthy of a great nation, and we are glad that M. Gamba has the candour to confess with what enlightened munificence the nation to which he feels most opposed knows how to dispense its treasures. But how cheaply does the Czar hold the lives of his soldiers, when he allows convalescents only one bottle of wine per week, in a country where the best wine may be bought for fourpence a bottle! The officers of the Cossack regiments are in all probability as ignorant and uninformed as the soldiers themselves; certainly there appears to be a great want of intelligence in those who have the disposal of the troops, for the forts and encampments, M. Gamba observes, are uniformly in the most unhealthy situations. The frequent fasts and wretched diet of the Russian soldier render his constitution unequal to the relaxations of a humid climate; and perhaps we may add, that, when in active service, his miserable rations are so carelessly supplied, that, unless he can forage for himself, he is in reality half-starved. The bad consequences of this inhuman disregard of *materiel* in the Russian armies, were strikingly displayed in the late campaign on the Danube.

The Cossack regiments are never kept in garrison beyond the Caucasus for a longer term than three years. Officers, however, and chiefly those who are suspected of defalcation in their accounts, are frequently sent thither as a punishment; a proceeding at which the Georgian nobility are highly indignant. When they first submitted to the Russian power, it was with the understanding that they were themselves to fill the chief offices of the administration; whereas they now frequently see among their rulers, men deemed unworthy to hold the meanest posts in Russia. The roads and communications throughout the Caucasus are few in number, planned on a parsimonious scale, and penuriously executed. Russia, though called a colossal state, in respect of her great extent of territory, displays no grandeur of design, no boldness of execution in the means and appliances of civilization: the public works are mean, crawling, and niggardly. Throughout all the southern provinces of Russia, travellers are obliged to carry

with them their bed-furniture and provisions; the accommodations of inns and public conveyances are still unknown.

"There is nothing more remarkable," says M. Gamba, "than the contrast in this respect which is offered by two new countries, the United States of America and Southern Russia. In America, as soon as a tract of country is cleared and occupied by the colonists, inns and public vehicles are immediately established, and travellers are relieved from the necessity of bringing with them an expensive and troublesome equipage. In Russia, after twenty years of settlement, we find no such facilities, no means of lightening the expense or relieving the fatigues of travelling.

"It cannot be concealed, that this difference proceeds, in a great measure, from the circumstance, that, in the one country, the colonists are emigrants from a nation which has reached the highest degree of civilization; while the settlers in Southern Russia are either drawn from Russia itself, where the habits and tastes of nomadic life are still predominant, or they are men broken by misfortune and forced by their distresses to quit Germany, or, in fine, they are merchants and agriculturists, who, coming only with the intention of a temporary abode, trouble themselves little with improvements which do not promise immediate profit.

"I may add, among the circumstances which oppose the ameliorations of which this country is susceptible, the want of support in the local administrations. Thus, while the greater number of the governors-general and the heads of departments are distinguished by their upright character and their zeal for the service, while the sovereigns of this vast empire neglect no means of preventing every abuse of power, the underlings of office, in the thirteenth and fourteenth degrees, abuse unceasingly the atom of authority with which they are entrusted. These vexations are incessant, in proportion as they are obscure; and, from their covert nature, completely elude detection."

Alas! if the development of society is to depend on the aid of administrations, how distant must be its consummation. Such a stimulus to enterprise and industry is never dreamt of on the banks of the Ohio or the Missouri. But in Russia, as M. Gamba well knows, whatever does not proceed from the government itself, is looked on with suspicious eyes. Jealous of its patriarchal character, it allows no man to think for himself; and those impertinent interferences with private speculations, of which M. Gamba complains, are not to be ascribed so much to the incidental faults of inferior officers, as to the nature of autocracy itself. The spirit of industry is damped under a government which is careful to engross all praise and all profit. An empire so constituted, however great may be the virtues of its chief, is but an ill-judged Promethean experiment, in which the vital spark is confined to the head, and hardly gives animation to the limbs.

Notwithstanding the reputed mineral riches of the ancient Colchis, the Russians have not yet found, in the whole extent of their

Caucasian possessions, any mines of importance, or any at all, indeed, of the precious metals. Almost all the researches directed towards this object have terminated unfortunately. Reineggs died before he had completed the account of his voyage, and his papers having been given to the press, by one unacquainted with the country, the work which bears his name is full of confusion and obscurity. Count Poutzkin, also, a man of knowledge and ability, died in the prosecution of his researches. Again, in 1821, an engineer, sent into Imeretia to examine the districts of that country, which are said to abound in silver and copper ores, was seized with fever in the midst of his excursions, and obliged to return to Tiflis. Some iron ores, of indifferent quality, are wrought by the natives; traces of copper are also found; and general tradition attests the existence of silver mines in various parts of the country, but as their local situation is wholly forgotten, they are, in all probability, exhausted. Reineggs relates that the Soanes inhabiting the vallies of Elbruz, the most miserable and savage of all the Caucasian nations, have utensils and ornaments of silver. He also remarks, that, in the hills at the foot of the same high mountain, gold-coloured mica very frequently occurs; from this we may explain the tradition of the Mingrelians, to which but little credit is at present attached, that the Tskenskial or Hippius of the ancients, a rapid stream which flows from Elbruz, formerly washed down gold sands in its channel, and that forty years ago its contributions were so rich as to form a principal branch of the royal revenue.

The possession of a country without mines or industry, and peopled by fierce, restless, and disaffected tribes, rather lessens than augments the real strength of Russia. It entails not only its immediate charges, but also the dangerous temptations of an extended frontier. But ambition never calculates, and Mahometan nations are roused into a sense of the necessity of resisting a power, which, if it were more concentrated, would soon be irresistible. Russia is too poor to carry on offensive and distant wars with a vigour proportioned to her apparent greatness. The disproportion between the extent of her territory and her actual force, is at present sufficiently apparent; and the imbecility of her opponents has been hitherto the sole cause of her easy aggrandizement. But there is no part of the Russian dominion so vulnerable as the Caucasian provinces. In the country between the Caspian and Black Seas, the Mahomedan tribes are the most numerous and independent. They are interposed between Russia and its Georgian province; and if they could be brought to combine their operations, might easily cut off all communication between them. The Russian fortresses in the Cau-

casus are of the most contemptible kind, "from which we may conclude," says M. Gamba, "that the Russians bear the same relation to the Turks and Persians, which the English bear to the Hindoos." But it is not from the contempt with which they regard their enemies, that they are satisfied with forts of loose bricks or rough paling; it is because they actually want the means of erecting better. While attacked on the frontiers of Georgia, they are zealously supported by the people of that country, who are the inveterate enemies of Turks and Persians; but a war kindled in the heart of the Caucasus, would infallibly shake to the ground an authority which is but loosely established. Such a scheme of operations, however, could not be put in execution, unless the Turks and Persians were to act with more concert and energy than is to be expected from their enfeebled state, or their ancient animosity.

The great number of independent tribes in the Caucasus, speaking different languages, and all cherishing the pride of great antiquity, is an impediment to the progress of civilization among them. The spirit of disunion is fostered by all their habits, and by all their prejudices. Many ages will, in all probability, elapse, before they even learn the advantages that may be derived from mutual intercourse. Nor have the Russians taken any pains to soften or instruct these wild barbarians. Instruction forms no part of their plan of conquest; on the contrary, the missionaries who have attempted at various times to establish schools, and teach the people the arts of civilized life, have been in every instance checked by the government, and are strictly forbidden to go into the mountains. While the mountaineers remain ignorant, they will also be disunited, and Russia will find it more easy to hold her dominion over them; but it will be a barren dominion, redounding as little to the interest as to the honour of the ruling state. In the Georgian provinces, the nobility retain too much of the sentiments of feudal independence, to submit patiently to the Russian government. Though poor and uncivilized, they are less prostrate than the Russian nobility, and care little for the military decorations and other contumelious flatteries which despots are wont to bestow on men deprived of political rights. A feudal spirit like this will never harmonize with the government of Russia.

"The Georgians," says Col. Rottiers, "would submit, as I have said, to a governor of their own nation; they would see, with joy, the punishment or dismissal of the officers against whom they have cause of complaint; they look for an independent administration of justice, criminal, civil, and commercial; they wish the laws to be borrowed, as much as possible, from the codes of their ancient kings; and we must not despise,

as barbarians, people who unite so much love of justice with strong national attachments ; they desire to be admitted, according to their merits, to the employments which are at present disposed of from favour ; and still farther, they wish to have the election of their municipal magistrates, their *mouras* or bailiffs ;—but it is almost a constitution which they demand ! and why not ? those who have observed them closely, think them ripe for the benefit, and on that circumstance depends the whole question when we speak of liberties.”

If by liberties and a constitution are meant the governing by laws in the enactment of which every citizen has a share either mediately or immediately, we are sure that Georgia is very far from being prepared for the reception of such gifts. True liberty can only exist where the people are enlightened, and constitutional tyrannies are the worst of all. It is obvious, nevertheless, that the warriors of Georgia have a chivalrous spirit and a national pride which harmonize but ill with the slavish character of the Russian government. We acknowledge the folly of political prophecies, but if a speculation on the future destinies of those countries be permitted, we will venture to predict that, when in the course of time the unwieldy bulk of the Russian empire shall begin to fall asunder, the Georgian provinces will be the first to assert their independence.

The trade of the Black Sea, which M. Gamba says, “ appears destined to become the centre of the richest commerce in the world,” is at present extremely insignificant. The whole commerce of Southern Russia centres in Odessa, the prosperity of which place has, of late years, been paralyzed by the loss of its privileges as a free port, by the restrictions on the importation of corn into the western countries of Europe, and finally by the war. Constantinople usually draws a large supply of corn from Odessa, and the loss of that market, with the closing of the Bosphorus and interruption of the coasting trade, have almost entirely annihilated the trade of the Russian port. The intercourse with Georgia has no importance, except as an indication of a commerce, which may be one day considerable. A great portion of the shores of the Black Sea are still in a state of utter barbarism, and the two powers whose dominions embrace it, are in general prevented, either by open war or by quarantine regulations, from maintaining a very intimate correspondence. The coasting trade, therefore, is not likely to be great. The statistical accounts, which profess to exhibit the flourishing state of Odessa, may, perhaps, suggest very different reflections ; for what signifies a population of 40,000 in the chief commercial town of Southern Russia, or what signifies an annual arrival of 900 vessels, including, we presume, the small craft employed in short voyages on the coast. We

do not mean to slight the rising fortunes of Odessa, but merely to state our conviction that the political difficulties which it has to contend with render its progress singularly tardy, and M. Gamba's happy auguries singularly ridiculous. If the shores of the Black Sea were possessed by civilized and industrious nations, an immense coasting trade might, and indeed inevitably would be carried on in it; but such a trade would be of a domestic nature, and could not, in the slightest degree, interfere with the commerce of other nations.

The coasts of the Black Sea, which offer the greatest advantages for the construction of a marine, and even for the development of a brisk trade, are unquestionably those which are in the possession of Turkey. From Constantinople to the Phasis the shore is everywhere deep, so that a ship of the line may sail within gun-shot of it without danger. The harbours are capacious, as Bender Erekli, Amastra, and Sinope. The country supplies, in abundance, all the materiel of ship-building. In many places the oak forests grow to the water's edge, and copper mines of great value exist not far from Trebizond. Frigates built at Ounieh by Greek artificers, from French and English models, do not cost a fifth part of the expense of vessels built in our dock-yards. Then as to trade, Anatolia, which is one of the finest countries in the world, presents even at present, under its besotted ruler, a much greater variety of produce than the coasts of Russia. Vestiges of the ancient industry of the Greeks, and of the mercantile activity of the Genoese, are still to be found in its ruinous and depopulated sea-ports.

The prosperity which under an enlightened government could not fail to spring up in a country eminently gifted by nature, holds out strong inducements to the ambition of Russia. M. Rottiers, who, as a military man, is influenced unawares by a lively sympathy with the appetite of conquest, continually points out the practicability of invading it. Speaking of Trebizond he says,

"Although I do not think it can be accomplished in this campaign, yet it is much to be desired that Trebizond may fall into the hands of a civilized nation. It is asserted that General Paskevitch has his eye on this coast; but this does not appear to me probable, considering the difficulties of the ground which I have already pointed out."

His exposition of the difficulties opposed to invasion by the nature of the ground, is summed up in the brief assurance, that the roads of this country *are not always like the roads of St. Denis*. The range of mountains, also, stretching from Georgia towards Trebizond, is peopled by the Lazes, a fierce and intractable race of men, of Greek origin it is supposed, but professing the Mahometan religion, and inveterately hostile to the Russians.

The Black Sea and the Caucasus.
people who unite...

ians, people who unite so much love of justice with strong attachments; they desire to be admitted, according to their employments which are at present disposed of from far and farther, they wish to have the election of their municipal ^{municipal} ~~mand~~ ^{mand}! and why not? those who have observed them closely, ripe for the benefit, and on that circumstance depends the question when we speak of liberties."

y liberties and a constitution are meant the governing by the people, the enactment of which every citizen has a share either immediately, or indirectly, we are sure that Georgia is very well prepared for the reception of such gifts. True if any other country exist where the people are enlightened, and constitutionally the worst of all. It is obvious, nevertheless, that the warriors of Georgia have a chivalrous spirit and a love of liberty which harmonize but ill with the slavish character of an American government. We acknowledge the folly of such speculations, but if a speculation on the future of Georgia be permitted, we will venture to predict that in the course of time the unwieldy bulk of the Russian empire will fall asunder, the Georgian provinces will assert their independence. The trade of the Black Sea will be opened to all nations, and the liberties of the people will be secured. The Georgia of the future will be a free and happy people, and the Georgia of the present will be a free and happy people.

The trade of the Black Sea, which M. G. has destined to become the centre of the rich "new world," is at present extremely insignificant. The place has, of late years, been in a high place as a free port, by the restoration of the western countries of Europe. Constantinople usually draws a large trade, and the loss of that market, with the interruption of the coasting trade, has reduced the trade of the Russian port to no importance, except as an entrepôt. It may be one day considered as a free port. The Black Sea are still in the hands of the powers whose dominion it is, and neither by open war or by negotiation, is it likely to become a very intimate connection. Therefore, is not likely to be a free port. It professes to exhibit the same character, and suggest very different results. The trade of 40,000 in the coasting trade, signifies an increase of 100,000 in the coasting trade, the small

do not mean to slight the rising importance of the Black Sea, nor to deny how ardently Russia taste our conviction that the political situation of the world would render its progress towards the East were visited by the happy auguries singularly manifested in the Black Sea. It is worked, that their Black Sea were possessed by a more powerful power. This disregard of the immense coasting trade might and might be famous for many years carried on in it; but such a trade would be of the mineral, which could not, in the slightest degree, be in the ignorance of the power of other nations.

The coasts of the Black Sea are difficult to continue an ages for the construction of a canal. There is no market for imported goods, and a brisk trade, an unbroken power, the great commerce of the possession of Turkey. From the Black Sea might again revive. Erzeroum, the shore is everywhere deep. The coast of Asia Minor centres, is but a gun-shot of it without danger. The place, which ranks among the great ports of Asia Minor, is at present in abundance, all the materials of which they should once grasp it, we can see forests grow to the summit of the included in the spreading circle of value exist not far from the coast.

by Greek artificers, from the coast which is supposed to be situated in the fifth part of the coast. The coastiers to stretch along the shores of the Black Sea. Then as to trade, Amasia, a town, sloping into the water, are in the world, presents a variety of uncommon size, sometimes much greater variety of pears, in which the cherries, pears, pomegranates of the ancient world, growing in their indigenous soil, possess the activity of the German, probably exquisite. The bold eminences of the coast, with forests or majestic ruins, which alter the population of this devoted country, from the water's edge to the foot of the mountains.

The prosperity of the mountains. The moral and political condition of the coast contrasts forcibly with the flourishing state of the coast. At Sinope there is no commerce, and the Greeks, who, in consequence, deserted the place, the population is at the present time 1000. This city, once the capital of the great Mithridates, is now a small town.

Although the coast has natural advantages, which, but for the barbarism of the present government, would soon raise it into commercial importance. It has a deep and capacious harbour—the finest timber of the world grows in its vicinity—and the district of the coast, with which it immediately communicates, is one of the most fertile and productive in Asiatic Turkey.

Amasia, the capital of Cappadocia, Tokat, and Costambol, are rich in minerals. Near the last is held an annual fair, commencing before the feast of Ramadan, and which is attended by at least fifty thousand merchants, from all parts of the coast. From the nature of the country in which it is situated, it is disposed to believe that Sinope holds out

Their opposition would effectually baffle every attempt on Trebizond by land. A surprize by sea would not, however, be impracticable in the opinion of Colonel Rottiers, notwithstanding the Russians failed in their first experiment.

“On the 7th of May, 1807, the Russian squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Potoski, and composed of 2 three-deckers, 3 seventy-fours, 4 frigates, 3 brigs, 3 fire-ships, 1 bomb ketch, 7 gun-boats, and 8 transports, appeared before Trebizond. The troops which it carried, commanded by General Govorof, consisted of 2000 infantry, 500 Cossacks, and 2,500 cavalry; but these had brought with them only their harness and saddles; they thought that they should find horses in the country, where in fact they are very rare. In the next place the Turks were apprized of the enemy's intention: the whole city was in arms, and reinforcements arrived every minute from the mountains in the neighbourhood. The Greeks, Jews, and Armenians were employed night and day in digging a deep trench along the shore. A line of troops was established from Platana at the west to the east of Trebizond.

“The Russians cast anchor in the road of Platana, and amused themselves with cannonading that little village and sinking a Turkish vessel, which happened to be lying there. They tried also to disembark; but after an obstinate conflict, they were driven back with the loss of 150 men. It is easy enough to land under the fire of ships, but how were they to move a step beyond the range of that fire, or to take up positions on a naked shore? No one had thought of those difficulties. . . .”

The Russians then sent on shore two emissaries, a Turk from the Crimea and a Greek, with letters to the chief persons of the country, inviting them to revolt. But the spies were seized and immediately executed. The next step was to summon the governor, Achmet Pasha, to surrender; but he replied, that he would rather bury himself in the ruins of the town, although there was no likelihood of his being reduced to that alternative.

“In fine, early on the 23rd, (after having given the Turks full time to prepare for their defence,) the squadron made a general movement, hoisted sail, and ranged itself before Trebizond. Several ships cast anchor in front of the town, at a little distance from the shore.

“While the enemies' fleet was manœuvring in this way, the whole population of Trebizond was gathered on the shore—old and young, women and children—all seated themselves quietly on a bank at the sea side, and enjoyed the imposing spectacle, as if it were a holiday amusement. One of the Russian ships might have showered a volley of grape-shot amongst them, but not a soul thought of the danger. M. Dupré, who witnessed what passed, told me, that he did not know whether to ascribe the conduct of the people in that instance to the persuasion that Europeans would not fire on an unarmed populace, or to their religious fatalism. He questioned them respecting their want of apprehension, and they were unable to explain its causes.”

The same evening the Russian fleet weighed anchor, and had totally disappeared by the following day. Thus terminated an

expedition which had no result but to show how ardently Russia covets the exclusive dominion of the Black Sea.

The silver and copper mines near Trebizond were visited by M. Rottiers, who found them so negligently worked, that their abandonment cannot, he thinks, be far distant. This disregard of those natural treasures, which have been famous for many ages, does not proceed from the exhaustion of the mineral, which is as rich and abundant as ever, but from the ignorance of the workmen, the poverty of the contractors, and, above all, from the fallen condition of Trebizond; for it is difficult to continue an export trade from any place which offers no market for imported cargoes. In the hands of a European power, the great commerce which formerly animated Trebizond might again revive. Erzeroum, the point in which the commerce of Asia Minor centres, is but six days journey from it. This latter place, which ranks among the most populous and important in Asiatic Turkey, is at present threatened by the Russians; and if they should once grasp it, we think that Trebizond will soon be included in the spreading circle of their dominion.

The terrestrial paradise, which is supposed to be situated in Armenia, appeared to M. Rottiers to stretch along the shores of the Black Sea. The green banks, sloping into the water, are sometimes decked with box-trees of uncommon size, sometimes clothed with natural orchards, in which the cherries, pears, pomegranates, and other fruits, growing in their indigenous soil, possess a flavour indescribably exquisite. The bold eminences are crowned with superb forests or majestic ruins, which alternately rule the scenes of this devoted country, from the water's edge to the summit of the mountains. The moral and political condition of the country contrasts forcibly with the flourishing aspect of nature. At Sinope there is no commerce, and the Greeks having, in consequence, deserted the place, the population is at present below 5000. This city, once the capital of the great Mithridates, enjoys natural advantages, which, but for the barbarism of the Turkish government, would soon raise it into commercial eminence. It has a deep and capacious harbour—the finest timber in the world grows in its vicinity—and the district of the interior, with which it immediately communicates, is one of the most productive and industrious in Asiatic Turkey. Amasia, the ancient capital of Cappadocia, Tokat, and Costambol, are rich and populous towns. Near the last is held an annual fair, commencing fifteen days before the feast of Ramadan, and which is said to be attended by at least fifty thousand merchants, from all parts of the East. From the nature of the country in which it is situated, M. Rottiers is disposed to believe that Sinope holds out

peculiarly strong inducements to European enterprize. He also had an opportunity of observing, that its defences were gone totally to ruin, and significantly remarks, that it could not possibly withstand a *coup de main*. Amastra, a great and wealthy city while possessed by the Genoese in the middle ages, is now a wretched village, occupied by a few Turkish families, whose whole industry consists in making a few toys and articles of wooden ware. It stands on a peninsula, which appears to have been formerly an island, and the isthmus uniting it to the mainland is wholly composed, according to the account of Mr. Eton, who surveyed part of this coast, of fragments of columns and marble friezes.

M. Rottiers, while by many flattering suggestions he tempts Russia to the coasts of Anatolia, pretends at the same time to quiet its ambition. The late conquests from Persia and Turkey he considers to have been absolutely necessary, in order to form a good frontier for the Russian provinces. That object is now attained, and further territorial increase would be detrimental.

"The Russians ought to congratulate themselves in having for limits, on the one side the Araxes and the Kur, defended, the former by Ararat, the latter by the Steppes of Mougan, an arid country, destitute of water and of forage, and infested during summer by that race of serpents which, according to Plutarch, forced the army of Pompey to retreat: on the other side the Batoumi, which falls into the Black Sea, is a boundary quite as advantageous, and I will venture to say, quite as indispensable. The sources of the Araxes and of the Batoumi are not far asunder, and nature herself seems in that circumstance to have marked out the true limits of Russia towards the south-west. The city of Kur is a little on this side of the line uniting the two rivers."

Having thus arranged the limits on the Armenian and Persian frontiers, M. Rottiers proceeds to criticize the operations of the campaign in Europe. Although we may justly suspect the ingenuousness of an author who favours the world with a sketch of his travels ten years after they have been concluded, and although the strictures of M. Rottiers on the triumphs in Asia and the ovals in Europe appear to attend most obsequiously on the events, it may not be uninteresting to know the opinion of an experienced officer who has viewed the field of action. Let us hear his account of Shumla.

"Tacticians have exhausted their ingenuity in attempts to turn or to carry the formidable position which nature has created on these mountains. They could never succeed, even if art had not added its means of resistance to those which nature had already prepared. What is properly called the town (Shumla) is nearly surrounded by a rampart of Mount Hæmus, or the Balkan, which descends on both sides in the form of a horse-shoe. The steep slopes of this great fence are covered with

detached rocks and close thorny bushes. The nature of the ground makes it a most advantageous position for the Turkish soldier, who when sheltered by these inequalities, rapid steepes and a few intrenchments, displays all the address of the most skilful marksman. Like some orators, who cannot express themselves unless when partly concealed by a table or tribunal, the Turk cannot use his musket unless he can rest it on a stone or against the trunk of a tree, but then his aim is infallible!

"The town is about a league in length, with half that breadth, and may contain from thirty to thirty-five thousand souls. The fortifications are of barbarian architecture: a ditch, with a simple rampart, partly of earth, partly of brick, flanked here and there with little towers, which serve neither for support nor resistance, and which contain not above seven or eight fusileers. But it is not the town itself which is to be considered, but the vast intrenched field in the centre of which it is placed, and which is capable of containing an immense army, with its magazines, its utensils and equipage, without the enemy having the power to throw a single shell into the place, or disturb it by any manoeuvre whatever.

"The air is extremely healthy in the elevated positions of the Balkan and in the narrow vallies which lie between its ridges. . . . On the other hand, there cannot be a more unhealthy country than that which extends from the Balkan to the borders of the Danube and Pruth. This difference between the climate of the mountains and the plain is the most formidable defence which nature has given Shumla. While the enemy is encamped in wet grounds and pestilential marshes, in want of wood, of provisions, and sometimes of men in health to take care of the sick; the Turks breathe a keen dry air, and have an inexhaustible supply of fuel in the forests which surround them. In summer Shumla is an agreeable abode; the town is surrounded by pleasant gardens, by vineyards, and a stream running from the mountains maintains the verdure of the fields. In time of peace it may be entered without hindrance, and the Turks allow the curious to walk about and survey all the posts. In this there is perhaps a secret pride, joined to the wish to communicate to others the conviction which they themselves feel, that the place is inexpugnable. And in fact, all who examine Shumla must feel satisfied that it is impossible to enter it without the permission of those who possess it."

We are not surprised to find that M. Rottiers is dissatisfied with the plan of a campaign which has not had a brilliant termination. If the choice of the plan had been given to the Turks, they would have preferred, he thinks, the one which was adopted. It has been frequently tried and always with indifferent success. The Turks, on the other side, according to our author, committed errors in detail, which balanced the advantage given them by the imprudence of their enemies. As the contest is now resumed, the belligerent parties may repair their faults. What, then, are the plans to be pursued?

"There will not be any thing unbecoming in me," says Colonel

Rottiers, "if I state frankly the plan which I should have proposed had I been consulted. I lay it down, in the first place, as an incontestable proposition, that this campaign ought not to bear the least resemblance to preceding ones. That the plan ought to be conceived in such a way as to strike forcibly the imaginations of the Turks, who are already bewildered; that the greatest simplicity ought to reign in the conception, in order that the execution may be as rapid as possible.

"Let it be remembered what I have said of the position of Sinope. At the opening of the campaign, the very moment when the troops cross the Pruth to invade the principalities, the Russian fleet, mistress of the Black Sea, ought to seize by a *coup de main* the port, town, citadel, and entire peninsula. This conquest would hardly cost a man. About 30,000 men ought to be disembarked, and a trench being cut across the isthmus, so as to unite the bays of Gerseh and Akliman, with the addition of a few redoubts, the peninsula would be converted into an impregnable fortress, which might be justly styled the Gibraltar of the Black Sea."

With respect to a descent on the coast of Asia, we question whether Russia be at liberty to attempt it; the operations of her marine depend in a great measure on the concurrence of France and England; and these powers, while they allow the Russian navy the modest triumph of an ineffectual blockade, would be justified in preventing their imperial ally, who disclaims all views of territorial aggrandizement, from setting foot on the coast of Anatolia. In truth, the composure with which the cabinets of western Europe regard the struggle in the East must console the Russian autocrat for the necessity of fighting at a disadvantage: as soon as the contest becomes unequal, those powers will interpose, and the naval superiority of England alone, in the actual circumstances of the belligerents, would soon determine the issue.

Besides, it may be questioned whether Russia has at present any further design than the extension of her frontier to the Danube. Such a change of limits would be, in reality, of immense advantage, particularly with a view to the probable renewal of hostilities with the Porte at some future day. In 1811 the frontiers of Russia were advanced from the Dniester to the Pruth, but the latter river being fordable at most points, and wanting the advantages of a natural boundary, the quarantines remained established on the banks of the Dniester, and Russia had only a nominal enjoyment of her Moldavian possessions. By extending her boundary to the Danube, she would be enabled effectually to organize the principalities—to give industry and order to a fertile country, at present little better than a desert—and what is of the greatest importance, she might then put her frontier in a condition to support the operations of an army.

Such are the advantages which Russia seeks to purchase at an

immense loss of treasure and human life. The possession of Constantinople is no doubt coveted by that empire. But however speculative politicians may scout the apprehension of such an event, and laugh at the idea of verifying the symbol of the double eagle, by the union of Moscow and Constantinople under the same crown, the cabinets of western Europe are, we feel convinced, too prudent to witness patiently so hazardous an experiment, which even in its progress might work disastrous consequences. And the Ottomans themselves, will they permit it? To this interrogation we find it difficult to reply. However the friendly spectators of his efforts may applaud the sturdy Musulman, a sober estimate of his merits gives no assurance of his victory. Sultan Mahmoud possesses indeed "th' unconquerable will and resolution never to submit or yield;" but there is little reason to believe him a talented and enlightened prince. The organization of an army in Turkey is but a superficial reform, and cannot endure long without further changes. The depopulation and growing poverty of the Ottoman empire are ills deeply seated; and until the internal administration of that odious government is changed in all its principles and details, the work of regeneration cannot be considered as complete. But under all circumstances the present war is likely to be conducive to the improvement of Turkey.

Whatever losses Russia may have sustained on the Danube in the late campaign, her arms in Asia were crowned with complete success. Her boundary now extends nearly in a right line from the south western shore of the Caspian to the south eastern angle of the Black Sea. The ancient capital of Armenia is now included within the limits of that empire, which has gained a solid advantage in thus gathering within her boundaries the remnants of a nation, the most industrious and enlightened of all Asia. We rejoice sincerely in the event. Under the protection of Russia, the Armenians may rally in security, and impart their civilization to their Georgian neighbours: and if the nations of the East shall ever imitate the policy of civilized Europe so as to act conjointly to regulate the balance of power in the family of states, the day may come when the Christian nations below the Caucasus, not bound to Russia by an attachment to the same ritual, may unite to form an independent kingdom.

ART. IX.—*Le Fils de l'Homme, ou Souvenirs de Vienne.* Par Méry et Barthélemy. Paris, 1829. 8vo.

It sometimes happens that an author of very mediocre talent contrives, by stumbling upon a peculiarly interesting subject, to fix the attention of his coy and capricious mistress, the world. Poets, however, have not often so much luck. The excitement of their art is felt only by those retired and intellectual spirits who form but a very minute portion of society, and whose praise is seldom loud enough to be heard. Messrs. Méry and Barthélemy, notwithstanding, who assuredly do not include a very large store of that sacred quality called genius in the stock of their copartnery, have just published a little poetical *brochure*, to which circumstances have given a considerable degree of temporary interest. The French government, probably from some apprehension of its seditious tendency, caused the first impression to be seized on its publication, and cited the authors before a criminal tribunal, a proceeding which we have remarked has, in France, invariably proved the best advertisement of his book, which an author thirsting after notoriety could desire.* This sort of notoriety is no recommendation to us; and the present production is indebted for the short notice we shall give of it, to attractions of a different kind. The pamphlet is divided into two parts, one consisting of the poetical text, and the other of notes; the latter portion, possessing everything that the former wants, is really interesting.

Messrs. Méry and Barthélemy, the joint artificers of nine satires and half-a-dozen poems, (on the merits of which we shall pronounce no opinion, never having seen one of them,) took it into their heads to transmit presentation copies of their "*Napoléon en Egypte*" to some of the dispersed members of the ex-imperial family; and, "they do not fear to add," their token of remembrance was acknowledged "with *august* commendation, in letters written by hands that had once signed decrees." Thus encouraged, the adventurous authors resolved to proceed a step further, and to present a copy to the *Son of the Man* himself. Arrived at Vienna, the representative of the firm was refused permission to present his poem, or even to be presented himself, to the Duke of Reichstadt; and in this dilemma, like Washington Irving's Contented Man, he went to the play. In the darkness visible of a German theatre, he saw at a distance Cæsar and his family, and had the honour of

* We presume that in such cases there is always a good understanding between the police and the publisher, as notwithstanding the *aisie*, the eager amateur never finds any difficulty in gratifying his curiosity at the expense of his purse.

hearing the emperor cough. In the next box there was a pale face standing out amidst the shadows, like a head of Rembrandt; and the Frenchman felt a trembling run through his bones as he recognised the Son of the Man. Many are the things which may stir up the abysses of the soul, and act upon the mind as a galvanic battery does upon the body.

—It may be a sound.

A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring,

A flower, or leaf—the ocean—which may wound,

Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

But assuredly the veritable appearance, in lith and limb, of Napoleon's son, is a sight that no Frenchman—we believe we may say no man—could behold without profound emotion. The name of Napoleon is associated so intimately with the glory and the shame of France, and the history of half the world, that its sound finds an echo in most of the recesses of our memory. The parricidal son of the revolution, this extraordinary man knew how to impose fetters on the wildest licentiousness; with scarcely a human sympathy in his bosom, he was able to enlist the most devoted affections of men in his cause; and even after he has slept for some years in a distant and inglorious grave, his name is a word of power, sufficient to fling a cloud upon the understanding as opaque and disastrous as anything described in the annals of ancient necromancy.

The career of Napoleon was the sequel of the Revolution; and like it, although accompanied in its progress by innumerable horrors, has been productive of great and lasting good. Even among the institutions which exist at the present moment, much of the fine and magnificent belongs to the imperial regime; and assuredly the birth of that spirit of adventure and research which of late years has carried the French nation to the very van in the march of literature and science, is of older date than the restoration. The career of Napoleon, in fact, was like that of a tempest, which, purifying while it destroys, lays up health for future days at the expense of the present. That future is now arrived, and the soil of France seems all the more vigorous for the torrents of blood and tears with which it has so long been watered. That any rational man, however, can invoke seriously the return of even so benevolent and provident a tempest—that any well-educated Frenchman can so much as dream, without shuddering in his sleep, of the downfall of a government established on the basis of a constitutional charter, and the reinstatement of a selfish and debasing tyranny—may be fairly matter of dispute.

In the pamphlet before us, notwithstanding, there certainly are some strong appeals to the feelings—generous and chivalric in

themselves—of the ignorant multitude; and these, which would be smiled at in England, will be regarded with very different eyes in France. In the midst of our smiles, however, let us not forget that France is still a nation of soldiers, each one of whom was either called into political existence by the emperor, or educated in military devotion and enthusiasm by his adherents. The sons and grandsons, in fact, of the emperor—for Napoleon's soldiers were his children—form a considerable part of the population of the kingdom. We have seen in our own history how dangerous it is to meddle with the seemingly quenched embers of even an unpopular tyranny; and it was not till long after its expulsion that the crimes, and follies, and misfortunes of the house of Stuart became legitimate themes for a patriot poet.

Considerations of this sort may somewhat excuse, though they will not altogether justify the watchful jealousy of the French government relative to such publications as the present; but if the seizure of a book by the summary *fiat* of the administration, be regarded as inconsistent with a representative government, it is satisfactory to find a correction of the evil in the independence of the judicial tribunal, which has to pronounce on the guilt of the parties. In the present instance, that tribunal pronounced an almost immediate annulment of the seizure, and the acquittal and discharge of the accused parties.

The reflections of the traveller, while sitting in the Vienna theatre, form the subject of the joint poem, but we have been unable to perceive anything very striking in these, or very philosophical in their arrangement—which is a pity, as we are assured in the preface that “the leading idea, the plan, and the details of the work were conceived and adjusted by means of a most active correspondence.” The notes however, as we have already said, are particularly interesting, on two accounts; first, because (if the traveller was not imposed upon) the account which they give us of the young Duke of Reichstadt's situation infinitely surpasses in interest and singularity, the most ingenious conceptions of romance; and, secondly, because they present us with a translation of one of the most remarkable ballads of modern times.

We will take the latter first, and frankly confess that this is the thing with which we were most struck in the pamphlet. The history which our traveller-poet gives us of it is as follows. Among the persons whose acquaintance he made at Vienna, he mentions, besides M. Von Hammer, the orientalist, and Madame Pichler, the novelist, the name of M. Sedlitz, a young Hungarian poet, “dout les ouvrages font les delices de Vienne.”

“This young poet, after expressing the most flattering opinions of

our works, would absolutely make me promise that our first poem should not be in rhyme. But, said I to him, this would be a ridiculous innovation in France, and no one would read it.—Try, was his answer.—It has been already tried; Voltaire made what are called blank verses, and the attempt did not succeed. Besides, to take away the rhyme from our poetry, would be to strip it completely of its charm, and make it accessible (abordable) to all our prose writers.—Try, persisted he; they may laugh at you at first, but will imitate you afterwards. And as at that period nothing was talked of in the *salons* of Vienna, but a poetical piece of which he was the author, he was good enough to take the trouble of translating it for me into French, verse for verse, and word for word. It is a species of dream, or evocation, completely in the German style: Napoleon and his old army are there resuscitated by the pen of the poet, and I think this piece, stamped with originality, will please our readers.”

We suspect there is some *mistification* in this account, but whether there be or not, there is unquestionably great merit in the poem, both in conception and execution. We have amused ourselves with “doing” it into English, on the same principle as the French translation (if it really be a translation) “vers par vers et mot par mot,”—with what effect our readers must determine.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

A minuit, de sa tombe
Le tambour se lève et sort,
Fait sa tournée et marche
Battant la caisse bien fort.

De ses bras décharnés
Remue conjointement
Les baguettes, bat la retraite,
Réveil et roulement.

La caisse sonne étrange,
Fortement elle retentit,
Dans leur fosse en ressuscitent
Les vieux soldats périss ;

Et qui au fond du nord
Sous la glace enroidis,
Et qui trop chaudement gissent
Sous la terre d'Italie,

Et sous la bourbe du Nil
Et le sable de l'Arabie ;
Ils quittent leur sépulture
Leurs armes ils ont saisi.

Et à minuit, de sa tombe
Le trompette se lève et sort,
Monte à cheval et sonne
La trompe bruyant et fort.

At midnight, from his grave,
The drummer woke and rose,
And beating loud the drum,
Forth on his round he goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms,
The drumsticks patly fall,
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveillè, and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,
So deep it echoes round!
Old soldiers in their graves
Start to life at the sound.

Both they in farthest north,
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And who too warm repose
Beneath Italian clay,

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath Arabian sand ;
Their burial place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight, from his grave,
The trumpeter arose ;
And mounted on his horse,
A loud shrill blast he blows.

Alors sur chevaux aériens
Arrivent les cavaliers,
Vieux escadrons célébrés
Sanglans et balafrés.

Sous le casque, leurs crânes blanchâtres
Ricanent, et fièrement
Leurs mains osseuses soulèvent
Leurs glaives longs et tranchans.

Et à minuit, de sa tombe
Le chef se lève et sort ;
A pas lents il s'avance
Suivi de l'état-major.

Petit chapeau il porte,
Habit sans ornemens,
Petite-épée pour arme
Au côté gauche lui pend.

La lune à pâle lueur
La vaste plaine éclaire ;
L'homme au petit chapeau
Des troupes revue va faire.

Les rangs présentent les armes,
Lors sur l'épaule les mettant,
Toute l'armée devant le chef
Défile tambour battant.

On voit former un cercle
Des capitaines et généraux ;
Au plus voisin à l'oreille
Ce chef souffle un mot.

Ce mot va à la ronde,
Résonne le long de la Seine ;
Le mot donné est la France,
La parole : *Sainte-Hélène*.

C'est là la grande revue
Qu'aux Champs-Élysées,
À l'heure de minuit
Tient César décédé.

On airy couriers then
The cavalry are seen,
Old squadrons erst renown'd,
Gory and ghast'd, I ween.

Beneath the casque their blanched skulls
Smile grim, and proud their air,
As in their bony hands
Their long sharp swords they bear.

And at midnight, from his tomb,
The Chief awoke and rose ;
And followed by his staff,
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
A coat quite plain has he,
A little sword for arms,
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the moon
A paly lustre threw ;
The man with the little hat
The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms,
Deep roll the drums the while,
Recovering then, the troops
Before the Chief file.

Captains and gen'als round.
In circle form'd appear ;
The Chief to the first a word
Then whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,
Resounds along the Seine ;
That word they give is—*France*,
The answer—*Sainte-Hélène*.

'Tis there, at midnight hour,
The grand review, they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held,
In the Champs-Élysées.

Von Hammer, also, condescended to write some complimentary verses for our fortunate traveller; a thing which the latter believes—doubtless from internal evidence—the learned orientalist never did before in his life.

With regard to the Duke of Reichstadt, it appears, from the author's report, that the ex-heir of an empire is a prisoner both in body and mind. No Frenchman is allowed to be presented to him; no communication can be made to him, except through the medium of his jailors; no word must be uttered in his hearing which might by possibility touch the chord of ambition; he alone, of all the civilized world, is ignorant of the history of his father. His life is measured out by the square and the rule; the cabinets of France and Austria determine on what he shall know, and what he shall think. The risk he is told he runs of assassination by

some crazy fanatic of liberty, is the talisman by which this enchantment of soul and body is effected. "Rest perfectly assured, Sir," said the grand-preceptor to our traveller, "that he reads and sees only what we wish him to read, see, and understand. If by any chance a letter, a packet, or a book, should fall into his hands without our knowledge, his first care would be to deliver it to us unopened: he would not even dare to look at it till assured that he could do so without danger." "It appears then," remarked the author, "that the son of Napoleon is far from being as free as we suppose him in France." The answer was—"The Prince is not a prisoner, but—he is placed in a very peculiar position." "Be satisfied," said the grand-preceptor at another interview, "with knowing that he is happy, and that he is without ambition. His career is marked out for him; he never will approach France—the idea of doing so will never enter his head."

"So much the better," say we; but this it must be confessed is a singular way of arriving at so desirable an end. The young Duke receives the education befitting a prince, and is taught the exercises becoming a soldier. He will not always remain a boy; and, on his escape from tutelage, he will hear and see things like other people. The only personal anecdote here told of him would seem indeed, to indicate, that even at present he is not altogether insensible to the peculiarity of his situation.

"On a late occasion, he appeared to be completely absorbed with some idea, and paid not the least attention to his lesson; all of a sudden, he struck his forehead with a sign of impatience, and these words escaped him: 'What is it they want to make of me? do they think that I have the head of my father?'"

It is but right to give the authors of this poem the benefit of their concluding declaration as to passages in it, which might be susceptible of an unfavourable interpretation.

"What might, perhaps, have been dangerous at the period when the Restoration was advancing with trembling steps, when the recollections of a fallen government were still in complete fermentation, is now no more than a chimera, which alarms no one. The Bourbon dynasty, which, in 1814, only gave us promises, has now tranquillized us by their fulfilment. It is strong by the institutions which it has established and maintained; and it derives especial strength from the wishes of the majority of Frenchmen, as well as from the affection and power of an army, in which there are as many citizens as soldiers."

ART. X.—*Geschichte des Tempelherrenordens, nach dem vorhandenen und mehreren bisher unbenutzten Quellen.* Von Wilhelm Ferdinand Wilcke. (History of the Order of the Knights Templars, from accessible as well as several hitherto unexplored sources. By W. F. Wilcke.) 2 Bände, 8vo. Leipzig. 1826-27.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reproach of indolence, frivolity, and attachment to light, in preference to solid, literature, which is so frequently, and not without justice, cast upon the present age, we are inclined to think that there never was any period in which a more active, or inquiring spirit of political philosophy prevailed. But it is to the continent rather than to England that this praise is due; for while *there* the history of all ages and countries is investigated with diligence, new light cast on the annals of the world, and on the springs of human actions and institutions, in works of magnitude which are continually sending forth—*here*, except on subjects immediately connected with our own country, few historians venture to exceed the moderate bulk of two or three octavo volumes. What is still worse, if we set aside the copious Universal History, now become rather antiquated, there are several nations and countries of which we may vainly seek for any account in English literature; while in the French and German, those proper rivals of the English, satisfactory information may be readily obtained on almost every subject of historic importance. Unfortunately too, the party spirit which the nature of our political constitution has such a tendency to engender, extends into regions where calmness and impartiality should dwell; and though we can point out some works on our national history, one particularly, distinguished by a spirit of cool and unbiassed philosophical criticism, such cannot be justly called the character of our historic literature. Our histories of Greece are written with similar heat and præjudice: most of our other historical works are tame, spiritless and uncritical.

Yet we think the time is fast approaching, and is almost at hand, when history will engage more attention, and form a more prominent branch of study and literary education in this country, than it has ever done; and we feel disposed to regard the present rather as a period of transition. We cannot long bear to linger far behind our continental neighbours and rivals; political science, of which history is the support and the groundwork, must always be cultivated in a country whose policy embraces the whole known world, more especially now that her government and constitution no longer stand alone, towering over surrounding despotisms; as similar forms and a congenial spirit are fast per-

vading other nations. The physical sciences must, from their very nature, always attract a smaller number of votaries than history; for laws and political regulations will ever retain their just superiority over those sciences which minister chiefly to external wants and conveniences; and as one good law or wise political measure is productive of more real and extensive benefit than numerous physical discoveries and inventions, so the statesman and political philosopher will always, in the public estimation, stand higher than the chemist and the mathematician. Finally, the passion for light literature will give way, and must, we think, soon wear itself out. The *Waverley* novels, though they have done some mischief in a historical point of view, have been productive of more than countervailing good; they have weaned the public mind from the wretched trash on which it had previously been feeding, and accustomed it to a more robust diet. There is now, we would hope, little fear of its ever returning to what it has rejected; and as the illustrious author of these works cannot be expected to go on for ever ministering to the taste he has created, and the chance is so very slender of writers like himself appearing, nothing, as far as we can perceive, will remain to the reading world, but to have recourse to real history, which, when written as it ought to be, will be found to possess several of the attractions of the romance, with that invaluable one in which the latter is almost necessarily deficient, namely, truth. The monthly miscellanies too,* which are now beginning to form a part of our literature, hold out hopes of encouraging the taste for that branch, as historical works will form a prominent portion of their contents; and if the ill-judging parsimony of publishers does not lead them to employ mere literary craftsmen, many of their volumes may be expected to fall little short of romances in interest, while they will at the same time teach lessons of sound political wisdom.

In the confident hope that these pleasing anticipations will soon be realized, we beg to add, that our endeavours shall never be wanting to stimulate the taste and the emulation of our countrymen, by frequently laying before them accounts of what is going on in the historic department on the continent. On the present occasion we propose to give some account of the inquiries which have been made into the interesting subject of the history of the Knights Templars, concerning whose origin and suppression no full and satisfactory account will, we apprehend, be found in English literature.

The original sources from which a History of the Order of the Templars must be derived, are to be found in the *Gesta Dei per*

* We allude to Constable's Miscellany; Murray's Family Library; The Cabinet Cyclopædia, &c. &c.

*Franco*s, and other writings of the middle ages during the time of its existence, together with the manuscript records relating to them still preserved. The first modern history of the order, or more properly speaking, of its condemnation, is that of the French advocate Dupuy, published in 1654; and the spirit of inquiry by which he was actuated will appear by the very commencement of his work, which sets out with his declaration of justifying that act of Philip le Bel and his lawyers; for, says he, "the lofty and virtuous deeds of our king, Philip le Bel, one of those great kings who have governed our monarchy, and who has executed very great enterprises, have been wonderfully injured by this common evil (that of being misinterpreted); so that he has been styled impious on account of his generous prosecution of Pope Boniface, and a usurper of the goods of others, and beyond measure avaricious, on account of the matter of the Templars." Dupuy must accordingly be regarded as the advocate of Philip, rather than the historian of the Templars. At the close of the seventeenth century a history of them, in Latin, by Gürtler, appeared at Amsterdam; in 1735 Ferreira published, at Lisbon, his work on the same subject; finally, a Spanish work by Campomanes, came out in 1774: both that and the Portuguese work contain much valuable matter. The earliest German inquiry is that of Anton; published a few years later than the Spanish work of Campomanes. The English language, as we have already observed, contains no work on this subject.

But besides these historical essays and inquiries, the Templars have furnished matter for various other works. The learned Danish bishop, Münter, has, from the Vatican MSS. published the Statute-book of the Order, accompanied with valuable notes. Nicolai instituted an inquiry into the secret doctrines and practices imputed to the Templars; several writers attempted to trace a connection between them and the Free-Masons; and as is always the case where Masonry is on the *tapis*, abundance of ill-employed erudition, wild and fanciful conjectures and awe-inspiring mystery, has been displayed. Moldenhauer published, in 1792, from the original records, the whole of the process against the order in France. The present century has produced the researches of Barillet, and the able defence of the Knights by Raynouard in France; while in the sixth volume of the *Mimes de l'Orient*, Jos. von Hammer has, from hitherto unknown or unemployed sources, endeavoured to establish the horrible charges made against the Knights; and Raynouard, De Sacy, Münter, Gruber von Grubenfels, and others, have in various journals replied to, and, as we think, amply confuted him.

It is evident that a complete history of the Order of the Knights

of the Temple was a *desideratum*, and also that there was an ample supply of materials for the construction of it at hand. The task has accordingly been undertaken by Mr. Wilcke in the present work, but after a careful perusal of it, we are compelled to say that we consider the *desideratum* still unsupplied. In Mr. Wilcke we discern the merits and the defects of his countrymen; his industry is indefatigable; not content with secondary authorities, he has everywhere had recourse to the original sources, and neglected no work whence he could hope to derive any assistance; but he has all the tendency to mystery, so prevalent among the German writers, and seems to regard the extremely dubious fact of the order having had a secret doctrine as so certain as scarcely to deem that it stands in need of proof or inquiry; while the most absurd and improbable charges made against the order find with him an easy credence. Further, Mr. Wilcke is, by his own account, but a young man; hence his judgment is weak and his reflections frequently trite and superficial; and though we may commend the ardour which impels to inquiry, and to the communication of its results, we would always dissuade ambitious youth from a too early appearance in the field of history. Young men may excel in poetry, or in mathematics, or the physical sciences, and many have done so; but few are the historical works of value written by men who have not passed the *mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, or had more experience of mankind than can be obtained within the precincts of a university.

The Templars, therefore, rather than Mr. Wilcke's history of them, will form the subject of this article, in which we shall consider the points of importance connected with them from the institution till the suppression of the order, and examine some of the attacks and defences of the various combatants—Mr. Wilcke of course included—who have shivered lances in their attack or defence.

The natural desire to visit places which have been the scene of memorable actions, or the abode of distinguished personages, had from a very early period drawn pious pilgrims from the east and the west to view those spots which had been hallowed by the presence of the SON OF GOD. The toils and the dangers of the journey were unheeded, when set in comparison with the bliss of pouring forth prayer on Calvary, and bathing in the waves of Jordan, whose waters had consecrated the Saviour to his holy office. After Jerusalem fell under the dominion of the followers of Mohammed, the pious pilgrims of the west received little or no interruption in the performance of their sacred duty; for with all their fanaticism the Arabs were tolerant, and moderate tribute always ensured their protection. But as the Greek and Latin churches

differed in point of doctrine, and the Latin pilgrims, when in the Holy City, did not always take sufficient care to avoid offending the prejudices of the Moslems, the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem were averse to receiving into their houses their western brethren, and stronger reasons prevented their seeking or obtaining the hospitality of the Mohammedans.

We accordingly find that, so early as the ninth century, the monk Bernard saw in the valley of Jehoshaphat, near the church of the Holy Virgin, a hospital composed of twelve dwellings, for pilgrims from the west, which possessed corn lands, vineyards, and gardens, and an excellent library, established by the bounty of Charlemagne. In the eleventh century, when the apprehension of the approaching end of the world, and the appearance of Christ to judge mankind, had once more fanned the flame of pious pilgrimage which had been previously dying away, and men were hastening to the land where they expected to meet their Lord and Judge, there was built within the walls of Jerusalem a hospital for the reception of Catholic pilgrims. This hospital stood within a very short distance of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and, by the favour of the Egyptian khalif, a church, dedicated to the Virgin, and afterwards called St. Maria de Latina, was erected close by it; there an abbot and several monks, who followed the rule of St. Benedict, received and entertained the pilgrims who arrived each year from the west, and furnished such of them as were poor or had been plundered by the roving Bedoweens, with the means of paying the tax exacted by the unbelievers. Decorum not permitting the reception of the female pilgrims, the brethren established without their walls a convent, dedicated to Mary Magdalene, where a pious sisterhood entertained the pilgrims of their own sex. The number of the pilgrims still continuing to increase, the abbot and his monks erected a new *hospitium* near their church, which they placed under the patronage of St. John, the patriarch of Alexandria, named Eleëmon, or the Compassionate. This last hospital had no independent revenues, but derived its income from the bounty of the abbot of the monastery of the Holy Virgin, and the alms of the pious.

When, in 1099, Jerusalem was invested by the Crusaders, the Hospital of St. John was presided by Gerhard, a native of Provence, a man of exemplary piety, and of a spirit of mild and universal benevolence, rarely to be found in that age; for while the city was pressed by the arms of the faithful, who sought for future glory by the extermination of those whom they deemed the enemies of God on earth, not merely the orthodox Catholic, but the schismatic Greek, and even the unbelieving Moslem, shared without distinction the alms of the good director of the hospital

of St. John. When the city was taken, the sick and wounded of the Crusaders received all due care and attention from Gerhard and his monks. The general favour they enjoyed with Godfrey and the other pilgrims now emboldened them to separate themselves from the monastery of St. Maria de Latina; and to pursue their labour of love alone and independent, they drew up a rule for themselves, to which they bound themselves to obedience in the presence of the patriarch, and assumed as their distinguishing dress, a black mantle, with a white cross of eight points on the left breast. They still remained obedient to the abbot of St. Maria de Latina, and according to the law of the church, they paid tythes to the patriarch.

This continued while the brotherhood was poor; but riches soon began to flow in upon them. Godfrey, whose very name suggests the ideas of virtue and piety, pure, if not always well directed, struck with their simple and unassuming charity, bestowed on them his domain of Monboire, in Brabant, with all its appurtenances. His brother and successor, Baldwin, gave them a portion of the booty gained from the infidels; several pious princes and nobles followed these examples, and the Hospital of St. John soon saw itself in possession of extensive estates both in Europe and Asia, which were managed by members of the society named Preceptors. Pope Pascal II., in 1113, relieved the Hospitallers from the burden of paying tythes to the patriarch of Jerusalem—confirmed by his bull all donations made and to be made to them—and gave them authority to appoint a successor on the death of Gerhard, without the interference of any other secular or spiritual authority. The society now counted among its members many gallant knights who had come to the Holy Land to fight in the cause of their Saviour; and there, actuated by a spirit more accordant to his, had flung aside their swords and devoted themselves to the attendance on the sick and poor among the brethren of St. John. One of the most distinguished of these was Raymond Dupuy, a knight of Dauphiné, who, on the death of the worthy Gerhard, was chosen to succeed him in his office.

It was to Laynez and Acquaviva, not to Ignatius Loyola, that the order of the Jesuits owed its consistency and direction to one mark; it was Raymond, not Gerhard, who, properly speaking, organized the order of the Hospitallers. The founder of a society is rarely aware of its ultimate views and objects. Raymond, a man of vigorous and active mind, established the discipline of his order. His regulations afford a specimen of the manners and modes of thinking of his time; and some of them require to be noticed here, on account of their similarity with those of the

Templars shortly to be mentioned. The usual monkish duties of chastity and obedience were strictly enjoined; the brethren, both lay and spiritual, were directed to wear at least a linen or woollen shirt, but no expensive dress of any kind, above all, no furs; when they went to collect alms, they were, for fear of temptation, never to go alone, but always in parties of two or three; they were not, however, to select their companions, but to take such as the director should appoint them; wherever there was a house belonging to their order, they were to turn in thither and nowhere else, and to take whatever was given them, and ask for nothing more; they were also to carry their lights with them, and wherever they passed the night, to set these burning before them, lest the enemy should bring on them some deadly danger. When the brethren were in the church, or in a private house, in the company of women, they were to take good heed to themselves, and avoid temptation; for the same reason, they were never to suffer women to wash their head or feet, or to make their bed. If a brother had fallen into carnal sin, and his offence was secret, a silent penance was deemed sufficient; but if it had been public, and he was fully convicted of it, he was on Sunday, after mass, when the people were gone out of church, to be stript of his clothes, and there, by the director himself, or such of the brethren as he appointed, severely beaten with thongs or rods, and then expelled the order. Any brother possessed of money or valuables, who concealed them from the master, was severely punished, the money which he had secreted was hung about the offender's neck, and he was scourged by one of the brethren, in the presence of all those belonging to the house; he had then to do penance for forty days, during which time, on Wednesdays and Fridays, he had nothing but bread and water to support him. These regulations were made by Raymond, in the year 1118; a circumstance to be attended to, as some similar rules have been since made a ground of accusation against the Templars.

It is uncertain whether Raymond had any ulterior design of making the order of the Hospitallers a military one, but if such was his intention, he was anticipated. The kingdom of Jerusalem, over which Baldwin II. now ruled, had been in a very extraordinary state from the date of its conquest. It lay between two enemies, the Egyptians on the south, and the Turks on the north; and these Moslems, though of opposite and hostile sects, agreed in hatred of the Christians, and a desire to take Jerusalem—which was to them also the Holy City—out of the hands of the western infidels; the independent Arabs of the desert were also inimical to the Christians, and as fond of plunder as they have been at all periods of their history. Hence the Holy Land was

continually infested by predatory bands, who robbed and plundered all who fell in their way; the pious pilgrim who disembarked at Joppa, or Acre, was fortunate if he reached the ultimate object of his journey in safety, and when he had visited all the consecrated places within its sacred walls, new perils awaited him on his way to bathe in the purifying waters of the Jordan, or to pluck in the gardens of Jericho the palm-branch which he was to suspend in the church on his return.

To those who consider the mild, gentle, and peaceful spirit which every page of the Gospel respires, it must appear a matter of surprize how the religion of the middle ages, or rather of the Latin church in those ages, should have been of so martial a character. But man is, in a certain sense, the maker of his own religion; and whatever form he may adopt, he will make it bend to his original notions. The Gothic and Germanic tribes who overturned the western empire of Rome, and embraced her religion, were an extremely warlike race; such, too, was in a great measure the spirit of the religion which they professed; the sacred books of the Christians contained the Jewish, as well as the Christian Scriptures, and the spirit of the former accorded sufficiently with the martial habits of the converts to win their preference. It was not perceived that the Mosaic was a national religion, and Jehovah represented in it chiefly as a national God, and that to fight in the cause of Jehovah was nearly equivalent to fighting for king and country; the language and ideas of the Old Testament were eagerly adopted, and it was held that no more grateful offering could be made to Him whom the New Testament declares to be Love and the Father of Mercy, than the blood of slaughtered unbelievers. The pilgrims and their historians made it matter of reproach to their more generous and enlightened leaders, when they granted life and safety to the vanquished Moslems, and more than once the religious zeal of the troops violated the promise of the leader. It was thus that, in the seventeenth century, deeds of atrocity were justified by Scripture, and the Jewish portion of the sacred volume threw the Christian part completely into the shade. In both cases, the great majority of men were perfectly sincere in their belief, and were fully persuaded that when they spilled the blood of those whom they regarded as the ungodly, they thereby did good service to God.

In the year 1119, the twentieth of the Christian dominion in Syria, nine pious and valiant knights, the greater part of whom had been the companions of Godfrey of Bouillon, formed themselves into an association, the object of which was to protect and defend pilgrims on their visits to the holy places. These knights,

of whom the two chief were Hugo de Payens and Godfrey de St. Omer, vowed, in honour of the *sweet mother of God* (*la douce mere de Dieu*), to unite monkhood and knighthood; their pious design met with the warm approbation of the king and the patriarch, and in the hands of the latter they made the three ordinary vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; and a fourth, of combatting without ceasing against the heathen, in defence of pilgrims and of the Holy Land; and bound themselves to live according to the rule of the canons of St. Augustine, at Jerusalem. The king assigned them for their abode a part of his palace, which stood close by where had stood the Temple of the Lord. He and his barons contributed to their support, and the abbot and canons of the Temple assigned them for the keeping of their arms and magazines the street between it and the royal palace, and hence they took the name of the soldiery of the Temple, or Templars. When Fulk, count of Anjou, in the year following the formation of the society, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, the order was even then in such repute that he joined it as a married brother, and on his return home remitted them annually thirty pounds of silver, to aid them in their pious labours, and his example was followed by several other Christian princes. The Hospitallers soon found themselves obliged to follow the example of the Templars, and to unite with their heretofore humble office of attending the sick pilgrims, the martial one of protecting them against the heathen; and many a gallant knight, who had laid aside his arms on entering their society, with joy resumed the exercise of them in this hallowed warfare. The English historian, Bromton, affirms, but apparently without sufficient authority, that the knights who founded the order of the Templars had been originally members of the Hospital of St. John.

During the first nine years after their institution, the Templars lived in poverty and humility, and no new members joined their society, which was eclipsed by that of St. John. Their clothing consisted of such garments as were bestowed on them by the charity of the faithful, and so rigorously were the gifts of pious princes applied by them to their destination—the benefit of pilgrims and of the Holy Land in general—that in consequence of their poverty, Hugo de Payens and Godfrey de St. Omer had but one war-horse between them. When the order had arrived at wealth and splendour, its seal, representing two knights mounted on one charger, commemorated this original poverty of its pious founders—a circumstance which has been even made a ground of accusation against them!

During the reign of Baldwin II. the kingdom was very hard

pressed by the Turks of Damascus, Mossul, and the neighbouring states, and the king had been a captive in their hands. On his liberation he sought every means of strengthening his kingdom, and as the Templars had displayed such eminent valour and devotion wherever they had been engaged, he resolved to gain them all the influence and consideration in his power. Accordingly he despatched two of their members as his envoys to the Holy See, to lay before the Pope the state of the Holy Land, and also furnished them with a strong letter of recommendation to the celebrated Bernard of Clairvaux, the nephew of one of the envoys. Bernard approved highly of the object and institution of the order. Hugo de Payens and five other brethren soon arrived in the west, and appeared before the fathers, who were assembled in council at Troyes, to whom Hugo detailed the maxims and the deeds of the Templars. The fathers expressed their approbation of all he said, the order was pronounced good and useful, and some additions, taken from that of the Benedictines, were made to their rule. By the direction of Pope Honorius, the council appointed them a white mantle as their peculiar dress, to which Pope Eugenius some years afterwards added a red cross on the breast—the symbol of martyrdom. Their banner was of the black and white stripe, called, in old French, *Bauseant* (which word became their war-cry); and bore the pious inscription, *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*. St. Bernard, if he did not himself draw up this rule, had at least a considerable participation in it; throughout his life he cherished the Templars; he rarely wrote a letter to the Holy Land, in which he did not praise them, and recommend them to the favour and protection of the great.

Owing to the influence of Bernard, and the sincere piety and noble qualities of its founders, the order rapidly increased in wealth and consequence. Many knights assumed its habit, and with Hugo de Payens travelled through France and England, to excite the Christians to the sacred war. With Henry I. of England they met the highest consideration. Fulk, of Anjou, re-united himself to Hugo de Payens, and on the invitation of King Baldwin, prepared, though advanced in years, to set out for Palestine, to espouse the daughter of the king, and succeed him on his throne. Gifts in abundance flowed in on the order, large possessions were bestowed on it in all countries of the west, and Hugo de Payens, now its grand master, returned to the Holy Land in the year 1129, at the head of three hundred Knights Templars of the noblest families in Europe, and shared in the disastrous attempt on Damascus.

The mention of the attempt on Damascus brings us to the

consideration of a question of some importance;—had the Templars any secret understanding with the sect of the Ismailites, or Assassins; or did they borrow from them any of their rules and plans? Mr. Von Hammer, whose history of the latter society we have already noticed,* maintains that the Templars were, in a great measure, modelled after them. When describing the Assassins, he says—

“As to its external constitution, the state of the Assassins was a mere order, like that of the Knights of St. John, of the Teutonic Knights, or the Templars, the last of whom had some resemblance to the Assassins, not only in the form of grand masters, grand priors, and their religious maxims, but also in their dress, and in the spirit of political tendency and secret doctrine. Clad in white, with the distinguishing sign of a red cross on their mantle, like the Assassins in white garments with red caps or girdles, the Templars had also a secret doctrine, which denied and abjured the sanctity of the cross, as that of the Assassins did the precepts of Islam. The fundamental maxim of the policy of the one and the other, was to make themselves, by the possession of fortresses and castles, masters of the surrounding country; and in this manner, without treasure, and without an army, a state within the state, formidable rivals to princes, to keep the people in subjection.”

To this opinion of Mr. Von Hammer, which he frequently iterates in the course of his work, Mr. Wilcke, if any stress is to be laid on his judgment, in a great measure accedes.

As we shall find ourselves obliged to differ from all the opinions of Mr. Von Hammer respecting the Templars, we take this opportunity, once for all, to express our sentiments with respect to that distinguished writer; and these are, that no man has a more sincere regard for truth or the best interests of society; but that he is too precipitate in his judgment, too much under the guidance of imagination, and too easily caught by slight and casual analogies. This last characteristic of Mr. Von Hammer's mind we have already noticed more than once; it disfigures his *History of the Ottoman Empire*, the work on which he justly builds his surest hopes of future fame, and we think the present instance is as strong a one as will be found.

It is possible that the Assassins (for it is by no means proved) had a secret doctrine; we shall not at present stop to inquire if the same was the case with the Templars, but only observe how extremely unlikely it was, that, during the first twenty years of the kingdom of Jerusalem, the intimacy should have been so great between the hostile nations, that the chiefs of the society of the Assassins should have communicated their most secret doctrines, (which, according to Mr. Von Hammer's authorities, were most

* Vol. i. p. 449.

sedulously concealed from all but a small number of their own order,) to illiterate and externally at least zealous Christian knights, as were the founders of the order of the Templars; for it is to be observed, that Mr. Von Hammer does not say that the secret doctrine was introduced into the order when it had become corrupt, (as Mr. Wilcke with somewhat more probability does,) but asserts that Hugo de Payens and his companions were secret infidels, had an already matured plan of empire, modelled of course on that of Hassan-Sabah, and that all their sanctity, zeal for religion, and piety, were merely assumed as a mask. This is a common mistake in ingenious men, who are for ever ascribing to the founders of empires, religions, and societies that attribute of divinity which sees from the beginning the ultimate end, and forms all its plans and projects with a view to it. It is thus that some would fain persuade us that Mohammed, in his solitary cave at Mecca, saw clearly and distinctly the future triumphs of Islam, and its banners floating at the Pyrenees and the Oxus; that Cromwell, when an obscure individual, already in fancy grasped the sceptre of England; or that Loyola beheld the members of his order guiding the consciences of kings, and governing an empire in Paraguay. All such results are in fact the slow and gradual growth of time; one step leads to another, till the individual or the society looks back with amazement to its feeble commencement. If there is any exception to this general law, it is Hassan-Sabah; but in his case, it is to be remembered that he found the society already existing, and only extended and enlarged its organization. We may argue so far *a priori* against the supposition of the Templars having had from the commencement a secret doctrine: we shall in the sequel consider the proofs which are advanced of such having been the case. The coincidence of the gradations in the two societies will, on examination, be found to be one of those which take place in all parts of the world, and have their origin in the similar nature of human minds, which, in the same circumstances, almost invariably fall on the same expedients.

But nothing can be less convincing than the proof of intercommunity drawn from similarity of dress. The followers of Hassan-Sabah, like all those sects which opposed the house of Abbas, wore *white*, in contradistinction to the *black* banners and habiliments of that race, which had assumed the sable colour for a similar reason, in its contest with the house of Ommeyyah. The form and colour of the head-dress and girdle, no one knows better than Mr. Von Hammer, are of great importance in the Mohammedan East, and the reason is obvious why Hassan gave them of *red* to his Fedavees, i. e. devoted to death. But Hugo de Payens did

not, as far as we know, choose the dress of the Templars; the *white* mantle was given them at the council of Troyes, evidently to distinguish them from the Hospitallers, whose mantle was *black*; the *red* cross was added by Pope Eugenius in 1145, and the same reason probably induced its adoption instead of a *black* one, opposed to the *white* cross of St. John.

The attempt on Damascus, which we have noticed in a former article,* was made in concert with the members of the sect of the Ismailites in that city. Mr. Von Hammer says that King Baldwin *seems* to have been excited to form this unhallowed league by Hugo de Payens, the first Grand Master of the Templars, who had just then returned from Europe. None of the original historians of the Crusades, however, makes the slightest charge of this kind against Hugo; and the alliance of the Christians with one party of the Moslems against another was too common a circumstance to need to be ascribed to any secret designs of any far-aiming individuals. Alliance with the infidel was no doubt viewed by the more zealous and devout as an abomination, and the storm and defeat sustained at Damascus were regarded as a just judgment on this union with Belial; but in the eyes of the Christians, the Ismailites were not a whit worse than their brother Moslems.

We thus see how slight are the presumptions in favour of any secret intercourse and alliance between the Templars and the Assassins. The only other place where history mentions them in union, is decidedly against any friendly feeling between them. The Assassins had established themselves in the mountains north of Tripolis: the Templars, who had some castles in their neighbourhood, had reduced them to the payment of 3000 besants a year for undisturbed possession of their lands and fortresses. Probably with a view to get rid of this tribute, Sinan, the Dai-el-kebir of Syria, sent, in 1173, an embassy to Amalric II., King of Jerusalem, offering that he and his people would receive baptism, provided the Templars would remit the tribute, and henceforth live with them as brethren. The proposal was joyfully accepted by the king, who declared that he would pay the 3000 besants to the Templars out of his own revenue: the Ismailite envoy was most honourably treated, and was accompanied to the borders of the kingdom by guides and an escort; but hardly had he gone a short way within the Ismailite territory, when the Templars rushed from their ambush, and the ambassador fell by the spear of Walter of Dumesnil. "Thus," says Mr. Von Hammer, "did the Knights, who had been hitherto held in suspicion as allies of the Ismailites and their secret doctrine, openly as Assassins acknowledge their participa-

tion in it; thus did the Order of the Templars, and that of the Assassins, mingle together in the blood of lawless murder." The plain reason for this deed was the fear of losing the tribute, as the king's necessities would generally render him unable to pay it; and it is not at all improbable, as Mr. Von H. asserts, that the deed was committed by order of the grand master, Odo de St. Amando, whom all describe as a bold bad man, and who refused to give up the murderer when demanded by the king, alleging that he had imposed penance on him, and would send him to the Holy Father to abide his judgment. Considering, however, the struggle then going on between the temporal and spiritual powers, the answer of Odo was not so insolent as it might appear. The king, however, exerted his authority, had Dumesnil dragged out of the Temple court and thrown into irons at Sidon, but the death of Amalric in the following year gave him his liberty. Odo not long afterwards, with eighty of his knights, fell into the hands of Saladin, in a defeat which the Christians sustained near Sidon, the blame of which was laid on him, and died in prison unlamented. "In that battle," says William of Tyre, "was taken Odo de St. Amando, a bad man, proud and arrogant, with the breath of fury in his nostrils, who neither feared God, nor had any respect for man." It should not be omitted that, in Mr. Von Hammer's opinion, the 3000 besants a year were paid to the Templars by the Ismailites, not merely for the sake of peace, but as a reward for the service they used to do their cause, such as, for instance, refusing at one time to take part in an expedition against the monarch of Egypt, the natural protector of the Ismailites. We feel confident that every reader will think with us, that the attempt at proving a connection and intercourse between the Templars and the Ismailites is a complete failure.

The Templars were, in fact, the most distinguished of the Christian warriors. By a rule of their order no brother could be redeemed for a higher ransom than a girdle or a knife, or some such trifle; captivity was therefore equivalent to death, and they always fought with Spartan desperation. The Bauseant was always in the thick of the battle; the revenue they enjoyed enabled them to draw to their standard valiant secular knights and stout and hardy footmen. The chivalry of St. John vied with them, it is true, in prowess and valour, but they do not occupy the same space in the history of the Crusades. The Templars having been from the outset solely devoted to arms; the warm interest which St. Bernard, whose influence was so great, took in their welfare; and the circumstance that the fourth King of Jerusalem was a member of their body—all combined to throw a splendour about them which the Knights of St. John could not

him and returned to the chapter, and the preceptor again asked if any one had anything to say against his being received. If all were silent, he asked if they were willing to admit him. On their assenting, the candidate was led in by the knights who had questioned him, and who now instructed him in the mode of asking admission. He advanced, kneeling, with folded hands, before the preceptor, and said, "Sir, I am come before God, and before you and the brethren; and I pray and beseech you, for the sake of God and our sweet lady, to receive me into your society and the good works of the order, as one who, all his life long, will be the servant and slave of the order." The preceptor then questioned him, if he had well considered all the toils and difficulties which awaited him in the order, adjured him on the Holy Evangelists to speak the truth, then put to him the questions already asked by the knights, farther inquiring if he was a knight, the son of a knight and a gentlewoman, and if he was a priest. He then asked if he would promise to God and Mary, our dear lady, obedience, as long as he lived, to the master of the Temple, and the prior who should be set over him; chastity of his body; compliance with the laudable manners and customs of the order then in force; and such as the master and knights might hereafter add; fight for and defend, with all his might, the holy land of Jerusalem; never quit the order, but with consent of the master and the chapter; never see a Christian unjustly deprived of his inheritance, or be aiding in such deed. The preceptor then said—"In the name, then, of God and of Mary, our dear lady, and in the name of St. Peter of Rome, and of our father the Pope, and in the name of all the brethren of the Temple, we receive you to all the good works of the order, which have been performed from the beginning, and will be performed to the end, you, your father, your mother, and all those of your family whom you let participate therein. So you, in like manner, receive us to all the good works which you have performed and will perform. We assure you of bread and water, the poor clothing of the order, and labour and toil enow." The preceptor then took the white mantle, with its ruddy cross, placed it about his neck, and bound it fast. The chaplain repeated the one hundred-and-thirty-second psalm, *Ecce quam bonum*, and the prayer of the Holy Spirit, *Deus qui corda fidelium*, each brother said a *Pater*, the preceptor kissed the new brother, the chaplain did the same. The Templar then placed himself at the feet of the preceptor, and was by him exhorted to peace and charity with his brother Christians; to chastity, obedience, humility, and piety; and thus the ceremony ended.

The Templars had at first no clergy in their body; in spiritual matters they were subject to the patriarch of Jerusalem, and at-

tended service in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, or they had priests assigned them by the patriarch or other bishops, who lived in their houses, but were subject to the bishop of the diocese. But the bull, "*Omne datum bonum*," which gave them exemption, enabled them to have priests of their own, independent of the prelates. These they generally took out of the regular orders, chiefly the Minorites, and the mode of reception was the same as that of the knights, omitting such questions as did not apply to them. The dress of these was white, consisting of a close-fitting coat, like that of the Cistercians, with the red cross on the breast; but they could not wear the white mantle, unless they enjoyed the episcopal dignity. They were appointed by the statutes the best clothes of the order. Besides their spiritual duties, they acted as secretaries, being possessed of all the learning of the order, the knights of the Temple, in that point, little transcending their secular brethren. The chaplains sat in the chapter and the refectory next to the master; at table, they were the first helped; in punishment, they were more gently dealt with than the knights.

It is plain that the order, at its origin, could have had no serving brethren. But when it grew in consequence, and acquired lands and houses, the necessity of such a class was found, and those who were neither knights nor priests were admitted into it. They were received nearly in the same manner as the knights, with the necessary modification of the questions put to them; they originally wore the white dress, till, on account of some irregularity, they were assigned a black or brown dress, with the distinguishing red cross. Many of the serving brethren were of wealthy and respectable, though not noble, families. They were divided into two classes, the brother armour-bearers and the brother artisans; the former attended the knights to battle, as squires, or as foot-soldiers and baggage-train; they were on a footing of great intimacy with the knights, ate in the same refectory with them and the clergy, but had one dish less at their table. The brother artisans lived and exercised their trades in the service of the order, on its various estates, and at its various preceptories. Almost every trade found its representative among them; the armourer and the cook were the most distinguished. Such offices of the order as were beneath the dignity of the knights, were exercised by the serving brethren. Thus, the preceptor of the coast of Acre was always one of them, as his place was a sort of commissariat, directed to the shipping and unshipping of men and stores.

It has always been, and is, we believe, at the present day, a practice of the Romish Church, for members of the laity to attach

themselves to particular religious orders, binding themselves to some of the minor obligations, and enjoying the advantages of its sanctity and power. These persons were called *Affiliated*. The splendour which soon surrounded the Templars, and their privilege of exemption from the ill effects of interdicts, drew numbers to seek to affiliate themselves with them, and wealthy burghers often paid largely for these advantages; married persons were not obliged to put away their wives, but bound themselves to a cessation of all intercourse, and on their death their whole property, reserving a provision for the widow, came to the order. These brethren did not wear its habit, but were bound on all occasions to further its interests. The Donates and Oblates consisted of persons who gave themselves and their property to the order, of children who were dedicated to it and were to take the rule when of sufficient age, or lastly, persons who vowed to serve the order all their life long without reward. Even princes and nobles were numbered among its Donates, who exchanged their temporal for its spiritual blessings. These different classes constituted the order, but numerous knights and esquires frequently received its pay, and fought under its banner.

So large and extensive a society required numerous officers to direct it, and regulate its affairs and operations. At its head stood the Grand Master, who, like the General of the Jesuits in modern times, was independent of all authority but that of the sovereign pontiff. The residence of the Grand-master was the city of Jerusalem; when that city was lost, he fixed his seat at Antioch, next at Acre, then at the Castle of the Pilgrims between Caiphas and Casarea, and finally in Cyprus, for his duty required him to be always in the Holy Land. The Grand-master never resided in Europe. It was necessary that he should be a knight, and his election took place in the following manner:—On the death of a grand-master, a grand-prior was chosen to administer the affairs of the order during the interregnum, and he, in conjunction with the principal members, fixed the day for the election of the new grand-master. When the appointed day arrived, the chapter usually assembled at the chief seat of the order; three or more of the most esteemed knights were then proposed, the Grand-prior collected the votes for each of these, and whoever had the most was nominated to be the electing prior; an assistant was then associated with him in the person of some knight of high estimation. These two remained all night alone in the chapel engaged in prayer. Early next morning the knights again assembled, the mass of the Holy Ghost was sung, and prayer made in the chapel, and then the Grand-prior exhorted the two brethren to perform their office

faithfully. These two then left the chapel, and chose two others; these four chose two more, and so on till the number of twelve (that of the Apostles) was completed. The twelve then chose a chaplain to represent our Lord. These thirteen were required to be all honest and generally esteemed men, eight of them knights, four serving brethren, and one priest. Having been sworn by the Grand-prior to act justly and honestly in their office, the thirteen retired, and after invocation of the Holy Spirit, commenced the election. The majority of voices decided; if they could not agree, the prior and one of the knights returned to the chapter to announce their disagreement, and prayer was made for the grace of the Holy Ghost. When the election was made, it was announced to the assembled brethren, and when all had promised obedience to the new Grand-master, the electing prior asked the Grand-prior and some of the most distinguished knights, if they would, if chosen, promise obedience during life to the chapter, and to maintain the manners and usages of the order. On receiving a satisfactory reply, the prior, if the person chosen was present, said to him "In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, we have chosen, and do choose thee, brother N., to be our master." Then, turning to the brethren, he said, "Beloved sirs and brethren, give thanks unto God, behold here our master." The chaplains then recited the *Te Deum*, the brethren stood up, and led the master before the altar in the chapel, where, with prayer and singing, the election was closed.

The power of the Grand-master was considerable, though he was very much controuled by the chapter, without whose consent he could not dispose of any of the higher offices, or undertake any thing of importance. He could not, for instance, take money out of the treasury, without the consent of the prior of Jerusalem; he could neither make war or truce, or alter laws, but with the approbation of the chapter. But the Grand-master had the right of bestowing the small commands, the governments of houses of the order, and of selecting the brethren who should form the chapter, which power was again controuled by there being always assigned him two brethren as assistants, who, with the Seneschal, were to form a part of every chapter. The order was aristocratic rather than monarchic; the Grand-master was like a Doge of Venice, and his real power chiefly depended on his personal qualities; he had, however, many distinctions; the greater part of the executive power was in his hands—in war he was the commander-in-chief; he had, as vicar-general of the Pope, episcopal jurisdiction over the clergy of the order; he ranked with princes, and his establishment corresponded thereto; he had for his service four horses, a chaplain, two secretaries, a

squire of noble birth, a farrier, a Turcopole and cook, with footmen, and a Turcoman for a guide, who was usually fastened by a cord to prevent his escape. When the Grand-master died, his funeral was celebrated with great solemnity by torch-light, all the knights attending.

The chief officers of the order at Jerusalem were 1. the Seneschal, that is the deputy of the Grand-master; he had, like the master, the seal of the order, and had the same retinue with him; 2. the Marshal, who was the general, carried the banner of the order, and regulated every thing relating to war; the horses and equipments of the order were under him; he had four horses, two esquires, a serving brother, and a Turcopole; 3. the Treasurer; 4. the Drapier, who provided and regulated the clothing of the brethren; he had four horses, two esquires, and a servant to pack and unpack his goods; 5. the Turcopoler, who commanded the light cavalry of squires and serving brethren, who were called Turcopoles, the name given by the Greeks to those who were born of a Turk and a Christian, and who were employed as light troops in the imperial service; 6. the Prior of Jerusalem, whose office was, with ten knights, to accompany and protect the pilgrims on their way to the Jordan, and to guard the cross whenever it was brought into the field. All secular knights, who were friends to the order, fought under his banner; he too had four horses, two esquires, a serving brother, a secretary, and a Turcopole.

Each province of the order had a Grand-Prior, who represented in it the Grand-master; each house had its prior or preceptor at its head, who commanded its knights in war, and presided over its chapters in peace. Various offices were filled by serving brethren, such as those of sub-marshal, standard-bearer, farrier, and, as already noticed, prior of Acre. The standard-bearer commanded those esquires who were not brethren of the order; he rode before the standard, which was borne by an esquire, or was carried on a carriage; he was assigned two horses.

To complete this sketch of the order of the Templars, it is necessary to take a view of the extent of their possessions in the East and in the West. These they divided into provinces; those in the East were—

1. Jerusalem, in which were 1. the Temple at Jerusalem; 2. the Castle of the Pilgrims; 3. that of Saphet at the foot of Tabor; 4. their house at Acre; 5. the Castle of Gaza, and eight or more other houses and castles.

2. Tripolis, in which they had houses at Tortosa, Laodicea, Tyre, Sidon, and Berytus.

3. Antioch, their establishments in which are not known.

4. Cyprus, which became their chief seat after the loss of Acre.

In the West they had 1. the Province of Portugal, where their chief seat was Tomar; 2. Castile and Leon, in which they had twenty-four preceptories; 3. Aragon, where they had also considerable possessions; 4. France and Auvergne, including Flanders and the Netherlands; 5. Normandy; 6. Aquitaine or Poitou; 7. Provence. These four provinces (somewhat more than modern France) were the chief seats of the Templars, in which their lands and houses were exceedingly numerous and extensive; 8. England, (including Scotland and Ireland) where they had several houses, as in London, York, Warwick, Lincoln, Bojlingbroke, &c. and the Grand-Prior sat in the parliament of the realm; 9. Upper Germany, containing Austria, Bavaria, Swabia, Franconia, Alsatia, Lorraine, and the Rhinelands; 10. Brandenburg, containing Poland, Saxony, Westphalia, Thuringia, &c.; 11. Bohemia and Moravia; 12. Upper and Middle Italy; 13. Apulia and Sicily.

We thus see that, except Scandinavia (for they had some possessions in Hungary) there was not a country in Europe in which the lavish piety of princes and nobles had not bestowed on the Templars a considerable portion of the wealth of the state; for in every province the order had its churches and chapels—the number of which was in the year 1240 as great as 1050—villages, farm-houses, mills, cornlands, pastures, woods, rights of venison and fisheries. The revenues of the Templars in England in 1185, as given by Dugdale, will afford some idea of their wealth. The entire annual income of the order has been estimated at not less than six millions sterling.

Probably from the reasons assigned above, the wealth, the consideration, and the influence of the Templars greatly exceeded those of the Hospitallers, and in these points the Teutonic knights and those of St. Lazarus, the two other similar orders, could far less stand in competition with them. The honour of the Templars, too, though not perhaps at all superior to that of the knights of the other orders, was without doubt, and Bauseant was rarely seen to give back in the field. "The Templars," says de Vitry, "were always the first in attack, the last in retreat." But envy or disappointed expectation would occasionally lay the blame of defeat on the treachery of the soldiers of the Temple; even the defeat and capture of St. Louis, in his preposterous invasion of Egypt, is by one writer charged on them; most assuredly without reason. The only act of the kind, with which they may be perhaps justly charged, is in the case of the Emperor Frederic II.; for when this monarch in his

expedition to the Holy Land was about to pay a secret visit to the Jordan, the Templars wrote to give the sultan information of it, that he might seize him, but that prince sent the letter to Frederic. Yet even in this instance the conduct of the Templars was not wholly without excuse; they were not solitary in their opposition to the emperor, who was then lying under the ban of the Pope, whose firm supporters these knights had ever been; and the Hospitallers are even said to have been parties in writing to the sultan. Frederic, therefore, on his return, did all the injury in his power to the order, by seizing its property in Sicily and Naples; but the heaviest charge he was able to bring against them was, that of admitting infidel sultans and their heirs within their walls, and suffering them there to invoke their false prophet, a charge that implies nothing more than a participation in the spirit of mutual tolerance and courtesy which had grown up from acquaintance between the warlike followers of the hostile religions. But the history of the order, as far as we can recollect, records only one instance of a Templar abjuring his faith, and that was an English knight, Robert of St. Albans, who deserted to Saladin, who gave him his sister in marriage on his becoming a Moslem; and in 1185, the ex-red-cross knight led a Saracen army to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, wasting and destroying the country with fire and sword.

Their enormous wealth, their over-weening pride, the disdainful neglect of the rules of their order, their close attachment to the popes and their interests, the excessive exemptions and privileges they enjoyed, their luxury, their sensuality—these were the true causes of the enmity borne to them by the secular clergy and the laity. In 1252 the pious pope-ridden Henry III. of England said, that the prelates and clergy in general, but especially the Templars and Hospitallers, had so many liberties and privileges, that their excessive wealth made them mad with pride; he added, that what had been bestowed imprudently, ought to be prudently resumed, and declared his intention of revoking the inconsiderate grants of himself and his predecessors. The grand-prior of the Templars replied, "What sayest thou, my lord the king? Far be it that so discourteous and absurd a word should be uttered by thy mouth. So long as thou observest justice thou mayest be a king, and as soon as thou infringest it, thou wilt cease to be a king." A bold expression certainly, but the prior knew his man well, and he would hardly have spoken so to the son of Henry. The anecdote of Richard I. bestowing his daughter Pride in marriage on the Templars is well known; and numerous traits of their haughtiness, avarice, luxury, and other of the current vices may be found in the writers

of the thirteenth century; but till the final attack was made, no worse charge was brought against them, unless such is implied in a bull of Pope Clement IV. in 1265, which is, however, easily capable of a milder interpretation. Mr. Raynouard asserts, too, that the proverbial expression *bibere Templariter* is used by no writer of the thirteenth century. In this he is preceded by Baluze and Roquefort, who maintain, that, like *bibere Papaliter*, it only signified to live in abundance and comfort.

When Acre fell in 1292, the Templars, having lost all their possessions and a great number of their members in the Holy Land, retired with the other Christians to Cyprus. Having probably seen the folly of all hope of recovering the Holy Land, they grew indifferent about it; few members joined them from Europe, and it is not unlikely that they meditated a removal of the chief seat of the order to France; at least the circumstance of the last master carrying so much treasure with him when summoned to Europe by the pope, gives great probability to this conjecture of Mr. Wilcke. The Hospitallers, on the other hand, with more prudence, as events showed, resolved to continue the war against the infidels, and they attacked and conquered Rhodes; while the Teutonic knights transferred the sphere of their pious warfare to Prussia against its heathen inhabitants. Thus, while the Templars were falling under the reproach of being false and worthless knights, their rivals rose in consideration, and there was an active and inveterate enemy ready to take advantage of their ill-repute.*

Philip the Fair, a tyrannical and rapacious prince, was at that time on the throne of France. His darling object was to set the power of the monarchy above that of the church. In his celebrated controversy with Pope Boniface, the Templars had been, as usual, on the side of the Holy See. Philip, whose animosity pursued Boniface even beyond the grave, wished to be revenged on all who had taken his side; moreover, the immense wealth of the Templars, which he reckoned on making his own if he could destroy them, strongly attracted the king, who had already tasted of the sweets of the spoliation of the Lombards and the Jews; and he probably, also, feared the obstacle to the perfect establishment of despotism which might be offered by a numerous, noble, and wealthy society, such as the Templars formed. Boniface's successor, Clement V. was the creature of Philip, to whom he owed his dignity, and at his accession had bound himself to the performance of six articles in favour of Philip, one of which was not expressed. It was probably inserted without any

* For some observations, by a learned collaborateur, on the suppression of the order of the Templars, see p. 27 et seq. of this volume.

definite object, and intended to serve the interest of the French monarch on any occasion which might present itself.

It had been the project of Pope Boniface to form the three military orders into one, and he had summoned them to Rome for that purpose, but his death prevented it. Clement wrote, June 6, 1306, to the Grand-masters of the Templars and the Hospitallers, inviting them to come to consult with him about the best mode of supporting the kings of Armenia and Cyprus. He desired them to come as secretly as possible, and with a very small train, as they would find abundance of their knights this side the sea; and he directed them to provide for the defence of Limisso in Cyprus during their short absence. Fortunately perhaps for himself and his order, the master of the Hospitallers was then engaged in the conquest of Rhodes, but Jacques de Molay, the master of the Templars, immediately prepared to obey the mandate of the pope, and he left Cyprus with a train of 60 knights, and a treasure of 150,000 florins of gold, and a great quantity of silver money, the whole requiring twelve horses to carry it. He proceeded to Paris, where he was received with the greatest honour by the king, and he deposited his treasure in the temple of that city. It is, as we have said, not impossible that it was the intention of Molay to transfer the chief seat of the Order thither, and that he had, therefore, brought with him its treasure and the greater part of the members of the chapter. At all events, he had no suspicion of the king or the pope; and perhaps at that time there was no just ground for suspecting either of them, though the letter of Clement to Philip in August, 1305, proves that the king had already accused the order to the pope of some "almost incredible and impossible matters," and that the heads of it had challenged inquiry. Shortly afterwards Molay proceeded to Poitiers, as the pope wished to consult with him respecting the recovery of the Holy Land and the union of the orders. On the former subject the opinion of the Grand-master was, that nothing short of a union of all the powers of Christendom would suffice; the latter he objected to on various grounds, one of which was, that they would disagree, inasmuch as the Templars were liberal of their goods, the Hospitallers avaricious, and farther, that the Templars were more esteemed and supported by the laity; he also dwelt on the superior strictness and austerity of the mode of life of his own order. He acknowledged, however, that the new order would be more powerful against the heathen than the two separate ones, and that it could be managed at less expense. The Grand-master was then dismissed by the pope, and he returned to Paris.

It is difficult to say how early the project of attacking the

Templars entered into the minds of Philip and his obsequious lawyers, or whether he originally aimed at more than mulcting them under the pretext of reformation; and farther, whether the first informers against them were suborned or not. The remaining records leave a considerable degree of obscurity on the whole matter. All we can learn is, that a man named Squin de Flexian, who had been prior of the Templars, and had been put out of the order for heresy and various vices, was lying in prison at Paris or Toulouse, it is uncertain which. In the prison with him was a Florentine named Noffo Dei, "a man," says Villani, "full of all iniquity." These two began to plan how they might extricate themselves from the confinement to which they seemed perpetually doomed. The example of the process against the memory of Pope Boniface showed them that noise was too gross or absurd not to obtain ready credence, and they fixed on the Templars as the objects of their true or false charges. Squin told the governor of the prison that he had a communication to make to the king, which would be of more value to him than if he had gained a kingdom, but that he would only tell it to the king in person. He was brought to Philip, who promised him his life, and he made his confession, on which the king immediately arrested some of the Templars, who are said to have confirmed the truth of Squin's assertions. Shortly afterwards, it is said, similar discoveries were made to the pope by his chamberlain, Cardinal Cantilupo, who had been in connexion with the Templars from his eleventh year.

Squin Flexian declared, 1. that every member on admission into the order swore on all occasions to defend its interests right or wrong; 2. that the heads of the order were in secret confederacy with the Saracens, had more of Mohammedan unbelief than of Christian faith, as was proved by the mode of reception into the order, when the novice was made to spit and trample on the crucifix, and blaspheme the faith of Christ; 3. that the superiors were sacrilegious, cruel, and heretical murderers; for if any novice, disgusted with its profligacy, wished to quit the order, they secretly murdered him, and buried him by night; so, also, when women were pregnant by them, they taught them how to produce abortion, or secretly put the infants to death; 4. the Templars were addicted to the error of the Fraticelli, and, like them, despised the authority of the pope and the church; 5. that the superiors were addicted to the practice of an unnatural crime, and if any one opposed it, they were condemned by the master to perpetual imprisonment; 6. that their houses were the abode of every vice and iniquity; 7. that they endeavoured to put the Holy Land in the hands of the Saracens, whom they favoured more than

the Christians. Three other articles of less importance completed this first body of charges. It is remarkable, that we do not find among them those which make such a figure in the subsequent examinations; namely, the devil appearing among them in the shape of a cat; their idolatrous worship of an image with one or three heads, or a skull covered with human skin, with carbuncles for eyes, before which they burned the bodies of their dead brethren, and then mingled the ashes with their drink, thereby thinking to gain more courage; and finally their smearing this idol with human fat.

The historians do not precisely state the date of Squin Flexian's confessions, or whether they were prior to the month of April, 1307, in which month Jacques de Molay, accompanied by the preceptors of Beyond-sea, Poitou, Aquitaine, and France, repaired to the pope at Poitiers, to justify the order from the imputations of corruption every day cast upon it, in which, as he thought, he succeeded, and again returned to Paris. Philip having now all things prepared, sent, like his descendant Charles IX. previous to the St. Bartholomew massacre, secret orders to all his governors to arm themselves on the 12th of October, and on the following night, but not sooner on pain of death, to open the king's letter, and act according to it. On Friday the 13th of October, all the Templars throughout France were simultaneously arrested at break of day. In Paris, on the following day, the heads of the university assembled in the church of Notre Dame, where in their presence, and several of the royal officers, the chancellor Nogaret accused the knights of their heresies. On the 15th the university met at the Temple, where the Grand-master and some of the heads of the order were examined, and are said to have acknowledged the truth of the charges. The king, who was anxious to carry the people with him, had now the act of accusation drawn up, in which the knights are designated as ravenous wolves, perjurers, idolaters, and in general as the vilest of men. This act was read to the citizens, assembled in the royal gardens. He also sent to Edward II. of England, inviting him to follow his example, but Edward was reluctant to proceed to any extremities; he wrote on the 30th October, declaring that the charges appeared to him and his barons and prelates, to be incredible, but that he would write to the seneschal of Agen in Guienne, who was nearer to the country where the reports prevailed, to make inquiry. On the 10th December, after inquiry had been made by the seneschal, Edward wrote to the pope, stating, that a horrible rumour was abroad respecting the Templars, who should be severely punished if it was found to be true, but that he could give no credit

to it; and prayed the pope to institute an inquiry. He had previously (December 4) written to the kings of Portugal, Castile, Aragon, and Sicily, stating that a priest (Philip's envoy) had been lately urging him to suppress the order, accusing it of heresy, but that in consideration of the great merits of the order he had given no credit to these insinuations; and he besought these monarchs to pay no attention to the rumours against it. But Clement had put forth a bull (November 22) stating the charges against the Templars, and calling on the king of England to imprison them, and take their goods into safe keeping. To this Edward yielded obedience, and on the Wednesday of the Epiphany the English knights were arrested, but the king gave directions that they should be treated with all gentleness. Orders were sent to Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, to the same effect, and Edward wrote to the pope to assure him of obedience.

Meantime Philip and his chief agents were not remiss. These were, his confessor, William Imbert, a Dominican, member, therefore, of an order hostile to the Templars, and well versed in inquisitorial arts; William Nogaret, the chancellor, the man who had dared to seize Pope Boniface at Anagni; William Plesian, who had also borne a part in that bold deed, and afterwards swore in the presence of the peers and prelates of France, that Boniface was an atheist and sorcerer, and had a familiar devil; and several others of the same stamp, all likely to prove gentle judges! The unhappy knights had been thrown into cold cheerless dungeons, (for they were arrested, we should remember, at the commencement of winter,) had barely the necessaries of life, were deprived of the habit of their order, and of the rites and comforts of the church; were exposed to every species of torture then in use, (of which our author gives, from Raynouard, a full description;) were shown a real or pretended letter of the Grand-master, in which he confessed several of the charges, and exhorted them to do the same; and finally were promised life and liberty, if they freely acknowledged the guilt of the order. Can we then be surprised that the spirit of many a knight was broken, that the hope of escape from misery, even at the cost of disgrace, was eagerly caught at, and that falsehoods, the most improbable, were acknowledged to be true? At a subsequent period one Templar thus expressed himself before the papal commissioners:—"I have seen the fifty-four knights conveyed in carts to be committed to the flames, because they would not make the required confessions; I have heard that they were burned; and I doubt if I could, like them, have the noble constancy to brave the pile. I believe that if I were threatened with it, I should depose on oath before the commissioners and before all who

would ask me, that the enormities imputed to the knights are true; that I should kill God himself if required;" and he implored all present not to let the king's officers know what he had said, lest they should commit him to the flames. This shows the value to be set on confessions extracted by the rack, or the fear of it, for this last kind are those which were termed *voluntary*. The papal commission even declared, that terror had deprived several of the witnesses (the imprisoned Templars) of their senses.

It is remarkable that the most improbable charges are those which were most frequently acknowledged, so just is the observation, that men will more readily in such circumstances acknowledge what is false than what is true; for the false they know can be afterwards refuted by its own absurdity, whereas truth is permanent. There is no improbability whatsoever in supposing, that the Templars, in common with all the religious orders, were obnoxious to the charge of unnatural lust, though certainly not as a rule of their society; and it is by no means unlikely, that deism may have prevailed to some extent among their members, owing to their intercourse with the Moslems. Yet no Templar confessed himself guilty of either one or the other, though enough deposed to the worship of the head and the spitting on the cross. How, we may ask, could deism and the grossest idolatry combine? and does not the charge of their having learned the latter from the Saracens carry its own refutation with it? How many brave knights expired amidst tortures, sooner than confess these absurd falsehoods, as we must term them? how many recanted their first declarations, and sealed with their blood their avowal of the innocence of the order? Is there not eternal and irreconcilable contradiction between the depositions of the different parties, or of the same parties at different times? Does not terror of the rack visibly pervade every one of the confessions? How different, too, is the conduct of the accused before the papal commission, where there was some chance of justice and mercy, and before the royal bloodhounds, where there was none!

But truth is one, and the order was one—inquiry must then have brought similar enormities to light in other countries, if they existed. From the additions which the archives of the Vatican have enabled Münter to make to the pieces in Wilkins's *Consilia*, our account of the process against the Templars in England is tolerably complete. Of the Templars themselves 228 were examined; the Dominican, Carmelite, Minorite, and Augustinian friars brought abundance of hearsay evidence against them, but nothing of any importance was proved; in Castile and Leon it was the same; in Aragon the knights bravely endured the torture, and

maintained their innocence; in Germany all the lay witnesses testified in their favour; in Italy their enemies were more successful, as the influence of the pope was there considerable, yet in Lombardy the bishops acquitted the knights. Charles of Anjou, the cousin of Philip and the foe of the Templars, who had sided with Frederic against him, could not fail, it may be supposed, in getting some evidences of their guilt in Sicily, Naples, and Provence. It is not undeserving of attention, that one of these witnesses, who had been received into the order in Catalonia, (where all who were examined had declared the innocence of the order,) said he had been received there in the usual impious and indecent manner, and mentioned the appearance and the worship of the cat in the chapter!! Such is the value of rack-extorted testimony! In fine, in every country out of the sphere of the immediate influence of Clement, Philip, and Charles, the general innocence of the order was acknowledged.

It was unfortunate for the Templars that their chapters were held in secret, and by night, for an opportunity was thereby afforded to their enemies of laying whatever secret enormities they pleased to their charge, to refute which by the production of indifferent witnesses was consequently out of their power. Wherever a society holds its meetings in secret, rumour will accuse it of practices unable to meet the eye of day; and we shall generally find the crimes imputed to secret societies in all ages to have a considerable degree of similarity. We cannot surely be required to give complete credit to the heads of accusation against the Bacchanals, laid before the senate by the consul Pothinus, and on which that venerable body acted without much inquiry; no one will for a moment credit the Thyestian banquets and incestuous indulgences, with which the innocence of the early Christians was defamed, because like the Templars they held their assemblies before the light of day arose; and the zeal and the piety of Irenæus and Epiphanius should prevent any one from believing, that the early heretics were guilty of the horrid excesses which the orthodox were persuaded polluted their secret assemblies. The vulgar have in general very awful impressions of the dreadful rites of initiation among the Free-Masons, and of the powerful secrets they are possessed of; and were the thirteenth century to return, no one can tell, should its want of corporative wealth not prove its protection, what atrocities might not be proved against that society, and under the gentle solicitation of the rack and thumbcrew, confessions extracted from its innocent members. While the act against witchcraft was in force, how many an unfortunate old woman acknowledged having given suck to a demon, and by his aid caused all the vomiting of pins and other

diableries, with which some honest witch-finder and her sagacious neighbours accused her before a prejudiced jury, and alas, perhaps, a Sir Matthew Hale for her judge! Happily for the Society of Jesus, racking and burning were gone somewhat out of fashion when its turn came; all that was necessary in the 18th century being, to get up a charge of king-murder, and one or two other atrocities, to give some pretext for the public odium, for seizing the property of the fathers, and turning them adrift on the wide world. We are no very zealous friends either of corporations or of secret societies; but where history furnishes so many instances of false and interested charges against them, we confess ourselves exceedingly slow to lend faith to any that are not proved by unimpeachable testimony. We must here observe, that the grave offence of the Templars (to which several of them pleaded guilty,) in having the devil in the guise of a cat assisting at their conclaves, had been already charged on the sect of the Cathari; whose name was by some ingeniously derived a *catto*, though in our opinion it was the contrary, and that *cattus* came from Cathari; that is, the name gave origin to the fable, which lay ready prepared to be brought against the brotherhood of the Temple.

Confessions made on the rack, where even every sigh and groan was malignantly noted down, are generally allowed to be of little value; but some stress is laid on the circumstance of seventy-two Templars having confessed (June 29 and 30, 1308,) in presence of the pope without the appliance of any torture. But these, Mr. Raynouard asserts, had been already subjected to that discipline, and had given way under it. All did not repeat their previous declarations; Jean de Valgellé protested afterwards before the papal commission at Paris, that he had confessed nothing to the pope, and several of them revoked their depositions, and died asserting the innocence of the order. The Grand-master and the priors demanded to be brought before the pope, to defend themselves and the order; they were brought as far as Chinon, within a few miles of his abode, but on some frivolous pretexts were prevented from seeing him; and when what was called their declaration was afterwards read to them, the Grand-master crossed himself several times with amazement at the falsehoods which had been inserted in it. Throughout the entire process from Oct. 1307, to May, 1312, the most determined design of the king and his ministers to destroy the order meets us at every step; Philip would have blood to justify robbery; several Templars had already expired on the rack, perished from the rigour of their imprisonment, or died by their own hands; but on the 12th May, 1310, fifty-four Templars who had confessed, but afterwards retracted, were by his order committed to the flames

in Paris as relapsed heretics. They endured with heroic constancy the most cruel tortures, asserting with their latest breath the innocence of the order, though offered life if they would confess, and implored to do so by their friends and relatives. Similar executions took place in other towns. The pope soon went heart and hand with Philip. In vain did the bishops assembled at Vienne propose to hear those members who came forward as the defenders of the order. A bull of the pope dissolved the order, and transferred its possessions to the knights of St. John, who, however, had to pay such enormous fines to the king and pope before they could enter on them, as almost ruined them; so that if Philip did not succeed to the utmost of his anticipations, he had little reason to complain of his share. The members of the society of the Templars were permitted to enter that of the Hospitallers, a strange indulgence for those who had spitten on the cross and practised unnatural vices! In Portugal the order was not even suppressed; it only changed its appellation, becoming that of Christ.

The Grand-master and the four principal dignitaries of the order still languished in prison. They were brought before a commission, composed of the cardinal of Albano and two other cardinals, the archbishop of Sens, and some prelates; as, according to the proceedings, they had all confessed, they were (March 11, 1314,) brought out before the cathedral of Paris to hear their sentence read, which condemned them to perpetual imprisonment. Scarcely had the cardinal of Albano commenced reading, when he was interrupted by the Grand-master and the commander of Normandy, who protested their innocence, and retracted all the confessions they were said to have made. The prelates, in surprise, directed the provost of Paris to keep them safe till the morrow, that they might deliberate respecting them, but Philip, who was at hand, declared them relapsed, and had them burned that very evening. While life and articulation remained they protested their innocence. We give implicit credit to the dying declaration of Cranmer, should we refuse it to that of Jacques de Molay?

Had the Templars a secret doctrine, or not? We think not. It is chiefly the Germans who accuse them of it, and who, in cases of this nature, are very suspicious evidences. That there might have been a good deal of deism and of secret vice among them, is by no means improbable; but if they had a secret mystery of iniquity, the heads of the order must surely have been versed in it; and yet among the series of Grand-masters given by Mr. Wilcke, the great majority are declared to have been men of piety and virtue. This objection, however, Mr. Wilcke endea-

years to elude, by supposing the secret doctrine to have been introduced by the clergy, and confined to themselves and the more intelligent members. Farther, a secret society has usually various degrees in it, and the light or the darkness (whichever it may be) is not let in at once on the eyes of the aspirant; but the Templars had none such—the novice was at once desired to forswear Christianity, and addict himself to idolatry and unnatural crimes. As to the supposed connection between the Templars and the Free-Masons, we regard it as a matter totally devoid of all evidence, and we freely acquit the latter of either secret vice and infidelity, or the possession of valuable secrets. Mr. Von Hammer, resting on some dubious images and symbols which may or may not have belonged to the Templars, makes them out to have been Ophimites; and following Nicolai, instead of understanding *Bafomet*, the name given to their idol by some of the confessing Templars, and which was invoked by crying *Yallah*, (O Allah!) to have been (as it undoubtedly is) a corruption of *Mahomet*, finds in it *Baḥ muros* (*baptism of wisdom*), and a proof of the *gnosis* held by the society. Mr. Wilcke looks upon them as having held a modified gnosticism, and thinks they were much indebted to the Cabala; and in a chapter on what he calls Tempelry, he endeavours to trace it out. None of the secret statutes of the order (if there were any such) have ever come to light. Some witnesses, it is true, mentioned such, but it is really extraordinary, and what must make one doubt strongly of their existence, that, considering the sudden manner in which the Templars were seized, none of their secret rules should have fallen into the hands of Philip and his lynxes. A candid review of the whole evidence will, we think, lead most persons to reject all ideas of the Templars having been a secret society, with ulterior objects hostile to the interests of states and governments, or of being more vicious than their contemporaries. Their wealth was their crime—the pride and insolence it engendered caused their downfall.

Mr. Wilcke's work is divided into four books. The first contains the history of the Order, in which he has taken great pains to trace the succession of grand-masters, the number of whom is very great, there having been 27 in a period of 188 years. This part of his work is too long, and contains too much irrelevant matter, for its institution and suppression compose nearly the whole history of the order. The second book is devoted to the account of its suppression, and in animation and interest, it is far inferior to the volume of Rayneuard, who is in the other extreme from Mr. Wilcke, writing too much as an advocate of the Templars. The third book contains a view of the constitution of the order, and is perhaps the most valuable, but Mr. Wilcke by

this arrangement has fallen into the fault of reserving to the end, information which should have been communicated from the beginning, as we read of the various offices and divisions of the order long before they are explained to us. The third should in fact have formed a part of the first book. The fourth book, which must be regarded as an appendix, is composed of a variety of important original documents.

Of Mr. Wilcke's simplicity and want of sound historic judgment the following is a curious instance. Having read in *Ivanhoe* the splendid scenes at the Preceptory of Templestowe, and unaware of the privileges of a romancer, whose only—and not very strict—restraint is probability, he supposes, though he had met with no such thing in the histories he had consulted, that some grand-master must have performed a visitation to the West, more particularly to England, and as no such name as Lucas de Beaumanoir is to be found in his list, he looks for him, who, among the grand-masters of that period, bore most resemblance to that austere personage, and fixes on Theodat de Bersiac, who presided over the order from, as he conjectures, 1204 to 1210. Having had the precaution to affix a *probably*, he proceeds to describe the change in the manners of the brethren during the presence of the rigid superior, in terms which at once transport us to Templestowe, and our old acquaintances Malvoisin and his compeers. Indeed in a note he refers to the romance as presenting an excellent picture of the corruption which prevailed among the Templars. For ought we know to the contrary, the picture there given, of the excellence of which there can be but one opinion, may be correct; but Mr. Wilcke should learn to distinguish a little better than he does between history and romance, and we trust that when next we meet him, we shall be able to congratulate him on the acquisition of a ripened judgment and more extended views.

ART. XI.—*La Monaca di Monza.—Storia del Secolo XVII.*
3 tom. 8vo. Pisa. 1829.

THE romance before us is the production of a man of refined and cultivated taste in literature and art, great historical knowledge, and very considerable talent. We cannot but wish that the author (Professor Rosini of Pisa) had avoided the dangerous comparison he has courted by offering himself to the public as the continuer of a story touched by the illustrious Manzoni. The sketches of that master-hand are not to be filled up by any other. His personages cannot "live, and move, and have their being," in any other scene as they have done in those in which he

has placed them. In no one of his characters is there any thing commonplace or vulgar. His peasants are simple and natural; his villains are awful and terrific; but neither are ever mean. Although his work belongs to a class of which this country is the birthplace, it stands, as to the peculiarity of its merits, as much alone in the world as in Italy. To have enlisted our warmest sympathies, as Manzoni has done, in behalf of that class of mankind whom we are accustomed to consider only in the mass, and to whom nature and fortune have generally denied the means of exciting a strong individual interest, betokens a genius of the highest order. The greatest writers of romance have generally found it necessary to invest those for whom they intend to bespeak our sympathies, with many—if not with all—of those attributes which speak to the senses and the imagination; and they predispose the heart in favour of their possessor. The interest of Manzoni's work is of a different kind. It is pervaded by a spirit of profound and expansive humanity, the expression of which is extremely touching. It is not until lighted up by the beams of a lofty and philosophical spirit, that the unregarded and unavenged wrongs of the poor can be invested with interest to those whose sympathies have been taught to flow in other and narrower channels. In the *Promessi Sposi* we are presented with a picture of feudal institutions, stripped of the gaudy colours of romance. The wilfulness, the baseness, the atrocity of the men whom fortune and the helpless ignorance of their inferiors had emancipated from controul, and the frightful condition of those who lay at their mercy, are there exhibited with an earnestness and a depth of feeling which entitle its author to be regarded as an enlightened and fervent lover of his fellow men.

To those who have read the *Promessi Sposi*, it is not necessary to recall the incidents of the terrible and sublimely moral episode of Gertrude. The author of the *Monaca di Monza* has thought fit to follow out the history of the guilty lovers. We cannot conceive an undertaking requiring greater tragic powers. Manzoni has, indeed, carried the emotions of pity and of horror to so high a pitch, that we doubt whether any successive incidents, any catastrophe whatever, could raise them higher. How ill then are such personages adapted to serve the purpose of pegs on which to hang historical pictures, discussions on politics, literature, and the arts, or sketches of national character! The design, therefore, we think, unfortunate; and we lament it the more, as there is great and various merit in the execution. The historical portraits and scenes have all the distinctness and individuality of truth. The conversations evince taste, discrimination, talent, and an excellent tone of morals and of manners; the discussions on

art are entertaining and instructive; those on poetry and poets much less so. The feud between the admirers of Tasso and of Ariosto is tedious and trifling—(we would fain not add)—and national. Those who love Italy are beginning to perceive how dearly she has paid for her supremacy in the imaginative arts, and for the universal diffusion of a taste for them. Let Englishmen look at her past history and at her present condition, and cease their childish wonder and lamentation that they cannot rival her painters, musicians, and poets. This they may be assured they never will do, while their minds are occupied with weightier matters. When the conversation not only of every dining-table and drawing-room, but of every club and meeting, shall turn on the merits of two rival artists, or on the minute excellencies and defects of every new poem, then, and not till then, will England produce men who will turn all the energies of a great mind—all the ardour of a fervid imagination—all the intensity of affection and of purpose, of an enthusiastic or an ambitious temper—to the prosecution of what, in such a state of the public mind, commands rewards, reserved in a different state of society for the most meritorious acts of public virtue, or the greatest efforts of political wisdom. Then will Mr. Moore be followed with louder cheers than Mr. O'Connell, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, or Mr. Chantrey fill a larger place in the public eye than the Duke of Wellington. The day of the glory of Italy, as a nation—not as a school of art—is yet to come. When she is governed by those who desire that her people should be free and united, these subjects will occupy the place they ought to occupy:—they will delight, amuse, and soften, but never engross the popular attention.

A short sketch of the plan and story will perhaps give the best idea of the merits of the novel before us, and of the difficulties with which, as it appears to us, the author has condemned himself to struggle. He takes up Gertrude and her lover, Egidio, where Manzoni leaves them. She is living at the convent of Monza, and he in its immediate neighbourhood. The readers of the *Promessi Sposi* will recollect the abduction of the innocent Lucia from that convent, and what share the guilty lovers had in the atrocious act. The author proceeds to narrate that the superior is led to suspect that some mystery, in which Gertrude is concerned, lurks behind the extraordinary disappearance of Lucia:—that the suspicions of Gertrude's brother are also directed against Egidio, who is warned by the *Innominato* to escape from his dangerous position, and to take refuge in his castle. In an interview with Gertrude, full of dramatic interest, Egidio informs her of this, and her resolution is immediately taken to accompany him. Their escape is concerted, but the very day on the night

of which it was to take place brings him a challenge from her brother, the prince Federigo. They fight, and Federigo is killed. Egidio leaves two *bravi* to prevent the attendants of Federigo from quitting the spot, until after he and Gertrude shall be secure from pursuit. They are accompanied only by his servant Anguillotto. The character of this servant is unquestionably the best in the work. His courage, coolness, and familiarity with crime—his penetration—his incomparable readiness in contrivance and in action—his exhaustless resources—his devoted fidelity and attachment to his master—his superstition—are admirably portrayed and developed, and form a very original and striking compound.

The fugitives are rejoined by the two *bravi* left with the body of Federigo. The difficulties and dangers which surround Egidio are complicated by the sudden conversion of the *Innominato*, which renders it impossible to look for refuge in his castle; and by the necessity of concealing from Gertrude that her brother has just fallen by his hand, and from Anguillotto that the companion of his flight is a nun; as a knowledge of that circumstance would at that period, and among men of his class, at once have unnerved an arm inured to every species of crime and violence. After considerable discussion as to the choice of an asylum, Florence is fixed upon. On their way thither they are pursued to the banks of the Po, and are very near falling into the hands of the *bravi* of the prince, but escape. The scene in the boatman's cottage, in which they take refuge, is beautiful and well imagined. The innocence of the children—the purity, piety, and kindness of the mother—the holy calm of domestic affections which dwells in this lowly hut—are in admirable contrast with the agitations and terrors of the high-born and guilty pair whom it shelters.

At Bologna we are introduced to another servant, a Florentine by birth, cowardly, *buffo*, and a strange mixture of wit, cunning, and folly—"un Fiorentino un pò linguacciuto ma buon figliuolaccio." The character of Carafulla is well calculated to relieve the more powerful one of Anguillotto. It is perhaps almost too comic for a narrative of so tragic a cast, but this is among the incongruities of the book. His account of the inn at Lojano, on the road between Bologna and Florence, at which the muleteers endeavoured to persuade Egidio to lodge, is one of the first, and perhaps the best, specimens of his powers of description. We recommend it to the serious attention of such of our readers as project a visit to the *bel paese*. The narrative of his life, and the portraits of his successive masters, are full of vivacity and humour.

The fugitives arrive at Florence, where Egidio's intention is to

discover some one able and willing to become intercessor with the Pope to obtain for Gertrude a dispensation from her vows. He is furnished with a letter to one of the most distinguished men of Florence, the Signor Tommaso degli Albizzi, who was suspected of a leaning to *new opinions* on religious subjects. He pays a visit to the wise and beneficent Picchena, the minister of the excellent Cosmo II., and still, though in the wane of his power as well as of his life, the nominal minister of the young Ferdinand, the protector of Galileo, and the patron of science and of virtue. By him he is introduced to all that Florence then contained distinguished in art and science. The celebrated Barbara degli Albizzi, the sister in law of Tommaso, then led all hearts captive by the singular charm of her beauty, the sweetness of her voice, her genius for improvisation, her cultivated intellect, and above all by the goodness of her heart and the purity of her manners. The charm which mystery and difficulty had hung around Gertrude is fast yielding to the broad light of daily and familiar intercourse; haughty, violent, and uneducated, she has little to oppose to the fascinations of such a rival. Egidio's heart is lost to her, and she perceives it. With the instinct of a jealous and devoted woman, she detects his inclination for the accomplished Barbara, almost before he confesses it to himself. Her passionate and unvaried devotion to him, and his vacillations between compassion and honour, which bind him to Gertrude, are drawn with great pathos, and are perfectly after nature; the profound impression which the captivating Florentine had made upon his fancy and affections is also very finely described.

"Shut up in his chamber, his head resting on his hand, he gave himself up to all the delights of recollection. He recalled to his mind again and again the sensation which that voice gave him, when first its sweet tones met his ears on the staircase; the light flutter at the heart which he felt as he raised the knocker on his second visit to the house; the light of that countenance which beamed upon him, when she laid aside her embroidery, and her agreeable air on advancing to receive him: even the graceful action of the hand with which she motioned him to be seated was not forgotten. Then the sweetness of her conversation, the sentiments often acute, often profound, but always ingenuous, clothed in graceful and appropriate language; above all, the expression shed over her angelic face transported him out of himself, as if absorbed in an extasy of new and unknown delights."*

* "Rinchiuso nella sua camera, e appoggiando le tempie alla palma della mano, godeva in sè medesimo dei dilette delle reminiscenze. Andava rilandando la sorpresa di quella voce, che quando salì per la prima volta le scale, con sì tenere note gli venne a ferire gli orecchi: ricordava il leggiadro tremito al cuore, quando, tornando, percossa con tanto desiderio il martello: raffiguravasi il volto, della cui luce tutto inondata l'avea, quando, posato il ricamo, era tanto piacevolmente venutagli incontro: nè dimenticava l'atto della mano, che gli avea con tanta grazia fatto cenno d'assidersi. La

Thus pass many wretched months, during which Egidio, partly from want of zeal, partly of power, makes no advance in the only thing which the unhappy Gertrude regards as of any importance—her release from her vows. At length the emissaries, whom the relentless vengeance of the prince had dispersed throughout Italy, discover Egidio under his assumed name. He is attacked one night on leaving the palace of the Albizzi, and nearly killed. Gertrude nurses him with unabated tenderness, although his delirious ravings had converted her suspicions into certainty; but neither his own sufferings nor her devotion can erase Barbara's image from his heart, with whom, before he is perfectly recovered, he resolves to seek an interview in order to declare his passion. Barbara has not been insensible to his personal beauty, to the charms of his manners and conversation, and to the deep impression she has evidently made upon him. But though pleased and flattered, her heart and her understanding are unperverted, and she rejects his protestations of love with calm and firm dignity.

Meanwhile the plague breaks out at Florence; Gertrude is attacked by it, and carried to the lazaretto. Her separation from Egidio, her progress through the streets of Florence, the recollections of earlier and purer days which rush on her mind, the softening of the heart in the awful and affecting scenes around her, are most touchingly described, and fearfully contrasted with the sudden revulsion of the fiercest earthly passions, when in the next bed she sees the pallid and almost expiring countenance of her detested rival. Not even the death, which hovers over both their couches, can subdue the hatred of the haughty, devoted and neglected Gertrude. She repels the consolations of religion, because she can conceive of no hope but that of her rival's death, no fear but that of her recovery to possess Egidio. In this state of mind delirium comes on, and Barbara, whom the fever has left, is obliged to be removed beyond the reach of her terrific ravings. Both of them recover. Gertrude's heart is touched by the sense of the danger through which she has passed, and she resolves humbly to appeal to that mercy, which had spared her life, for the forgiveness of her sins. But her wretched fate was to be fulfilled. Divine justice, says the author, was not yet satisfied. Egidio, on the very day when she is restored to him from the jaws of the grave, asks her what she said to Barbara, and reproaches her with having offended the Albizzi family. Her

dolcezza quindi della favella, il senso spesso arguto, spesso profondo, ma ingenuo sempre delle oneste parole; la melodia del suono, la soavità del canto; e l'espressione soprattutto dell'animo sparsa in un volto angelico, lo trasportavano fuori di sé come assorto in un'estasi di nuovi e sconosciuti diletti."—cap. xv.

heart, chastened by illness, and cheered by virtuous hopes and resolutions, is again plunged into the wildest tempest of passion, and the deepest gloom of despair. In this state of mind she accidentally becomes acquainted with the celebrated Livia Vernazza, universally regarded as an enchantress. This woman was of a very low rank, but so passionately beloved by Giovanni de Medici, that he repudiated his wife to marry her. It is a curious sign of the times that, not only did the public regard his devotion to her as the effect of magic arts, but that he was convinced of it himself, and, what is still more singular, that she was no less so. Ignorant, desperate, and reckless of all but Egidio's lost affections, Gertrude applies to her for the means of regaining them. Livia consents, and requires a waxen figure of Egidio, and a lock of his hair, on which to exercise her incantations. Carafulla is employed to carry the figure to Livia's house. In consequence of some incidents, which are too nearly allied to the ludicrous to be introduced at such a point of the story, he falls into the hands of the police, together with the figure, the purpose and destination of which is readily guessed. He is taken to the prisons of the inquisition, and makes full confession. Gertrude is arrested and taken before the inquisitor, who, despite of his functions, is represented as gentle, compassionate and benignant. So mild, indeed, was the character of the inquisition at Florence, compared to that of any other state, that this does no great violence to probability. It appears to us a much more monstrous incongruity to put into the mouth of such a man, addressing a broken-hearted woman, a threat of the torture, although uttered with as much calmness as an exhortation to prayer. But perhaps we have not sufficiently estimated the force of a perverted sense of duty. He has just received from Milan the intelligence of the flight of Gertrude from Monza, (which the superior, in order to avoid the scandal, had concealed as long as possible,) together with a description of her person. Not only the offence for which she was arrested, but the whole enormity of her guilt now becomes apparent, and she is sent to a neighbouring convent to await her destiny.

Egidio is absent from Florence on the day of her arrest. On his return he is also arrested, and sent under a guard to Milan. On the road he is rescued by his faithful servant Anguillotto, who displays a courage, intelligence, and devotion, worthy to be allied with the purest virtue. Accompanied by him, Carafulla, and three *bravi*, he overtakes on the banks of the Po the litter containing Gertrude, escorted by a Swiss guard. An attempt is made to rescue her, and is on the point of succeeding, when the Spanish soldiers, sent from Milan to meet and escort the litter through the

Milanese, come up. The conflict takes place on the river. While her eyes are fixed on Egidio, whom common danger and common calamity had restored to her, and who had never for one instant ceased to be the object of her most intense and unalterable fondness, a shot strikes him to the heart, and he falls lifeless into the stream. She is carried to Milan, where Federigo Borromeo awaits her arrival.

Meanwhile the avenging hand of Providence has not been less busy with the authors of all her crimes, and all her sufferings. The death of her brother was speedily followed by that of his mother; and, after a lingering illness, affectingly described, by that of his young and beautiful wife, who leaves two orphan boys, the sole hope of the haughty and tyrannical prince. The elder of these dies of the small-pox; the younger, now watched with almost frantic anxiety, is attacked by the plague. The state of mind of the proud wilful old man, vibrating between abject fear, and fierce defiance of Providence, is powerfully drawn. The beloved child dies, and he is left,—the last depositary of honours, to accumulate and to perpetuate which he had sacrificed his own peace of mind, and that of his young, innocent and lovely daughter. Cardinal Borromeo, already suspecting that the vows of the unfortunate Gertrude had been extorted by violence or by fraud, had interrogated the unnatural father, who had solemnly denied the charge. But the heart-broken penitent reveals the whole black tale; the arts and cruelties before which her determination gave way—her subsequent crimes—and their tremendous chastisement. At this moment the door opens, and the wretched father enters: struck by the awful reproaches of the venerable prelate, the bitterer pangs of his own conscience, and by the sight of his daughter's anguish and horror at the sight of him, he falls senseless. Gertrude retires to a convent, and lives to expiate her guilt by long repentance.

Such is a brief outline of the story, which indeed does not occupy half the book; by far the greater part of the second volume, and a considerable part of the first and third, being filled with the incidental subjects we have mentioned. It is not difficult to discover that the author has led the lovers to Florence, in order that he might have an opportunity of giving an accurate picture of the physical and moral condition of his native city at that period. The picture is highly interesting; we object only to employing such personages for the purpose. The author is said to have long projected a sort of Anacharsis in Tuscany, during the times of Galileo. If this be true, it is to be regretted that he suffered himself to be seduced from a scheme, for which he appears singularly well qualified, by the hope of hanging on the skirts

of Manzoni's popularity. He has collected such a quantity of historical facts and materials, that, after having crammed the present work to repletion, enough remains for another, which he announces; we are heartily glad of it, and shall have great pleasure in reading any book he may write, but we earnestly advise him to have one plan and not two. The conduct of a deeply pathetic story is wholly inconsistent with the introduction of a series of characters, incidents and remarks, which, however instructive and amusing, continually interrupt the narrative, and break in upon the tone of feeling he has just laboured, and often successfully, to excite. Many of these materials might be appropriately interwoven in a romance taken from chronicles and histories; or, still better perhaps, in a work in the style of that of Barthelemy, or of several of Wieland's brilliant, refined, and elaborate pictures of Greek manners. By attempting the unnatural conjunction of such miscellaneous materials with a story of the darkest and deepest tragic character, the author has thrown their intrinsic value into the shade, while he has greatly injured the dramatic interest of the main subject.

We suspect however, that the author does not yet understand his real *forte*. His subaltern characters are unmatched for truth, vigour, originality and humour, except by some of those powerful delineations of low life which Ireland has produced. This kind of talent is widely different from that of Manzoni, and can hardly be brought into keeping with a subject like that which Signor Rosini has chosen. In the *Promessi Sposi*, the comic characters are always subordinate—they never intercept the interest, or lower the dignity of the main actors. This cannot be said of the Nun of Monza; for instance, the incident on which the whole catastrophe turns—which we feel from the moment it occurs, must inevitably bring about the destruction of the lovers, is essentially comic and irretrievably mean. We allude to the unexpected interview between Carafulla and his wife Ciuta, at the door of Livia Vernazza. It is in vain to say that such is human life; that it is a varied web, in which the threads of the hero and the buffoon, the saint and the villain, are chequered and intermixed. It is the province of a cultivated taste and a refined imagination to untwist these incongruous materials, to arrange and assort them, and to compose a new and more beautiful web, in which the native colours are not destroyed, but harmonized.

Among the miscellaneous materials which the author has drawn from facts and history, the description of the villa of Pratolino is extremely curious. The gardens celebrated by Tasso, and by the greatest writers of his time, seem to have been destined to realize the most gay and fanciful visions of enchantment.

Indeed if we were not assured by the author that his description is drawn from the most correct sources, collected in his early youth, when these wonders were still in existence, we should regard it as not less a creation of the imagination, than the palace of Alcina or Armida. We regret that it is rather too long for insertion, but the scene in the piazza is so graphic and amusing, that we must find room for it.

"He left the house a little before the bell for morning prayers rang,* and after running to say a word or two to Meo Raguni, host of the Bertucce, (who kissed him for joy at seeing him again, after five years' absence, in such good plight,) walked to the piazza to breathe that sweet and delicious air of home, which can never be breathed elsewhere.

"Already were assembled nearly all those beneficent personages who for a *soldo*† diverted the by standers, or for a *crazia*‡ cured all the evils that ever were imprisoned within Pandora's box. Here was cried a balsam for blows on the shins—there an oil for scald heads; on one side an ointment for the itch—on the other a poison for rats. One offered Teriac of Venice—another Mithridates of Padua; a hundred voices from a hundred quarters vociferated, 'Each pot for one *crazia*, gentlemen—each packet for one *crazia*.' For one *soldo*, the wonders of the *mondo nuovo* (raree-show) were displayed to the astonished spectator. For one *soldo*, he could have his fortune told in whispers addressed to the naked ear; for twice that sum, he could receive the same invaluable information through a long speaking pipe. For one *soldo* the *tarantella* was danced and sung; for one *soldo* were sold the histories of Jehosaphat and Balaam—of Santa Rosa di Lima—of Santa Oliva—and of all that ever gave fame and fashion to the Aldi of Lucca.§ In short, whatever could be asked or expected of these artists, orators, and professors *minorum gentium*, was to be obtained for a *crazia* or a *soldo*.

"Carafulla capered for joy, and stretched open his ears to hear once more in the mouths of the people (he cared not for the learned,) Tuscan in Tuscany. Whilst he was wandering about near the steps of Santo Romolo,|| (in the hope of meeting some one of his acquaintance,) he saw on the highest step a bad painting, in which was figured out the famous *Barca dei Rovinati*, for all who were disposed to undertake the voyage to the island of Trebisonde. The figures were half obliterated by sun and rain, and here and there appeared an opening made by the winds, or by the stone of some unlucky rogue. Meanwhile Cecchino del Sere, the inventor of this famous legend, which was versified by the celebrated Giulio Cesare Croce, stood crying, 'Come, all you who wish to set out for Trebisonde.'

" 'Come all who have inherited so much from your fathers, that you have hardly left wherewithal to pay their funeral expenses :

* About three hours before mid-day.

† A halfpenny.

‡ Five soldi.

§ All these stories were printed at Lucca, by the Marescandoli.

|| The church of Santo Romolo was suppressed about the middle of the last century.

" ' You who have spent your all on dogs and horses, women and boon companions :

" ' You who have impoverished yourselves by litigation :

" ' You who have ruined yourselves by play :

" ' You who have lent money at usury without a pledge :

" ' You who have been bail for insolvents :

" ' You who have given credit to men who had nothing :

" ' Lastly, come all you, actors, musicians, and poets, for whom there will always be a place under cover :

" ' The crew will be assembled on a holiday, in order not to trouble the bailiffs ; after embarking they will coast along the shore of Fools ; then through the bay of Gulls, where they will have to pay the toll of Sad Thoughts, and arrive at the river of Blockheads. They will then have to cross the wide sea of Dolts, and having passed the rock of Imbecility, will reach Trebisond : there towing the vessel and paying a *soldo* a head, they will enter a large river, which will carry them along, with a very swift current, to the island of Repentance.'

" Carafulla stood with his mouth wide open, for in his time this wonderful ship was not invented.

" Next came Rosaccio on horseback, followed by his boy, carrying a high table on his head, upon which were laid certain parchments, containing his diplomas, &c. ; the skeleton of an ape ; a brazen sphere ; and two large horns, to one of which hung a ball of most transparent crystal, to the other a piece of loadstone. In the centre rose the horn of a unicorn, an emblem of his supremacy over the inferior herd of his competitors, who lavished their oratory and their remedies for a *soldo*, whilst he, sitting erect in his stirrups, and bearing himself with the air of Demosthenes in the rostrum, scorned to sell his *Nepenthe* for less than a *grosso*.*

" The people stood around him in crowds. They believed him to be come of a necromantic race ; for an uncle of his, who had ascended the cupola of the *Duomo* and perceived that the ball leaned, had predicted its speedy fall.†

" Last of all—like a captain leading a company of light infantry to go through their military exercises on the walls of a fortress—clothed in a cloak of a hundred different patches—came Paolino,‡ with his dogs, to his own PLACE : a place respected by all on account of the poor fellow's blindness ; and here, in front of the *Tetto dei Pisani*, he began to exhibit the pirouettes and capers, the *contraddanze* and the *trescone* of his four-footed *corps-de-ballet*. When he had made them go through all their evolutions, and before he began his own accustomed dance upon stilts, the little boy who led him went round to collect the slender dole of commiseration. Carafulla approached him, and putting a *storta*§ in his hand, ' My dear, good Paolino,' said he, ' take this for the love of me.'

* About threepence English.

† This took place in 1600. Rosaccio was the most famous charlatan of his time.

‡ Paolo Baroni, a singular man of his class. He taught dogs to dance to the sound of the violin ; danced himself upon stilts ; and wrote *ottave* with the greatest facility.

§ The *lire* were commonly bent or twisted, to distinguish them to the touch from *paoli*, which they resembled ; they were thence called *storta* (twisted.)

" ' And who are you ? ' said this Homer in the garb of a harlequin.*

" ' What, do you not know your own Zanobi ? ' "

" At this name the old friends embraced each other with such effusion of heart, that it was a pleasure to see them. For it seems as if sincerity, cordiality, and frankness had taken refuge in the hearts of those who are of humble fortune, beyond the reach of envy, and incapable of ambition.

" At this moment appeared Pippo del Castiglioni, dressed in a black coat, taking his daily stroll round the piazza to see if there was any practical joke to be played ; and meeting Carafulla returning with Paolino, embraced him. They all promised to meet at Meo's, where they might enjoy a jovial evening, and indulge themselves in an extra bottle of generous wine.

" They wanted to hear each other's adventures since they parted. Paolino concluded from the *storta* that Zanobi was grown rich ; and thus returning thanks to Providence they parted."

Galileo, over whom one storm of persecution had burst, and another was impending, was living in present outward tranquillity. The description of this illustrious man is full of interest.

" They entered the chamber with a silence as reverential as if it had been a sanctuary. The windows were partly closed ; but the light, though dim, enabled them to see the countenance of the venerable old man. He was sitting on the bed. He wore a white handkerchief about his neck, and a waistcoat of dark-coloured cloth, over which was thrown a pelisse, lined with pale blue, a little faded by time. His majestic forehead was bare ; he never wore a cap either by night or in the depth of winter. His eyes were most brilliant and vivacious, although a slight depression of the lids seemed to threaten the calamity nature had in store for him.

" His bed was covered with green serge ; the coverlet and hangings were also green. On his left hand stood a clock ; an arrow on the face pointed to the hour. On his right, a telescope, mounted on a sort of pedestal, appeared above a large chest, and at the foot of the bed hung a Jesus in the arms of his Mother ; a living and breathing work of art, which his dear friend Cigoli had given him as a memorial of himself. His hands rested on the bed, on which lay an open book. Whilst Pandolfini introduced Egidio with the sort of expressions generally employed in presenting a foreigner to a man who is sought out solely for his merits, Egidio was contemplating, as if entranced, the majestic features of that sublime investigator of the secrets of nature : the cheeks a little fallen from the effect of time ; the forehead furrowed by long study and intense thought ; the eyes accustomed to range throughout the firmament ; the lips from which, as from a perennial fountain, flowed eloquence and learning. He remarked the simplicity, almost the in-commodiousness, of the bed ; the nakedness of the room, not even covered with the leather hangings so common in Italy ; the homeliness of the chairs ; and he internally exclaimed, ' How poor and miserable do the most magnificent vanities of the world become here ! ' "

* He was painted in the character of Homer, by Volterrauo.

Another lively and interesting group of the eminent men of the age is placed before the reader in the school of the sculptor Pietro Tacca. The gentle and judicious *maestro*, the affectionate respectful pupils, the tempered commendations of the former, and the various degrees of the bud and flower of promise in the latter, are beautifully and simply described. The picture of the young and bashful Carlo Dolce is peculiarly happy.

"The Sunday morning was destined to visit Signor Pietro Tacca. Since the death of Giovanni Bologna, Aristofano Allori and Cigoli, this excellent man had shared the sceptre of art with Giulio Parigi and Matteo Rosselli. He united elevation of mind and purity of manners to knowledge, prudence and moderation. Generous in every action of his life, he insisted on paying the heirs of Giovanni even for the moveables which he had left him, and this out of pure veneration and gratitude. The long habit of teaching had, as often happens, produced in him a sententious manner of speaking, of which he could not divest himself even when not addressing his pupils. He was a native of Carrara, whence Giovanni, who was often drawn thither by the continual need of marble from that quarry, brought him; and after Francavilla went into the service of the French king, and Piccadi and della Bella died, Pietro was raised to the rank of head master of the School of Sculpture. This school was extremely flourishing, and still kept alive the shadow of the great name of Michel Angelo. Hither the French came for the statue of their beloved Henry, and the Spaniards for those of their dreaded Philips.

"Pietro had succeeded to the honours and the functions of Giovanni, and to the large house annexed to the foundery in the Borgo di Pinti. Such had been his situation for twenty years at the period we are treating of. Egidio ascended the staircase, and while the servant announced him, entered an anti-chamber hung with various drawings. In the centre of one side, in a beautiful ebony frame, hung the letter written to him by Mary de' Medici in 1614—a monument of royal homage to virtue and merit. On the other side hung a diploma of Philip III. containing the munificent grant of a pension of 400 ducats, which was never paid. On another side was the portrait of Cosmo II. modelled in wax. It was coloured after nature, and appeared alive. Whilst Egidio stood looking at this, a handsome young man ascended the stairs, saluted him, and entered the room with him. In the midst of his disciples and other artists sat Signor Pietro. Before him stood a young man holding out a sheet of paper, on which was a design for an intaglio representing a feast. He seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen years old. After the usual salutations, Egidio having seated himself next to the young man who came in with him, Tacca continued speaking to the youth.

"There is a general want of harmony, and here and there the penury and unskilfulness of a beginner are visible. But you must not be disheartened by that, Stefanino.* You know how your father Francesco loved me; we were like brothers: so that what I say to you now

* Stefano della Bella, b. 1610.

I say from my great desire for your good, and from my hope that you will become a man.'

" ' Signor Pietro, you are very kind,' replied the young man.

" ' Go then—conduct yourself well and prudently at Rome. Do not censure the works of others, but see that you compel them to praise yours. Study first—then criticize. A young man who affects to pass judgment, shows that he thinks he no longer stands in need of study. Be respectful to all: love the great men of your own country; but do not think that all the excellence in the world is enclosed within the walls of Florence. You will see Signor Guido, who generally goes there for the winter, and Signor Zampiere, and Signor Albani: greet them from me, and tell them that, old as I am, I have not given up the hope of going to see them on the theatre of their glory, and admiring their greatest works;'—and, turning to the others, ' we must confess,' added he, ' that that school of Bologna is truly a school of giants.' ' Farewell, Stefanino;—as soon as you have completed your first work be sure you send it to me.'

" The youth kissed the *maestro's* hand, then that of one who sat near him, and, bowing to all, retired.

" ' The Prince Don Lorenzo,' continued Pietro, ' has done well in giving Stefanino six *scudi* a month, that he may go to study at Rome. In that family of della Bella genius is really hereditary. That of Francesco, the father of this boy, was transcendent. He died too soon to show it. Girolamo is a good painter—Lodovico an exquisite goldsmith—but this boy will surpass them all. I did not choose to praise his *Cena dei Piacevoli* as it deserves, for fear of puffing him up. The praise one gives to the young ought to be like their food, little and often; but, for his age, it is an astonishing production.' Then turning to Egidio—' You are from Mantua, Sir. A great genius is that Giulio! Nothing of his has yet reached us but his splendid Triumphs, his sweet Psyche, and those tremendous giants, which appeal one even on paper. What must they do on the wall?'

" ' They are, indeed, marvellous.'

" ' The thing which I desire above all others in the world is to see the Cupola of Correggio and the Stanze of Giulio.'

" At this moment entered a bashful boy of about twelve years old, with downcast eyes, silent, and seemingly not having courage to approach. He had something under his coat.

" ' Come, Carlino, come,' said the master—' don't be afraid—these gentlemen will be indulgent to your youth. Your portrait of Signor Giovanni de Bardi was poor—that of Ximenes is better. I hope you will go on improving.'

" ' With God's good pleasure,' said the boy, ' and the mercy of the most holy Virgin; it will not be my fault if I do not.'

" ' What have you new?'

" ' Here it is, Signor Pietro; but I am ashamed to show it to a great man like you;' and he pulled out a very small picture of the Adoration of the Magi, on canvass.

"When Tacca had examined it,—'Bravo, Carlino! bravo!' said he; 'you deserve that I should give you a cup of chocolate.'"

"I am greatly obliged to your goodness; such luxurious drinks are not for a poor boy like me."

"Study, work hard, and you will become what Signor Giovanni was. And for whom is this picture?"

"For his Highness Prince Leopold."

"And what price do you mean to ask for it?"

"Do you think twenty-five *scudi* too much? It has taken me two months."

"No, it is not too much; but do not ask more than that: I am certain the prince will make you a present. Moderate prices encourage the lovers of art to buy, and do honour to artists by keeping them always employed; whilst exorbitant demands disgust the public and injure the arts."

The boy listened, and having signified his assent by a motion of his head, bowed, and was retiring.

"Do not go, Carlino; wait for the chocolate; (and, as he tried to escape)—no, no, I will have it so, sit down."

The chocolate came. Carlino, who had his picture in one hand and his hat in the other, knew not what to do with either. First he put his hat with the picture, and held both in his left hand; but his distress increased when the cups and cakes were handed round, and he saw that he had need of both. He had never tasted chocolate, for he was very poor—one of a numerous family of orphans. He had seldom been out of his own house, and, with the exception of the *maestro*, his fellow-pupils, and some brothers of the Order of St. Benedict, he knew not a creature in the world. He then laid down his hat on the ground on one side, put his picture behind him on the chair, and took the chocolate, but at the first sip he burnt his mouth.

The convulsive movement of poor Carlo Dolce made Egidio smile. Turning round to conceal this, he met the eyes of his neighbour, who being of a gay and jocose turn, could not refrain from exclaiming—"You will never be anything but an awkward booby!"

Egidio laughed out, and said to him—"But how is this?"

"Oh, an education by monks; all his family are so. He has great talents for painting; but see what a figure he cuts. He seems more like a girl in her novitiate than a painter. I will lay any wager, that if they ever give him a wife, the first night he will run away for shame."

"But is he really clever?"

"The picture of his mother last year astonished every body—not for what it is, but for what it promises."

Not content with taking Manzoni's characters, it has been seen that the author of the *Monaca di Monza* has further suggested comparison, by introducing the plague. He has, however, passed lightly over its appalling details; and, for this we thank him. One anecdote has all the truth of nature, as well as of history,

* Chocolate was regarded as a great luxury so late as the year 1677.

upon it, and is beautifully told. It will go to the heart of every mother.

"In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family, for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away.

"But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, 'Good bye, mother,' in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped.

"'Good bye, mother,' repeated the youngest child, stretching his little head out of the window: and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on; at length the latter conquered—and amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears—she reached the house of those who were to bury her; she recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more. 'But,' added Barbara, 'nothing can equal the heart of a mother. You remember that sublime speech of a poor woman, on hearing her parish priest relate the history of Abraham: 'Oh, God certainly would not have required such a sacrifice of a mother!'

Of the poetry scattered through the book, we cannot generally say much. The following madrigal is, however, so pretty, that we are glad to give it a place in our pages.

"Candido lin, che al suo bel piè cadendo,
 Richiami il guardo di que' dolci lumi,
 Ti raccolgo, ti bacio, e a Lei ti rendo.
 Se d'Arabi profumi
 Asperger non ti posso, almen consenta
 Un sol, per me, de' suoi portentosi, Amore:
 Ella t'accosti alle sue labbra, e senta
 L'alito del mio core."

Having extracted so many passages which are merely episodic, we cannot conclude without giving one specimen of the painting of character and incident in the main story. The wretched

Gertrude is just conducted to the convent near Florence, which is to serve as her prison till she is removed to Milan.

"Nor need we wonder, if it appeared to her that she was descending into a tomb; and if, for three whole days, she uttered no word, she gave no sign—that any thought, any emotion, agitated her mind. Her whole being was sunk into that utter insensibility which is the last stage of despair. Her eyes alone showed the grief at her heart. The big tears which gathered in them fell slowly, but without ceasing. But, in the evening of the fourth day, the lay-sister, who did not venture to speak while she was undressing her, and thought herself unobserved, laid a small piece of paper, folded and sealed, on the table. Whether it were accident or suspicion, she suddenly turned; nor could the lay-sister withdraw her hand quickly enough to conceal that it was she who had laid the paper there. This young woman, to whom the office of attending upon Gertrude had been assigned, was one of the numerous victims with which the less opulent or more numerous families of the peasantry at one time peopled the convents. Being entreated to convey the note to her lady, and judging of her sufferings by her own, she had not had resolution to refuse.

" 'What paper is that?' said Gertrude, in an angry tone—with the vague fear of some new calamity.

" 'Madam,' replied the lay-sister, humbly, 'pardon me if I have displeased you; but this paper was given me for you.'

" 'Who brought it?'

" 'It will avail you nothing to know that; but, from what I heard, it comes from a person who has a great love for you.'

"As the single drop of dew, which falls in the morning into the folded bosom of the rose, moistens all its leaves, so did that one magic word melt the heart of Gertrude. She felt it open to new hopes, and turning her eyes, dreary and dim with long weeping, upon her attendant, said, 'Can it be possible?'

"She then seized the paper with a tremor which increased as she tried to open it. But in vain did she strain her eyes on holding it to the light; she could not discern any distinct form of characters. She stood suspended a moment; but as she could not believe it possible that any one would make a person in her condition the object of so barbarous a jest, she bathed her swollen and aching eyes, and bringing the paper still nearer to the candle, she saw that it contained a few characters written with a pointed piece of tin. Her impatience increased—but however often, however intently, she fixed her eyes upon it, she could read nothing; except that, at the bottom, she rather guessed than read the name of Egidio.

"She raised her eyes to heaven, and sighing deeply, said to herself, 'I am not then wholly abandoned!' And a tumult of conflicting thoughts, a rush of indistinct feelings, crowded upon her heart and mind with such violence, that she sank, with the paper in her hand, upon a seat; and with that intense emotion which few can understand, said to the lay-sister, 'What can I do to recompense you?'

" 'Madam,' replied Rosalja, 'rich and great as you are, your sorrows

will, some time or other, end; *mine* will never; pray to God to give me strength to support them.'

"Gertrude sighed again, and motioned to her to retire. The poor girl took her hand to kiss it. Gertrude kissed her cheek, and throwing her arm over the back of the chair, leaned her head sorrowfully upon it. She remained some time sunk in thought—agitated with the desire to know what the paper contained. She then rose and made another attempt to read it; but it seemed to her all darkness.

"She did not sleep at all that night—every hour that sounded, she arose, and went to the window to see if she could discern the least dawning of light. And as it often happens, when one great calamity oppresses us, that we incline more readily to fear every other, she began to imagine, almost to believe, that her sight was really impaired. She sat down again, sighed deeply, and the large and heavy drops flowed down her cheeks.

"But, just at daybreak, the extreme weariness of her body overcame the agitation of her mind. She fell asleep; and although her slumbers were troubled and heavy, she did not awake till it was broad day.

"She opened her eyes suddenly, and saw the sun, which already illumined her ~~whole~~ chamber; she started up, ran to the window, threw it open, took the paper from her bosom, where it had lain all night, and at length read.

"'Tutto a te, tutto per te, sempre con te, fino alla morte.—EGRIDIO.'

"The impression produced by these few short words was so strong that no description or similitude can give any idea of it. A criminal, under the hands of the executioner, who hears the words of pardon:—a wretch, hurled from a precipice, who feels himself suddenly caught and saved by his garments,—these are but faint images of her state.

"She passed in a moment from the extremity of despair to that of joy, and straining the paper to her heart, she wandered up and down her chamber as if in a delirium. Every object appeared to her changed, and she was ready to bless that dungeon which had restored to her the heart of her lover.'

But it is not from detached passages that the pathetic effect of a work like this can be judged. Gertrude, from the instant we are introduced to her by Manzoni, is an object of deep and painful commiseration. Passionate and vehement by nature; intentionally and infernally perverted by education; beautiful, ignorant, and wilful; her crimes and her calamities are so interwoven that she is like one of the devoted victims of the wrath of the deities of antiquity, who excite at once our horror and our pity. This character the author of the *Monaca di Monza* has preserved. Her jealousy is as afflicting as it is violent, vindictive, and humiliating. Never once does it change the intensity or diminish the heroic devotedness of that love for which she has sacrificed every thing. While we feel that her vengeance would be deep and merciless, we are certain that it would fall wholly on her rival; to her lover her heart is all softness. The effect of Barbara's

dazzling accomplishments upon her is well imagined. The surprise, the consternation, the humiliation of a woman in whom the pride of beauty and the haughty spirit of domination had been sedulously nurtured amidst the ignorance and monotony of a cloister, when she sees for the first time the nothingness into which she sinks before the transcendent gifts and graces of her accomplished rival; her instant and child-like resolution that "she will learn to sing, and play, and dance, that Egidio may admire her too;" her desperation, when persuaded of the impracticability of the scheme, and her consequent deep, though suppressed hatred of Barbara; her utter despair, when she finds that her silence, her patience, her devoted love, even her imminent death, have failed to restore to her Egidio's love—all prepare us for the last frantic and guilty project which leads to her detection. We know not whether it be a fault or a merit that there is no character in the main story which we can approve, yet none whom we do not pity, and sometimes admire. We doubt whether this does not show more accurate knowledge of mankind than skill in the management of a story. Egidio is by far too accomplished a gentleman to have led a life marked with nothing but crime and violence, as Manzoni describes him. Of Anguillotto we have already spoken. The mother dies broken-hearted; and the sordid, iron-hearted, relentless father, is so bowed to the earth under the accumulated strokes of calamity, that we cannot refuse compassion even to him.

One fault, and that not a light one, remains to be mentioned. There are marks of a canting and intolerant spirit in the book. Whether this be sincere or assumed, we know not, nor does it much signify; for instance, Egidio's crimes are indirectly attributed to an early leaning to Protestant opinions. The constant and confident denunciation of *judgments* appears to us as injudicious and immoral as it is presumptuous. The most unob-servant have daily proof that Providence deals not so with men, but leaves them to the hopes and fears of that final judgment which none may escape.

POSTSCRIPT TO ART IX.—We mentioned at page 604, that the authors of the *Fils de l'Homme* had been acquitted by the tribunal before which they were cited. This was correct at the time it was written. An appeal, however, was lodged by the Avocat du Roi to the Cour Royale, which decided that there was ground for accusation; and on the 29th of July, M. Barthelemy, as the principal author, along with the printer and the two publishers of the poem, was again brought before the tribunal of Correctional Police (6th chamber) on the double charge, 1st, of attacks against the royal dignity and the rights to the throne which the king derives from his birth; 2d, of provocations, not followed with effect, to the overthrow of the legitimate monarchy. After a trial of some hours, in which M. B. defended himself in a poem of considerable length, recited from memory, he was found guilty, and sentenced to a fine of 1000 francs and three months imprisonment; the printer to a fine of 25 francs, and the two publishers were acquitted.

CRITICAL SKETCHES.

- ART. XII.**—1. C. H. van Herwerden *de Juliano Imperatore, Religionis Christianæ Hoste, eodemque Vindice*. Lugduni Batavorum. 1827. 8vo.
2. *Dissertatio de Theodosii Magni in Rem Christianam Meritis, quam . . . publico ac solenni examini submittit Janus Henricus Stuffken*. Lugduni Batavorum. 1828. 8vo.
3. Friderici Münteri, Episcopi Selandiæ, *Primordia Ecclesiæ Africanæ*. Hafniæ. 1829. 4to.

WE class these three publications together, because they severally contain materials which will be of great use to some future ecclesiastical historian.

1. The state of Christianity during the short reign of the Emperor Julian forms an important section in the history of the church. Mosheim, who dismisses it in two or three pages, does not allow the apostate emperor to have possessed any thing beyond mediocrity of genius. Milner, however, has rendered ample justice to his talents, and has devoted many pages to the detail of his hostile, though vain attacks against the Christian religion: but it has been reserved for Dr. HERWERDEN to treat the subject more methodically than either of these historians, and with equal moderation and learning. After a preliminary sketch of the public life of Julian, and of the circumstances which alienated his mind from Christianity, Dr. H. proceeds to discuss the conduct and actions by which the emperor evinced his determined enmity to the Christian Church and Faith, and to narrate those efforts, which, though artfully and dexterously contrived, in order to impugn and to subvert that faith, were eventually overruled to its establishment and vindication. The involuntary testimony of Julian to the authenticity and integrity of the Old and New Testaments, and to the credibility of the facts and miracles therein recorded, is particularly valuable both to the historian and to the divine.

2. M. STUFFKEN has published his dissertation on the services rendered by the Emperor Theodosius to the Christian church, in conformity to the laudable custom which obtains in some continental universities, and which requires that, before admission to academical rank, every candidate for a degree shall give proof of his proficiency in a published thesis. His disquisition commences with an historical sketch of the reign of the Emperor Theodosius, succeeded by a detail of the various measures pursued by him for the subversion of paganism, and for the establishment and extension of the Christian faith, and particularly of his opposition to the Arians. In prosecuting his researches, he has availed himself of the information afforded by the best ancient ecclesiastical historians, and particularly of the celebrated col-

lection of Roman Laws, known among jurists under the appellation of the Theodosian Code.

3. More elaborate than either of the preceding treatises is the *Early History of the African Church* by the venerable Bishop of Seeland, Dr. Frederick Münter, which fills up an important chasm in ecclesiastical history. From the dominant influence of the writings of Tertullian, and Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, all modern historians of the church have given ample space to the consideration of their character and works; and we see with pleasure that frequent references are made by Dr. M. to the Bishop of Lincoln's *Illustration of the Ecclesiastical History of the Second Century*, from the writings of Tertullian. The African Church, though not of apostolic origin, according to our author, was once diffused over 16,000 square miles, and comprised many thousand professors of the Christian faith, which was planted there at the close of the first, or at the commencement of the second century, by some Christians from Rome. Having satisfactorily proved these points, Dr. M. proceeds to discuss the number of Christians in the time of Tertullian, the names of the churches, bishops, and clergy who lived in the time of Agrippinus and Tertullian; their churches and cemeteries; their hierarchy, and the revenues of the clergy; the manners of the Christians; the connection of the African church with other churches; the canon of Scripture and Latin versions of the Bible used by them; their public doctrine, worship, and discipline. These topics are succeeded by an account of the various heresies by which the African Church was unhappily divided, particularly those of Tertullian and the Montanists; of the several councils which were convened; the Jewish and heathen enemies of Christianity; the state of the Christians before the persecution of Severus; the martyrs of Scylla; the persecution inflicted by Severus; the passion (or martyrdom) of Perpetua and Felicitas, and their associates. The work concludes with a notice of the Apologetic writings of Tertullian and Cyprian. In an appendix, are given at length, the proconsular Acts of the martyrs of Scylla, a narrative of the passion of Perpetua, Felicitas, and their companions, and a very curious calendar of the church of Carthage.

ART. XIII.—*Kaiser Friedrich der Zweite, Trauerspiel, von Karl Immermann.* Hamburg. 1828. 8vo.

THE Hohenstauffen family appears to be rising into fashion upon the continent, as the subject of poetry and romance; and the only wonder is, that the valuable character of the race in this respect was not earlier discovered. In our last number we mentioned an Italian romance, of which Manfred was the hero, and we are now to speak of a German tragedy, upon the fortunes of the Emperor Frederic II. The author, Karl Immermann, is well known in Germany, as a dramatist, but does not enjoy such celebrity as would induce us to bestow much attention upon a single play, did we not think that considerable power and some originality are displayed, in the manner in which he has executed his task. He does not adopt the historian

Raumer's full justification of Frederic's character; he even charges him, both with the famous blasphemy touching three impostors, (respecting which we may refer the reader to our review of Raumer's *History of the Hohenstauffens*.) and with a general indifference to religion and morality; but he has nevertheless infused a powerful interest into his fine conception of a great, magnanimous, and amiable monarch, somewhat too strongly imbued with his own prerogatives and the duty of enforcing them, but desirous of so enforcing them only for the public advantage, not for any selfish purpose.

Immermann opens his tragedy at an early period of Frederic's dissensions with Pope Innocent IV., and introduces the emperor, firmly persuaded that the pontiff is shut up in Rome and virtually his prisoner. He is in consequence prepared to dictate his own conditions of peace, leaving the holy father spiritual head of Christendom, but depriving him of all temporal authority. In the course of a scene, in which the Chancellor Thaddeus of Suessa urges upon his master the necessity of still fearing a power, uncontrollable by external circumstances, and presses him to give way, whilst success justifies concession, Frederic, after sternly refusing to yield a hair's breadth, thus speaks of himself:

" 'Tis because Frederic for himself seeks nought
Beyond a pallet bed on which to sleep,
A crust of bread and cup of generous wine
For thirst and hunger, and upon his people
Would lavish all, would, like the pelican,
Nourish with his heart's blood the subjects God
Has to his heart entrusted; 'tis because
Frederic rejoices only when the meanest,
In his poor hut and at his frugal board,
Can relish his small drop of joy, that Frederic
Shall never die, though in his father's grave
Ye sink his corse.—The emperor cannot die.

One is the emperor, and one his fate.

My wisdom is a generous pride."

In the midst of this triumphant confidence, Frederic learns, first, that Innocent has escaped from Rome, got on board a Genoese fleet, and reached Lyons in safety, where he has without loss of time excommunicated and deposed the emperor; and secondly, that the papal legate at his own court, a certain Cardinal Ubaldini, has seduced half the imperial army, and instigated the Lombards to rebellion. Frederic stands motionless, whilst his sons and his faithful knights fill the stage with their indignation, and Thaddeus attempts to encourage him. He then answers:

" The thunderbolt forged in the Vatican
To me seems but a miserable firework,
With which a juggler frightens fools and children.
What moves me is the tale of treachery;—
Alas! How must I now condemn mankind!"

He then issues orders adapted to existing circumstances, and when Azzo of Modena attempts to bargain for municipal privileges, as the price of Modena's fidelity and support, he haughtily refuses to retract his previous denial of the request. In a subsequent scene he thus rebukes an Italian knight who professes to serve him as a spy :

"The master grows suspicious of a servant
Prompt to incur dishonour for his sake."

When disasters accumulate, he observes :

"I ne'er exulted in success ; I thought
Ever with pious dread of Fortune's changes.
But then I also thought, if fall thou must,
Thou fall'st for truth and liberty, a victim
Chosen by God. Humanity itself
Shall by thy fall rise loftier ; o'er thy grave
The seeds of happier days shall germinate
To bless the world—For in our nature's worth
And nobleness I then believed—Oh Frederic,
Illusory was thy belief, and lost
Is thy life's reckoning !"

But lest these extracts should, notwithstanding our previous assertion, induce a suspicion that Immermann's Frederic is an actually faultless monster, we must add a few lines from a sort of self-preparation for appearing before the judgment-seat of God, which he is accidentally and very unexpectedly startled into making, the night before a battle :

"But who is mine accuser ?—Is it—conscience ?

Strange ! What a sudden icy coldness shoots
Through my warm heart, whilst utt'ring that word, conscience !
If, with a judge's sternness, HE should ask,
What didst thou with thy talent ? Much I gave ;
How has it profitted ?—Should I behold
Life's stream in crystal pureness flowing near
The throne of God, and the dread Judge should speak ;
Lo ! child of man, the fountain, that for thee
Welled forth on earth, and that thou tasted'st not,
Because 'twas water, for thy pride too mean.
Thou quaffedst vain, intoxicating drinks,
And, even in their madness, were thy foes
Nearer this fountain than thyself."

Of the other characters in this piece, we shall notice only the cardinal legate, and the archbishop of Palermo ; who are, respectively, the *beau ideal*, the latter of what a catholic prelate ought to be, the former, of what good protestants dread in the ministers of that church. The cardinal is an able intriguer, using his spiritual influence for ambitious purposes, and justifying himself to himself, upon grounds, which we will give in our author's words :

"Equal division through the world prevails ;
We've nothing save dominion. Must the priest,
Through life, be but a guest on earth, renounce
A wife's affection, and the joy of offspring,

Must he to a superior's obstinacy,
To old and formal rules subdue his will,
Weigh anxiously each step, ere his foot stir?—
Who in this Hell of lasting pain would plunge,
Might he not solace him with the belief,
That he is called to lord it o'er Earth's Mightiest?
To give, and take away, the diadem?"

In justice to the author and the Catholics, we must now give the answer which the meek and pious, but firm archbishop, with whom the defeated and dying Frederic has sought an asylum, returns to the cardinal, who at the head of a victorious army, requires that the emperor be delivered up to him; adding,

"I stand not here alone; you know it well:—
Thousands will brandish at my nod their weapons.
Yield Prelate, or by Heav'n they storm the Cloister!"

Archbishop. I stand alone here, and you know it well.
No weapon will be brandished at my nod;
I must seek other help.—Assault the Cloister!
With images of Saints I'll man our doors;
Their cold unmoving arms, imploringly,
Shall they extend tow'ards you, and with dumb mouths
Beseech you to forbear.—Beside the Saints
Will I read mass, attended by the brethren.
No foot of yours shall tread the cloister floor
Till you o'erthrow the altar, chalice, pix,
And crimson our white garments with our blood.
Over our corse only lies the road
That to the Emperor leads."

Immermann's talent seems to lie chiefly in the delineation of character, as may be judged from our selection of extracts. With regard to historical truth, if he has not strictly adhered to it, he has in general deviated rather from the letter than the spirit; but he has introduced a sort of underplot of the loves and quarrels of Frederic's illegitimate children, who do not all know each other as brothers and sisters, which, to our taste, does not, by any means, heighten the interest.

ART. XIV.—*Choix de Testamens Anciens et Modernes, remarquables par leur importance, leur singularité, ou leur bizarrerie; avec des détails historiques et des notes.* Par G. Peignot. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

This belongs to a class of works which threatens to swallow up every other. The class is formed of minute fragments picked out of the body of history, and cut, pared, chiselled, puttied, and polished into individual forms. In 1827 the Comte Daru, in his "Notions statistiques sur la Librairie," calculated that in France alone, in the space of fifteen years, 14,101 historical works were produced. These he says consisted of 178,384 printed sheets, which, multiplied by the number of copies in the edition, produce 362,508,296 sheets. M. Peignot terms his work "a drop in this deluge of literature," but the figure is one of the most faulty things in the book. A drop is worth only the room it occupies, and is not superior in volume, or any thing else, to

other drops; whereas M. Peignot's compilation is in strength and saltiness an absolute ocean in itself, compared with the dribbles of milk and water which fall so incessantly from the press. "*Quicquid agunt homines*" would be a farrago too formidable for any modern libellum; and it was certainly a very ingenious and praiseworthy idea to separate from the mass of human actions that last and most important deed by which an individual closes his account with time, and commences, by anticipation, his transactions with eternity. In the present case, however, the compiler has not merely collected the testaments of the celebrated wise and great, and the celebrated testaments of the foolish and obscure; but, by means of notes, displaying considerable reading and research, he has made the reader acquainted with the living character and history of the persons whose preparations for death are thus presented to his view.

It is commonly said, that little light can be reflected on a man's character by his testament; but we think differently. The hypocrisy of a will is only as it were skin deep; it resides rather in the words than in the meaning. The document is frequently prepared when the party is in full health and spirits—in the midst of his career of crime or worldly virtue—and when even his prospective thoughts have reference to the present rather than the future. Thus a celebrated English author bequeaths his property to persons of title, who have no need of it, to the exclusion of his poor relations to whom it would have come as the gift of a benevolent providence—the testator forgetting that by the time his will came into effect, the distinctions of rank with regard to him would have ceased to exist. The testament, indeed, is sometimes so much a part of a man's character, that like some isolated sentences in a book, it can only be understood by means of collation with the context. In the year 1519, the Emperor Maximilian I. ordered his hair to be cut off after his death, and his teeth to be ground to powder and burnt to ashes publicly in the chapel of his court. He desired, moreover, by way of showing the nothingness of human greatness, that his body, after having lain exposed the whole day, should be put into a sack of quick-lime, covered with taffeta and white damask, and thus laid in the coffin prepared for it; after which it was to be buried under the altar of St. George, in the Church of the Palace of Neustadt, the head and heart being so situated that the feet of officiating priest should tread upon them. Was this the effect of bigotry, or of humility, or of an odd philosophy? asks the ignoramus in history. He is answered, that the Emperor during his life was vehemently desirous of becoming priest—pope—and saint, and chuckled hugely at the idea of his daughter Marguerite being obliged to worship him after his death.

In the older testaments there is often a very curious air of politeness thrown round the addresses to the saints, which would seem to modern ears—at least to those of heretics—as savouring somewhat of impiety. The will, for instance, of Margaret of Lorraine, wife of René, Duke d'Alençon, dated 1521, commences with these words: "In the name of the most glorious Trinity, of the Father, of the Son, and of

the Holy Ghost, of the most worthy Mother of God, the blessed Virgin Mary, of Monsieur the Angel St. Michael, of my good Angel, of Monsieur St. Francis, of Madame St. Clere, and of all the Saints of Paradise." The Virgin Mary, according to M. Peignot, has in some cases been made the legatee of the dying worshiper. In 1606, Justus Lipsius, the colleague of Scaliger and Casaubon, in the triumvirate of the literary republic of that day, left her his silver pen and his furred robe. This learned Theban was born a Catholic, and died in the same faith, after passing successively through the intermediate stages of Lutheranism and Calvinism. Two centuries later, J. L. Zachary Werner, a Protestant of Königsberg, but converted before his death to Catholicism, bequeathed in the same manner his silver pen to the Virgin. These examples, however, are outdone by the delicate devotion of a person with whose name we are sorry we cannot oblige the reader. He ordered himself to be buried under the threshold of a church dedicated to St. Mary, and these words to be inscribed on his tomb: "TOO RESPECTFUL TO BE WITHIN; TOO LOVING TO BE WITHOUT."

Among the odd testaments in this collection, the most celebrated is that of Louis Cortusio, a doctor of Padua, dated 1418. The testator forbids his friends to weep at his funeral on pain of being disinherited, and on the contrary appoints him who shall laugh the loudest his principal heir and universal legatee. Not a stitch of black must be seen either in the house wherein he shall die, or in the church in which he shall be buried: they are both to be strewn with flowers and green boughs on the day of his funeral. Instead of the tolling of the bells, lively music is to accompany his body to the church; fifty minstrels of the town are to march with the clergy, some before and some after, sounding their lutes, violins, flutes, hautbois, trumpets, and trombones; and "Hallelujah" is to be sung as at Easter. The bier, covered with a shirt of different sparkling colours, is to be carried by twelve marriageable girls, clothed in green, and singing lively airs, to each of whom the testator bequeaths a sum of money for her dowry. Instead of torches, green boughs are to be carried by boys and girls, wearing coronets of flowers on their heads, and singing in chorus with the jocund bearers. The clergy also are to walk in procession, with the monks and nuns whose rules do not constrain them to wear black, for in no case will the testator permit the public rejoicings to be interrupted by the appearance of this morose and melancholy colour. The singular thing is, that these orders were absolutely carried into effect, and this by the authority of a legal judgment. The following is the syllogistic sentence, which well merits record: "The testament in question is the deed of a celebrated doctor; a celebrated doctor cannot do a foolish thing; therefore the testament is valid."

Another sort of philosophy was exercised by Claude Farre de Vaugelas, who died in Paris in 1650. This poor man was surnamed the "Owl," because, from dread of his creditors, he was unable to leave his room except under cover of the night. After disposing of his effects for the satisfaction of certain debts, he adds:

"But as it may happen that some creditors may still remain unpaid, it is my last will that in such case my body be disposed of to the surgeons as advantageously as possible, for the liquidation of the whole; so that if I have been unable to render myself useful to society during my life, I may be so at least after my death."

The *jeux d'esprit* are very thinly interwoven; and upon the whole the book is quite as grave as might be expected from its subject. The following is a paraphrase of an epigrammatic epitaph on De la Riviere, the Bishop-Duke of Langres, 1670, whose principal failing was a love of play, and his principal misfortune its usual accompaniment, poverty:

Here lies a gamester, poor but willing,
Who left the room without a shilling.
Losing each stake, till he had thrown
His last, and lost the game to Death—
If Paradise his soul has won,
'Twas a rare stroke of luck i'faith!

The moral lessons are still fewer—if indeed every testament may not be said to be a moral lesson—but the following, which is a genuine piece of the latter part of the 16th century, and with which we shall conclude, is a very strong one indeed.

Testament of a Usurer.—"I order that my body be returned to the earth from whence it came, and I give my soul to the devil. I give likewise to the devil the souls of my wife and children, who encouraged me in usury for the sake of good cheer and fine clothes. *Item.* I give to the devil the soul of my confessor, who connived at my crimes by his silence."

ART. XV.—*Die Etrusker. Vier Bücher, von Karl Otfried Müller.* (The Etruscans, in four books, by C. O. Müller.) Breslau. 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

It is now a century since Dempster's learned, but not very critical work, *De Etruria Regali*, was given to the world, after having lain above a century a neglected manuscript. The value of the extensive learning which that extraordinary man was able to bring to bear upon this subject was enhanced by the costly illustrations which accompanied the publication; the Eugubian Tables, the authenticity of which has never been questioned, and numerous Etruscan inscriptions, having been engraved for the volumes. The learning of Dempster, however, served only to stimulate, and not to satisfy the spirit of antiquarian inquiry among Italian scholars. Since the publication of the *Etruria Regalis* in 1726, there has been an unbroken series of Memoirs and Dissertations, chiefly from Tuscan authors, on the antiquities of that country. Many of these devote their whole attention to the remnants of art, on which they expand rather with patriotic than a critical spirit. Some are tempted onward to explore the barren wastes of time, by what Niebuhr calls the pleasing enigma of an unknown language. Yet the literary provision of most of these works is drawn directly from Dempster's ample magazine, and the few which bear a form more strictly historical are not in reality critical histories, but merely expositions of favourite hypotheses. The materials thus collected for an interesting portion of

ancient history lay scattered in innumerable memoirs, when the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences of Berlin proposed as the subject of a prize essay, "The History and Character of the Tuscan people critically set forth from the original sources, not only in a general view, but also by a particular scrutiny into every branch of the active constitution of a civilized people, so as to establish, as far as possible, to what extent and degree each of them reached perfection in that celebrated nation." The work which obtained the prize was this of M. Müller, or rather that portion of it which relates to the internal history of the Tuscan nations; for the *loyalty* of German authors to their readers (we employ an expression of M. Sismondi) has so far influenced M. Müller, as to induce him to remodel his work, in order to lay it before the public.

The ancient Tuscans enjoy a much larger share of consideration at the present day than they did in the age of Livy: their monuments are more studied, and their history is, perhaps, better understood. Distance of time lends the hues of enchantment to the events of history, as that of space does to natural objects. As the range of the historical field becomes larger, and is contemplated with a more philosophic temper, the records of ancient nations, which hardly appear on the verge of remote time, become more important in the picture of human vicissitudes.

The Etrurians may be regarded as an aboriginal people of Italy; their language is widely different from the Greek; yet some relationship exists between them, which induces M. Müller to admit the Tuscans in the same family of nations, perhaps as the last link of the chain. W. Von Humboldt, in his *Essay on the Original Inhabitants of Spain*, seems inclined to place the Etruscans between the Iberians and the Latins: the gods of Etruria were not those of the Pelasgians, and in the doctrines of their priests much is to be found of which there is no trace in Grecian superstition. Yet the Etrurian Deity Tina is obviously related to the Greek *Ζην*, and perhaps to Wodin. But the civilization of Etruria did not develop from within; a Grecian or half-Grecian colony gave the first impulse of social activity. The Etruscans themselves, in their domestic traditions, refer their first existence as a nation to the foundation of Tarquinii and the hero Tarchon; both which names are, probably, only variations of the word Tyrrhene. These Tyrrhenians, according to M. Müller, were a seafaring people, from *Tyrrha*, on the coast of Lydia, who, under the name of Tyrrhenian Pelasgians, had spread themselves over the islands and coasts of the *Ægean*. These Tyrrhenians gave a Grecian form to Etruria; the name of the aboriginal nation (*Râsenæ*) fell into oblivion, and that of Tursci, (*Τυρσηνοί*) or Tusci became prevalent.

Our author, speaking of the extensive field laid open by the question of the Academy—the *history and character of the Etruscan nation*—observes, that

"he was soon convinced that the work he had undertaken ought to afford a complete view of Etruscan antiquity; he, therefore, made it a rule not to pass by any object which might engage the interest or curiosity of antiquarians,

without giving some explanation of it, and without giving such references to other writers, ancient and modern, as would effectively aid the researches of the more critical. Hence he thought himself justified in choosing the most general and comprehensive title."

The work of M. Müller is one of extraordinary learning and perseverance; and though it wants the lively interest of historical narration, yet it has, to the scholar, the interesting recommendation of collecting the hints and traditions respecting Etruria, which are scattered among the writers of antiquity, like the leaves in the cave of the Sybil. The *revocare situs et jungere carmina* he has dared with success, and from the fragments of old monuments patiently collated, he has faithfully moulded the image of an ancient nation.

ART. XVI.—*Albrechts von Wallenstein, des Herzogs von Friedland und Mecklenburg, ungedruckte, eigenhändige vertrauliche Briefe und amtliche Schreiben aus den Jahren 1627 bis 1634, &c. Mit einer Charakteristik des Lebens und der Feldzüge Wallenstein's.* Herausgegeben von Friedrich Förster. Ir und IIr Th. 8vo. Berlin, 1828—9. (The inedited autograph confidential letters and official reports of Albrecht Von Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland and Mecklenburgh, from the year 1627 to 1634, addressed to Arnheim (Arnimb) Aldringer, Gallas, Piccolomini, Tilly; together with his correspondence with the Emperor Ferdinand II., King Ferdinand III., the Elector Maximilian I., Trautmannsdorff, Eggenberg, Werdenberg, &c. With a characteristic view of the life and campaigns of Wallenstein, edited by Frederick Förster.)

"For the first time," says the editor in the preface to his first volume, "justice shall be done to Wallenstein, by letting him appear to defend his own cause, and repel the heavy accusations which Schiller in his *History of the Thirty Years' War* has brought against him, of being a perjured traitor, and a criminal worthy of death."

On the appearance of the first volume, we had some doubts whether the author would be able to make out his point to any thing like the extent here held out. It contained hardly any thing but orders and confidential communications of Wallenstein to the Imperial Field-marshal Von Arnimb* during the years 1627 and 1628. Though this correspondence is very interesting, as affording us not only a complete view of Wallenstein's character, but a detailed journal, written by himself, of the celebrated siege of Stralsund, we knew beforehand that Arnimb left the Imperial service in 1629, and entered that of the Elector of Saxony, so that the intercourse between him and Wallenstein, if it did not cease, could not retain its former confidential character. Now, as the editor in his first volume, wholly confines himself to communications from the newly-discovered papers left by General Von Arnimb, we could not expect to obtain from them much information respecting the later events of Wallenstein's life, which in fact is the period that is involved in the greatest obscurity. The second volume, however, just published,

* Schiller calls him Arnheim.

and now before us, shows that the author has already partly fulfilled his promise, in a manner calculated to excite surprise; and he promises to do even more in the third volume. The editor says in the preface to the second volume,

"Remarking the contradictions between the *printed* accounts, and what I found in the *MS.* collections, I have followed the bloody track of the murder, and have at length reached the sources of this history, which have been considered as more hidden and more difficult of access than even those of the Nile. From the unpolluted stream of truth that issues from them, I have drawn the purifying waters with which, better than Ferdinand's confessors with their 3000 masses, I hope to appease a shade, which has hitherto appeared in history like an angry spirit."

We learn further, that Mr. Förster, when on a visit to Vienna in the summer and autumn of 1828, enjoyed the extraordinary favour of being allowed to search the secret archives. The official documents published in this volume show how studiously the history of Wallenstein, after his first dismissal from the chief command, has been falsified by the writings which have hitherto been considered as official. The connection between the Emperor and Wallenstein after his dismissal in 1630 appears in quite a different light, and still more surprising are the letters of the Emperor, in which he most earnestly implores the dismissed general to resume the command. Among the shameful acts of injustice done to Wallenstein by the official historians of the Imperial court, the accusation deserves particular notice which they have brought against him, of having in the years 1631 and 1632 negotiated with the Saxons and Swedes, without the knowledge of the Emperor. Mr. Förster now communicates to us (from the Vienna archives) both the Emperor's letters to Wallenstein, in which he commissions his general to negotiate with the Saxons, Danes, and Swedes, and Wallenstein's reports to the Emperor respecting those negotiations. In the third volume we are promised complete information respecting the final catastrophe of Wallenstein, and, after what the editor has already done, we may anticipate that the history of this general will at length be placed in its true light.

ART. XVII.—*Der Romantische Oedipus, ein Lustspiel in 5 Acten*, von August Graf von Platen. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1829. 8vo.

Our readers are no doubt fully aware that the continental public is divided into the factions of the *classicistes* and the *romanticistes*, rivaling in virulence our own Catholics and Anti-Catholics of those by-gone days, the last session of Parliament. The *classicistes*, having now happily laid aside the veneration with which they were wont to look upon the French school as their *beau ideal*, endeavour to imbue themselves with the spirit of their real and proper masters, the old Greek tragedians. The *romanticistes* profess themselves the disciples and imitators of Shakespeare and of the Spanish Calderon, who, to our small marvel, are ranked together, by the German admirers of England's matchless bard. We have no present leisure to discuss either this strange conjunction of a poet, whose every character is so indivi-

dualized, that each is felt as our own especial and familiar friend, with one who can hardly be said to draw any characters at all, or the hackneyed question in dispute between the *classicists* and *romanticists*. Therefore, merely observing that the essential line of demarcation seems to be the observance or disregard of the unities—their disregard being the principal point common to Shakespeare and the Spanish dramatist—we proceed to the comedy before us.

August Graf von Platen is a zealous *classicist*; and his "Romantic *Œdipus*" is intended to crush the rival school by force of ridicule. We very much doubt its success. Wit has not hitherto appeared to be the peculiar growth of Germany; and the Count is not, we think, the heaven-born genius destined to superadd this bright flower to the bay wreath his countrymen have gathered in the poetry of sentiment and passion. His *ROMANTISCHE ŒDIPUS* so far resembles the 'Rehearsal' and the 'Critic,' that its subject is the rehearsal of a play caricaturing the faults of many favourite dramas; in other respects the Count seems to have taken Aristophanes for his model, and that somewhat too closely for English delicacy. The spectators and judges of the rehearsed piece are the author, *Nimmermann*, a name which must be translated Neverman—the Public, embodied as a Traveller—Understanding, an exile from all German courts and cities—and a Chorus of Mountain Sheep, the poet's flock. The *Œdipus* combines all the faults, except the introduction of buffoonery, laid to the charge of Shakespeare, Calderon, and their modern followers, amongst whom our author's especial *bête d'aver-sion* seems to be Houwald—a writer nearly unknown in this country, until his only tolerable, though still to our fancy dullish, tragedy, *Das Bild* (the Picture), lately found ample notice and eulogy in the pages of one of our contemporary periodicals, not usually much addicted to panegyric.

The *Œdipus* opens with Jocasta's preparations for her confinement, attended by two midwives. A bat gets entangled in the Queen's hair, and in consequence of her fright, the hero is born marked with a bat upon his breast. His nativity is cast by Tiresias, and his horrible destiny being foretold, the infant is ordered to be thrown to the wild beasts upon Mount Citheron. Thence he is rescued, conveyed to Corinth, and presented to the childless Corinthian Queen, by a lover of her majesty's of thirty years standing, whom she condemns to a further probation or discipline of thirty years, to enable him to master his passions, and render his love perfectly Platonic. This we take to be a hit at Voltaire, who it will be remembered enlivened his *Œdipe* with the amours of Jocasta and Philoctetes. The play proceeds step by step through all the incidents that lead *Œdipus* innocently to the perpetration of the predicted crimes, intermingling them with his supposed mother—the Queen of Corinth's—Platonic flirtation, a few gratuitous horrors occasioning the deaths of that octogenarian trio, the Corinthian king, queen, and lover, and some scenes of blue-stockingsism on the part of Jocasta, who has two pet poets, *Kind* and *Kindes-kind*, literally 'Child' and 'Child's child,' although her real passion is for Houwald, whose name is ever on her lips. At last, when *Œdipus* is

discovered to have killed Laius in self-defence, he presents his sword and his open breast to Jocasta, that she may with her own hands avenge her first husband's death. She immediately recognises Oedipus as her son, by the bat thus displayed to her sight, and hangs herself upon a tree, sighing out the name of Hæwald with her last breath; and Oedipus lies down in a coffin for the purpose of being buried alive.

All this, though sufficiently absurd, is not to our taste very laughable; and would be still less so, to readers unacquainted with the piece it is meant to ridicule. Such specimens, therefore, of the Count's style, ironical, and critical, as it is worth while to give, we shall select from the 5th act, which contains the spectators' opinions of the tragedy. The metre of the original is the classical dramatic Iambic, which we translate into ordinary blank verse. The Chorus of Sheep open the act, with the question,

What deem'st thou, friend, of this new tragedy?

Public. 'Tis beautiful! Horribly masterly!

Chorus. How *anti-Sophoclistically* 'tis handled!

Public. Filled with anachronisms innumerable.

Chorus. So infinitely tragical! All die.

Public. Save the two midwives.

Chorus. Doubtless by the plague
They had been carried off.

Public. But wherefore sprang
The Sphinx into the orchestra? Methought
'Twas her own fancy.

Chorus. Yes. The matchless actress,
I grieve to say, is at her part incensed.
She used to play enamoured heroines,
And soft coquettes, condemned to represent
A heathen monster with a tail! Enraged
She speaks that sharp *tirade* extempore.

Public. Yet her *costume* was exquisitely fancied.
Oh what a heavenly stage tailor have ye!

The exile, Understanding, of course cuts up both Poet and Public, and from one of his speeches we give a few lines.

Empowered by the full authority
Lent me by Art, empowered by Raillery,
By me controlled, and that by me employed
Sounds lofty as Devotion's solemn thought,
Further, empowered by Power's self do I
Destroy, and give thee up to Nothingness!
True, thine annihilation were a deed
Too insignificant, had I not first
Anointed thee, as representative
Of the whole frantic poetaster-tribe,
That strum on cracked spinets fever's sick dreams.
And, Nero-like,* I would ye'd but one skull,
Which, cloven by a single wit-cut, might
Exhibit to the world a hollow shell,
Fill'd but with worthless scraps of rottenness.

* If we might venture to correct a professed classicist upon classical matters, we should say this is to us a new version both as to wish and wisher.

This, with more of the same kind, almost converts the Public and the Sheep, but throws the Poet into convulsions of rage, whilst labouring under which, he is seized with a sort of nightmare-inspiration, and conceives the plan of another tragedy; to the best of our recollection Immermann's 'Tragedy in the Tyrol.'

ANR. XVIII.—*Classicorum auctorum e Vaticanis codicibus editorum: Tomus I. et II. curante Angelo Majo, Vaticanæ bibliothecæ præfecto. Romæ, typis Vaticanis, 1826, &c. 8vo.*

MONSIGNOR Mai has done a very acceptable service to scholars, by the publication of a commodious and uniform edition of all the unpublished pieces of classical antiquity, which it has been his good fortune to discover and decypher in the Palimpsests of Milan, Rome, and elsewhere. The first two volumes recently published, were intended to bring together all the imedited works of CICERO, including those discovered at Rome by Niebuhr, and at Turin by Peyron, with the addition of the ancient and most valuable commentary on Cicero, which Mai himself discovered partly at Milan and partly at Rome, in the *Codices rescriptæ* which were formerly in the monastic library at Bobbio. But the learned librarian's stores of this kind are so superabundant, that he has not been able to refrain from giving several other pieces of ancient classic authors, both Greek and Latin, which we shall notice in their place.

The famous treatise *De Republicâ* very properly stands at the head of this collection; of this it is unnecessary to say much, as editions and translations of it have been printed in almost every country in Europe. In this second edition of the original copy, Monsignor Mai, having the advantage of referring to the codex, has silently introduced a number of very important emendations; he has also carefully revised the notes, omitted some passages in the preface, and inserted in that as well as in the notes, some unpublished pieces of the Greek philosopher Proclus, which throw considerable light on passages of the great Roman orator.

The *De Republicâ* is followed by three classical fragments, which we shall briefly notice. The first is *Gargilius Martialis*, one of the best writers *De Re Rustica*, who is highly praised by Cassiodorus and by Servius, and frequently cited by Palladius. He lived in the time of Alexander Severus in the third century. His treatise contains four chapters: 1. *de amygdala*, 2. *de persico*, 3. *de cydonio*, 4. *de castanea*. Mai discovered this in a Palimpsest in the royal library at Naples, where he spent a few days in the course of 1826, and copied the parts here given, the publication of which has been delayed in the expectation of the appearance of a complete edition of the whole, an expectation which seems not likely to be realized.

The second piece is a fragment of Sallust, appertaining to the third book of his history. The account of this is rather curious. Muratori published this in the preface to his Collection of Inscriptions, as an original, which had been sent him from Dijon by a Frenchman named Bimard. Muratori, however, had overlooked the circumstance that it

had been already published in various editions of Sallust, among others in that of Gruter. This piece, however, has always been a stumbling block to the commentators, who have been wholly unable to make any thing of it. This has proceeded from the ignorance of the original French copyist; the piece being written in two columns, he seems to have run the lines into each other in his copy, making absolute nonsense of it. The two MSS. in which it was contained were formerly in France, fell afterwards into the possession of Queen Christina of Sweden, and at her death they came into the Vatican, and have laid there ever since unnoticed, till it was Mai's good fortune to discover them, and exhibit the true reading. He has given a fac-simile of these MSS. in three large tables, of most beautiful calligraphy, and so ancient as to be thought almost coeval with the historian himself.

The third fragment contains the original Greek, never before published, of some theorems of Archimedes, relative to his work of *bodies that swim in water*. Commandinus, the editor of Euclid, had seen these, and translated them into Latin, and Rivaltius in Morel's edition of Archimedes re-translated them into Greek.

The second volume contains all the fragments of Cicero's *new Orations*, which have been discovered by Mai himself, by Niebuhr and by Peyron; the ancient commentator on the Orations of whom we have already spoken; and the text of parts of the Orations against Verres, which differs greatly from the received one. Passing by the Orations themselves, we turn to the commentary, the author of which is not known, as the beginning is deficient, where his name would have been found. Amidst a variety of conjectures as to who he was, Monsignor Mai inclines to the opinion that he was one of two of the most ancient commentators on Cicero, who are spoken of with high praise by St. Jerome, and the grammarian Agresius:—namely, *Volcasius* or *Caper*. Be this as it may, it is certain that this commentary is one of the most important discoveries, for which we are yet indebted to the Palimpsests. The students of Greek and Roman history, the antiquaries, Latinists, orators, grammarians, and students of the Roman law, will all find here abundant food for their curiosity. A great number of Roman laws are referred to, facts in Greek and Roman history, many of the customs, and the localities of Rome are frequently alluded to; (as an instance, take the elegant and unknown notice of the *Tabula Valeria*,) several Latin words unknown to the Lexicographers, and many more new phrases or modes of speech of the same language; finally the continual precepts, and the rhetorical observations which this commentator (no doubt a professional rhetorician) goes on expounding. But there is even more than this; he has given fragments of several of Cicero's lost orations; names several other works of his buried in oblivion, and which will probably never be recovered;—such as the book against the Edict of Racilius—the book of Tullius's Consulship, in verse—the diffuse epistle to Pompey on the same subject—the oration which he prepared in case that Clodius had cited him for having violated the laws—the oration for Vatinius convicted of purchasing votes. It also presents two most valuable fragments, one of the oration of the tribune

Caius Gracchus, and another of an oration of Lælius the Wise, with some new fragments of Cicero's oration for Flaccus. A fac-simile engraving is given of the Palimpsest, which is written in large letters of the good age.

The fragments of the Verrine orations, taken from one of the Vatican Palimpsests of extraordinary antiquity and singular palæographic beauty, close the second volume. The variations between this MS. and the best editions are very numerous and important, and the editors of future editions of Cicero cannot fail to derive the greatest advantage from these new discoveries of the learned editor.

ART. XIX.—*Contes Suisses, par Henri Zschokke, traduits par M. Löwe-
Veimar. 4 vols. 18mo. Paris. 1829.*

OF this Swiss novelist, whose productions have lately acquired him a more European reputation, by the French translations that have been made of them, than they would have ever gained if they had remained in their original German dress, we find rather a lively account in one of the latest of the numerous *Hermites*,* which owe their birth to the extraordinary success of M. Jouy's different appearances in that character. We understand it to be substantially correct in its details, and shall therefore give it as an appropriate introduction to a brief notice of the pretty little collection which stands at the head.

"At some distance from Aarau, in the midst of a thick forest, is the habitation of a man, whose name, for some years past, has been frequently mentioned in our journals; a romance writer, a poet, a philologist, an antiquary, a historian, and notwithstanding all these titles to celebrity, little known in Switzerland. When I inquired of the landlord for the residence of Zschokke, he stared at me, and remained silent. I repeated this inharmonious and difficult-to-be-pronounced name, which he repeated after me, turning round to some of his guests who were sitting at a table close by. They all appeared to be in an equal state of ignorance. At last one of them, rubbing his forehead, and looking steadily at the large mouth of his beer-glass, exclaimed, while he caught hold of his neighbour's arm, 'Zschokke, the forest inspector!' instantly they all seemed to start as if from sleep, and each began to repeat the name, accompanying it with certain material qualities to prove that he was perfectly acquainted with the great man—'Zschokke—yes! yes! a little old man, about five feet high?' said one; 'Zschokke, the forest inspector, seventy years old, and stoops a little' said a second; 'Zschokke, who lives half-a-dozen miles off, and whose house you see from the road?' said a third: 'do we know him? He wears an apple-green coat—a good man, an excellent man.' These were the literal expressions; but it is impossible to describe the surprize and the tumultuous joy of these jovial fellows on hearing that the name of Zschokke began to make a noise in France; that he had written an excellent history of Switzerland, romances full of life and interest, and tales which frequently exhibit the refined observation and bantering irony of Voltaire. They could not believe their ears, and seemed as much astonished as if we had told them that the rocks of Lauffen had disappeared under the waves of the Rhine."

* *L'Hermite en Suisse. 4 vols. 12mo. Paris. 1829. Vol. II. No. 37. Aarau.*

Our traveller had now no difficulty in finding the object of his search; we shall let him give his own account of his reception.

"As soon as he was informed that a stranger inquired for him, he rose, put on his little green coat of ceremony, and came to receive me. I fancied I saw before me the ghost of Lavater. Zschokke welcomed me with a politeness which he had studied elsewhere than in books. A man of the world, who had passed his life in the best society of a great capital, could not have exhibited more graceful manners, more amiability, or more ease and modesty. . . . I began by some of the usual compliments, which Zschokke received with perfect German candour; his eyes, however, sparkled with pleasure, and the wrinkles on his face almost disappeared, when I talked to him of the success which his romances had met with in Paris. He replied by eulogising the taste of our nation, the beauty of our females, and the talent of our authors, almost all of whom he knew. He speaks French tolerably well, but as you listen to him, you perceive that our older writers have been the object of his especial study; his conversation is full of expressions derived from Amyot, from Rabelais, and from Montaigne, whom he almost knows by heart; it is neither high-flown, nor elegant, but lively, and full of original figures and expressions. Whoever has read a page of Paul Courier can easily form an idea of Zschokke's gossip; it is the simple, frank and somewhat rough manner of the *Vigneron*. It is said that he writes German much as he speaks French, never troubling himself about the opinion of word-pickers, and satisfied when he has found a thoroughly material image to represent and throw his idea as it were into relief. Müller appears too grave and too solemn to his taste; he prefers Tschudi (the Swiss chronicler), as more natural and more original. . . . You need not converse many minutes with Zschokke before his political opinions are revealed; indeed he takes no pains to conceal them. A republican, like William Tell, and after the fashion of Walter Furst, he would wish that a people who have conquered their liberty with their clubs and massive swords were not set aside, and that their old costume appeared more frequently at the council; in a word, he prefers the government of the smaller cantons to that of Berne. Zschokke rises with the sun, and writes nearly ten hours a day; he follows no rule in the distribution of his labours, and passes from a chapter of romance to a page of history, from a philosophical thesis to a question of geology. He has a great predilection for this last science, and when once set a going upon it, his expressions crowd upon him, and are quite inexhaustible. . . . He did not appear particularly to admire the translation which had been made of his *History of Switzerland*. 'M. Manget,' said he to me, 'whose talents I respect, has given me a fine coat, embroidered after the last fashion, such as is worn by your courtiers; this is not the dress which becomes a Swiss of the old times, and I am not partial to any other. My History was written for the people; I have endeavoured to make them understand me by the use of simple and familiar language; but here I am made to speak, as Horace says, *arcu rotundo*. It may be very fine, but it is not me. However, this is the fault of M. Walsh, who, in the last edition of his lively Letters on Switzerland, thought proper to pass a pompous eulogium on my work, and to inform me that it was a perfect masterpiece. What he said passed for gospel, and one fine day I learned in my humble retreat, while I was watering the flowers of my garden, that I was about to appear in French; and a few months after I read in your journals some flaming eulogiums on my book. Your Paris is a singular place; a few articles in your daily journals have made me better known in Switzerland than the whole of my works; would you believe it,' said he, with an arch smile, 'that they already amount to more than fifty volumes? rather heavy baggage you will say, and yet it ran the risk of traversing the whole of Switzerland

without being observed; it is you who have roused the attention of my countrymen.' . . .

"I asked Zschokke if he was fond of travelling. 'Yes,' said he, 'but only in my library. At my age one prefers the dead to the living, and for very good reasons. I still take some trips among the mountains, where I find specimens that are wanting in my collection, and old Swiss, who are worthy of the olden time, a circumstance less rare. When I meet with such a one, I have occupation for a whole day. I sit down at his table, I partake of his black bread, I sleep under his roof, and we converse together. I listen to him, and I enrich the German idiom with original, lively and graphic expressions, which can never be rendered into French.'"

The Tales before us possess a very great degree of merit; they display a striking combination of gaiety, sportive humour and deep feeling, which are rarely found united in the same individual; it is fortunate also for the author that he has fallen into the hands of a translator so competent to do him justice as M. Loève-Weimar, whose style is so easy and agreeable, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves we are reading a translation.

The space which we usually devote to these notices compels us reluctantly to abstain from giving such specimens of these tales as would fully justify the praise we have given them. We can only, therefore, very warmly recommend them as affording some of the pleasantest light reading for a summer day which we have for a long time met with. The other works of M. Zschokke which have been translated into French, besides his History of Switzerland, are—*The Minstrel*, 8 vols.; *Veronica*, 4 vols.; *Princess Christina*, 2 vols.; *The Grist*, 2 vols. and *Evenings at Aarau*, 4 vols.

ART. XX.—*Geschichte des Achaïschen Bundes, nach den Quellen dargestellt*, von Ernst Helwig. Lemgo. 1829. pp. 364. 8vo.

AFTER the brilliant epoch when the glory of Greece was in its zenith, the attention of the historical observer is attracted by two confederations, which, though founded at an earlier period, did not assume an important character till the times of Macedonian oppression; we mean the Ætolian and the Achæan leagues. However similar they may have been in their original objects, they were essentially different from each other; for in that of the Ætolians we discover only a turbulent and selfish attempt to secure their own independence, characterized by a deficiency of judgment in their leaders, and a want of real elevation of sentiment in the people. The Achæan league was led by men who may be compared to the greatest of any period of history, and displays the genuine spirit of Greek freedom, true heroism; and gigantic efforts to oppose the general dismemberment.

Great light has lately been thrown on the nature of the Ætolian league by Lucas, in the Essay "*Ueber Polybius, Darstellung des Ætolischen Bundes*," (Königsb. 1827,) and the much more attractive history of the Achæan league is presented in the book before us, by Dr. Helwig, an able pupil of able masters, Fr. von Raumer and

Carl Ritter. He has executed his task in a manner which will infallibly obtain him the thanks of every friend of antiquity.

The work is divided into three books. After a spirited introduction, in which the grand outlines of the history of the world, especially as regards the progress of religion and science, are traced in a most satisfactory manner, follows an accurate geographical description of the seat of the league, the twelve Achæan cities; then comes the history of the league itself, its foundation in remote ages, its decline under Philip, Alexander, and their successors; the revival of the ancient spirit of freedom among the Achæans, and the consequent renewal of the league in the year 281 B. C. with which its active period begins. The first book brings down the history to the beginning of the war with Cleomenes (227 B. C.), the second to the death of Aratus (214), and the third from the death of Aratus to the dissolution of the league.

From the time of the memorable renewal to the glorious contests against the pretensions of Macedonia, as well as against the enmity of Ætolia and Sparta, to the tragical end of the league, its history is for the most part that of its three most distinguished heroes, **ARATUS**, **PHILOPÆMEN**, and **LYCORTAS**. For it was **ARATUS** who united his native city Sicyon with the Achæans, who relieved Corinth from the Macedonian garrison, who incessantly endeavoured to add to the strength of the league, which he extended over almost the whole of the Peloponnesus, except Sparta; and lastly, it was he who properly gave consistence and life to the confederation. **PHILOPÆMEN**, the last of the Greeks according to Plutarch, endeavoured by heroic exertions to strengthen the league, and to keep up the old Greek spirit. But with his death, 183 B. C. (it was also the year of the deaths of Hannibal and Scipio Africanus,) the fate of Greece was in a great degree decided. **LYCORTAS**, indeed, (the father of Polybius,) made laudable efforts to support the tottering edifice. But when the mighty Romans directed their attention to Achaia, the league, and with it Greece, was overthrown at Corinth, (the same place where Aratus had formerly restored independence to Greece,) in the same year (146) in which Carthage was for the third time, and finally, conquered.

The perspicuity of Dr. Helwig's narrative, his perfect acquaintance with the original authorities, which are every where quoted, the interesting characters which he gives of the great leaders of the league, as well as of their opponents, (particularly of the high-minded but prejudiced Cleomenes,) and his dignified style, insure to the book a favourable reception, and to its author an honourable place among German historians.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. VIII.

DENMARK.

PROFESSOR Müller, of Copenhagen, has announced that he is engaged on two works connected with Danish Biography and Literary History. The first is to be entitled, "Denmark's pride in her humiliation; or, Of what have we, Danes, as a people, still reason to be proud?" The second is a Historical View of the Reign of Christian VI., particularly as respects that monarch's merits as a patron of the arts and sciences, and as a friend of universal knowledge.

A Manual for instruction in Gymnastics, has been printed by command of the King of Denmark, (Copenhagen, 8vo. pp. 120, with 4 plates,) of which a copy has been sent to all the schools in the kingdom, as it is his majesty's wish that these exercises should be universally taught. For this purpose a normal school is established at Copenhagen, which is open to the public, and a professor has been sent into the country to organize schools on the plan of the parent institution.

FRANCE.

DR. SIEBOLD, the resident of the King of the Netherlands in Japan, has transmitted a work to the Asiatic Society of Paris, on the Origin of the Japanese, &c., containing, in an abridged form, the result of his researches during the last four years. The Dr. wishes it to be published at the expense of the Society, with notes and a critical preface. He writes also, that he has collected the largest library of books, which he believes was ever formed in Japan; it consists of more than 1500 volumes. His zoological museum contains more than 3,000 specimens, and his botanical collection about 2,000 species, in upwards of 6,000 specimens. Assisted by his colleague, Dr. Burger, he has also formed a complete mineralogical collection. He has visited the most remarkable cities, determined their latitude and longitude, and measured the height of several mountains. He has also established a botanical garden at Dezima, at the expense of the Netherlands government, in which there are now more than 1,200 plants cultivated. The Dr. has also presented to the King of France, a collection of plants in domestic use in Japan, which he considers to be well adapted for the climate of the South of France. The Dr. expects to return to Europe in two years.

M. Cesar Moreau, for several years vice-consul of France in this country, whose important labours during his residence here, in classing, arranging and publishing the innumerable facts relative to various branches of British trade and commerce, finances, navigation, &c. in a series of tables, gained him the honour—so rarely obtained and so highly prized by foreigners—of being elected a fellow of the Royal Society,—has lately returned to his

native country. He has recently received from the Baron de Damas, an appointment in the establishment of the young Duke of Bordeaux, the duties of which are to draw up for the young prince, (the destined future monarch of France,) a complete series of Statistical Tables of all the states of the world, exhibiting every point necessary to the distinct appreciation of the elements of their natural and political strength, wealth and resources of every kind. In the prosecution of this design, M. Moreau will have to undergo the Herculean labour of examining and analyzing all the books connected with his subject, (dispersed over the fifty libraries of Paris, and other places to which he has access,) the number of which he calculates, we understand, at the enormous sum of a million and a half of volumes, printed and manuscript. We believe that any one who has attentively examined the various works above mentioned, which M. Moreau has published, will admit that scarcely any man but himself could undertake such a labour. It is impossible not to admire the singular combination of industry, patience, and enthusiasm which this gentleman has exhibited in the painful, but most useful career to which he has devoted himself.

Copies of a *Requête* which was presented to the French ministers by the *Commission d'Enquête* of the Paris booksellers, have been lately distributed, one of which now lies before us. The object of this commission was, "to inquire into the causes of the distress (*état de gêne*) which the French book-trade experiences from the progressive diminution of its markets, and the means that might appear best adapted to restore to this commerce the degree of activity which the want of instruction so generally felt in all countries ought apparently to secure to it."

The three objects which appeared to the Commission to exercise the greatest influence on the prosperity or decline of the book-trade are, 1. The system of the *domaines*. 2. The *brevets* or licenses required for exercising the profession of a bookseller. 3. The state of legislation respecting *literary property*. These objects are discussed separately and at length.

On the first point it is said that the present system of the *domaines*, without being absolutely unfavourable, contains several dispositions which the Commission believes opposed to the progress of science and the interests of the book-trade. These are pointed out, and others are proposed, the adoption of which will be the more easy, as they are all for the benefit of France.

On the second point, the entire abolition of the system of *brevets* is recommended, as opposed to the principles of liberty consecrated by the charter, and which almost all the manufacturing professions now enjoy. The following passage shows the miserable state of bookselling out of Paris. "In the most considerable provincial towns there are scarcely eight or ten booksellers. In the secondary towns there are still fewer; and in those of the third order there are many in which there is not even one. Sometimes a stationer, and sometimes a retail draper, keeps a few hundred volumes at the end of his shop, most frequently romances that have been forgotten for the last twenty years; and the new publications, with the exception, perhaps, of some productions which have obtained a scandalous notoriety, find the greatest difficulty in penetrating thither."

With regard to the third point, the Commission proposes an extension of the exclusive copyright of works to the author during his life, and to his heirs and assigns for twenty-five (at present it is twenty years) after his death. The proprietors of an author's *posthumous* work to enjoy the exclusive privilege for twenty-five years certain. The Commission also proposes under this head, a clause of reciprocity, which, if it were admitted by other nations, would be much more effectual than any other, in restoring the French publishing trade

to its former prosperity. It is to this effect, "That the protection secured to national works shall be extended to all the works published in foreign countries, the governments of which shall grant similar protection to the literary productions of France." This is with a view to counteract or diminish the injury which the Paris publishers now sustain, from the reprints of their works immediately executed in the Netherlands, and which is here stated to be one of the principal causes of the progressive decay of the French book-trade, as it puts a complete stop to a variety of literary projects which can no longer be undertaken with any chance of profit. However just and equitable such an arrangement may seem, we apprehend that the advantages of it are so much on one side, that it would not be entertained for a moment. The English publishers would willingly assent to an arrangement, which would give the American authors the same copyright in England as the national authors, if the Americans would in return grant the same privilege to English authors. But would they ever consent to do so? The case of France and Belgium is nearly analogous.

A New Dictionary, in 15 vols. 8vo. on the plan of the popular German *Conversations-Lexikon* is announced to be speedily commenced at Paris. This will be a sort of universal repertory of every species of knowledge, either useful or necessary to men of the world, relative to the arts and sciences, history, geography, &c. and containing an explanation of all the usual technical terms, with biographical notices of the most celebrated individuals of ancient and modern times.

An English translation of the German work, with alterations and improvements, has also been announced for some time to appear in America, by Messrs. Carey, Lea, and Carey of Philadelphia.

Paris Theatres.—We find the following remarks in one of the numbers of last year, of a clever little weekly publication, the *Revue Musicale*. We suspect they will be found almost equally applicable to theatrical speculations in this country, as to those in France, at the present time.

"But," some will say, "supposing that this theatre (Feydeau) is restored to the actors in a state of prosperity, and free from debt, is it to be believed that it will never again fall into a state of embarrassment, or stand in need of any assistance? No. It is of the very nature of theatrical undertakings to have moments of crisis; the repeated failures of new pieces—the loss of favourite actors, as well as their caprices—the vogue which other new entertainments obtain—are all so many causes which baffle the foresight of the best managers. I have already repeatedly said—*every undertaking which has the public amusement for its object is ruinous*. The inquiries I have made respecting the situation of the theatres all over Europe have proved to me, that for more than one hundred-and-fifty years past, all those who have taken charge of them have either lost their fortunes, or become bankrupt, with some rare exceptions, which are not applicable to operatic theatres. At this moment all the theatres in Germany, which are not supported by the sovereigns, almost all those in Italy and in England, all those in our departments, and almost every one in Paris—are in a state nearly similar to that of the Feydeau, and never was there known such a state of general distress. What conclusion must we draw?—that we require no theatres?—this would be an absurdity. Considerations of public order and morality forbid their being left to perish. . . . Several causes combine to render the management of theatres more difficult at the present period than formerly. These are: 1. The scarcity of good authors, arising from the circumstance that minds of a high order have turned their attention to moral and political science. 2. The equal scarcity of good

actors. 3. The fastidiousness of the public, which is more difficult to please, the more civilized it becomes. 4. The influence of the congregations upon society, which is so widely extended, that most of the public functionaries scarcely dare show themselves at the theatre, and many females are turned away from it by the religious terror excited in their minds."

M. Dutens's *History of the Internal Navigation of France*, with an exposition of the canals required to be undertaken in order to make the system complete, has recently made its appearance in two quarto volumes, consisting of more than 1200 pages, with a large map of the canals in existence, as well as those projected. The first volume opens with an introduction, which gives a rapid view of the geographical position of France, of the chains of mountains ramified over its surface, of the direction of the basins which divide its territory, of its various soils, the produce of which becomes the object of the most active internal, and may become that of the most extensive foreign, commerce. In the first section M. D. gives a description of the navigable rivers and streams, and in the second (of much greater extent) the history of the canals already existing and of those begun, as well as of the discussions which preceded their execution. In the second volume, he first endeavours to ascertain, by well-grounded calculations, the total amount of the produce of France, and draws conclusions from the transport of that portion of this mass, which if thrown into circulation, would be susceptible of being conveyed by water, (supposing France possessed a complete system of internal navigation,) what would be the produce of the dues on navigation resulting from such a movement, and consequently the total length of the canals, which, with a capital corresponding to the annual produce of these dues, might be opened. He then develops the view of these new lines of navigation, the greater part of which have been the object of profound studies. Finally he terminates this portion of his work, by an essay on the various causes which have hitherto retarded the establishment of canals in France, the means which may favour their execution,—on navigation dues, their legitimate character, limits, and connection with the tolls on roads,—on the different modes of concession,—and finally on the intervention and the superintendence which the government and administration ought to exercise over the canals, at the time of their being sanctioned, as well as during and after their execution.

Prefixed to a Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the library of St. Vedast, at Arras, lately printed, we find the following note respecting a librarian, whom it "damns to everlasting fame."

"N. B. Per malitiam hominis sceleratissimi, nomine Caron (quondam bibliothecarii hujus bibliothecæ, circa ann. 1818,) omnes libri in pergamenum scripti carent multis foliis, quia iste improbus eas exsecuit et mercatoribus vendidit."

The demise of that illustrious trio of scientific men, Dr. Wollaston, Sir Humphry Davy, and Dr. Young, has occasioned three vacancies in the foreign members of the Institute of France. Dr. Wollaston has been replaced by Dr. Olbers of Bremen, the astronomer. The other two remain to be filled up. It is rather remarkable, that at the present moment there is not a single English foreign member of that body, a circumstance which has not happened for many years. Of *corresponding members* there are several.

The collections made by Messrs. Quoy and Gaynard, during the expedition round the world, on board the *Astrolabe*, commanded by Capt. D'Urville, have arrived at the *Jardin du Roi*, in a state of perfect preservation. They

consist of more than eighty cases filled with new and rare objects in Mineralogy, Zoology and Botany. A report on them by a Commission of the Institute is now drawing up, and will shortly be presented.

The Geographical Society of Paris has offered prizes for the best accounts of the following places and countries: the Soudan, in central Africa—Marawi—Ancient Babylonia and Chaldea—Australasia—the southern part of Caramania, the countries to the South of the chain of Mount Taurus—the Interior of French Guiana. A medal of the value of 2,400 francs has also been offered for the best account of American Antiquities. There are also other prizes offered for minor objects, making the whole amount to 21,400 francs, besides subscriptions that are open for adding to the African prizes.

The same Society has recently awarded its annual medal for the most important geographical discoveries and labours in 1837 to Captain Sir John Franklin; and decreed honourable mention to be made of Dr. John Richardson, who accompanied Captain Franklin's expedition.

The French Government has sent out an exploratory Scientific Commission to the Morea, composed of three sections: the first devoted to *natural sciences*—the second to *archæology*—and the third to *architecture*. The members of the first section are Messrs. Bory St. Vincent, head of the commission, Virlet for geology and mineralogy, Pector for zoology, Brullé for entomology, Despréaux for botany, Boblaye and Pétier, geographical engineers, for topography, Bacuet, landscape-painter, and de Launay.

The commission sailed on board the *Cybele* for Toulon on the 10th of February last, and had a safe, although tedious passage. Several letters from Mr. Bory St. Vincent have been received, couched in terms of warm anticipation as to the results which may be expected from its labours. Botany, entomology, and the reptiles will receive the largest additions.

Messrs. Dorow and Klaproth's interesting *Collection of Egyptian Antiquities* collected by His Excellency Baron de Palin, Swedish minister at Constantinople is about to appear immediately. It will form one volume, folio, with 36 plates, on which will be exhibited about 1800 subjects. It will also include copies of the finest scarabæi in M. Passalacqua's collection, several of which contain very long inscriptions. The greatest care has been taken to make these engravings *faithful* copies of the originals.—Mr. Klaproth abstains from giving *interpretations* of these inscriptions, "preferring to leave that task to the learned *Egyptologists* of the age, who will, no doubt be eager to reveal to us, in learned dissertations, the hidden meaning of the inscriptions on the scarabæi, &c. which we are about to publish." After a perusal of the article on hieroglyphics in our present number, our readers will be at no loss to guess to whom M. K. alludes. M. K. also promises to give, in an introduction, a general view of the true state of the progress which has been already made in the art of decyphering the ancient Egyptian writings.

M. Champollion's long letters from Egypt, descriptive of Egyptian antiquities, &c. continue to appear occasionally in the *Moniteur*, and the principal portions of them are regularly transferred into our own *Literary Gazette*.

GERMANY.

THE Travels of M. Rüppel, in Arabia Petrea, Dongola and Kordofan, accompanied with maps and plans, are announced shortly to appear at Frankfort. M. Rüppel has just set out on a new voyage of discovery to Abyssinia. The Senate of Frankfort has unanimously awarded him the sum of 1000 florins annually, as well for the services he has already rendered to science as for a means of assisting him to continue his travels and scientific researches.

A new German Journal is announced at Heidelberg, under the title of *Kritische Zeitschrift, &c.* or "Periodical Review of the Jurisprudence and Legislation of Foreign Countries." The editor, Messrs. Mittermayer and Zachariae, announce that, in concert with the juriconsults of France, Great Britain, Italy, Denmark, Russia, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, they will make Germany acquainted with all works of general interest on jurisprudence and legislation published in these countries.

A work is announced to appear in German, entitled *Sketches of the Island of Java and its inhabitants*, by M. Pfyffer. A long residence on the island, in the service of the Dutch East India Company, an intercourse with all classes of inhabitants in his official capacity, a knowledge of the language, various journeys in the interior of the country, and an intimate acquaintance with the various branches of natural history, qualify the author, in an eminent degree, for the task he has undertaken. The work will be published in 4to., with lithographic plates.

NECROLOGY. *Adolph Müllner.*—This celebrated dramatic poet died suddenly on the 11th of June last, at Weizenfels. He was in a company shooting at a mark, and had just had a good shot, when he was struck with apoplexy, and fell down, having lost the use of one side. He was carried home, but lived only a few hours. During the last Easter fair he spent several pleasant days at Leipzig, in the house of a friend, and among other things had been very much gratified with the performance of his tragedy of *King Yagud*, by Bethmann's company. Some of his intimate friends, however, judging from his thickset make, and rather free mode of living, had often predicted that he would not be a long liver. In fact, he was only 55 years of age. He was born in 1774, at Laugendorf, near Weizenfels, educated in Schulpforta, and though he was early a practical lawyer, yet excited by the example of Bürger, his maternal uncle, applied himself to mathematics and poetry. During the time that the French armies traversed Saxony, he studied the French language very assiduously, and composed, for a private theatre which he had established at Weizenfels, several little comedies in verse, after French originals, and afterwards entered into a competition with Werner's *Twenty-fourth of February*, and soon excited universal astonishment by his celebrated tragedy *DIE SCHULD (Guilt)*. Two tragedies which he composed afterwards, *König Yagud*, and *Die Albaneserin*, though not without merit, are far inferior to his first production. The moderate applause which they obtained, as well as the untractableness of the actors, whom he endeavoured to correct, disgusted him with the German stage. But with the greater violence and bitterness did he wield the scourge of satire, as the editor of theatrical and critical journals. His *Hecate* had no success, but his *Mitternachtsblatt*, and the *Kriegszeitung* (which he transferred to it from the *Hamburg Originalien*) brought over to his side all the laughers, and those who take delight in personal satire. It is much to be lamented that his great acuteness and perspicuous style should have been so

much alloyed by excessive self-love and self-adulation, and that his profound knowledge of the resources and quibbles of the law should have led him to advance pretensions and to make attacks, which often drew upon him the reproaches of his enemies, and signalized him as the most quarrelsome of all authors. His work *Der Hirt und meine Lämmer* proves that he had scarcely ever settled with any of his publishers without going to law; among others he carried on five law-suits at one time with *Vieweg* of Brunswick, to whom we are indebted for the pretty pocket edition of his dramatic works, with the author's last corrections, and who will shortly re-publish them in one large octavo volume. Müllner has left a numerous family, and though, next to Goethe, he received the highest prices for his works, it is not likely that he has died rich.

A society has been formed at Berlin, for the promotion of geographical science. The members meet once a month to hear articles read on the different parts of the science. M. Charles Ritter has been appointed President.

Our Scottish antiquarian friends will be gratified to hear that Dr. Lappenberg of Hamburg, in his researches among the ancient records of that city, has discovered a letter of the date of 1287, addressed by *Robert Wallace and Andrew Murray* to Hamburg and Lubeck. Many English records are also among the number of his discoveries. All these will find a place in Dr. L.'s intended work on the origin of the Hanseatic League, containing above 400 hitherto unknown documents of the years 1170 to 1370, illustrative of the commercial intercourse between England, Sweden, the Netherlands and Russia at that period, by which considerable light will be thrown on an important branch of historical knowledge.

The Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs and of Public Instruction in Prussia, has taken measures for the preservation of any valuable objects of antiquity that may be found in the Rhenish provinces, and has given orders to look after and describe all such objects belonging to the state, the churches, or the communes as are remarkable in relation to history, literature, or art, in order that they may be placed under the protection and superintendence of the public authorities.

HESSÉ CASSEL.—The collection of laws for Hesse Cassel contains an ordinance against Literary Piracy, to secure the property of German authors and publishers. Works which shall be published after the first of July this year, in the dominions of the German Confederation, must not be reprinted in the Electorate of Hesse, till the expiration of ten years after the death of the author, if the author, printer and publisher reside in the State where the work is published, and if a law against literary piracy exists in it or shall be hereafter introduced.

HEIDELBERG.—The next annual meeting of the German naturalists and physicians will take place here on the 18th of September next. Professors Tiedemann and Gmelin, who are the managers for this year, have published an advertisement in the German papers, requesting all persons who mean to be present to send them notice, in order that lodgings and accommodation may be provided for them, of which the visitors will be informed on their arrival at the gates of the city, or at the inns where the diligences put up. All persons, of whatever nation, who have written and published any works in the departments of natural history and medicine are entitled to attend the meeting.

A very beautiful lithographic print has just been published at Worms, by Messrs. App and Auschütt, representing Martin Luther pleading his cause before the Emperor Charles V. at the Diet of Worms. It is accompanied by a small descriptive pamphlet by Theodore Schacht. A great number of figures are introduced into the print, of the most conspicuous public characters of Germany at that period, most of them portraits from acknowledged originals. Besides the Reformer himself, we have the Emperor, then in his twenty-first year; Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony; the Elector Albert of Brandenburg; Cardinal and Archbishop of Mentz; the Elector Archbishop of Treves; the Papal Legate, Aleandro; Von Stadion, Bishop of Augsburg; Matthew von Salzburg, the Emperor Maximilian's Ambassador in Italy; Schinner, Bishop of Sitten; Drs. Peutinger and Vetus; the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg, and Louis, Elector Palatine; George V. Elector of Saxony; Erick, Duke of Brunswick-Culenburg; William, Elector of Bavaria; the Landgrave Philip of Hesse (the Magnanimous); Charles's old minister, Chiernes; the famous Duke of Alva, then only thirteen years of age, but by an anachronism represented as a full-grown man; the Archduke Ferdinand; the Hereditary Marshal Von Pappenheim, &c. &c.

BONN.—Among the Professors who are at present delivering Lectures in our University, Baron Niebuhr's course is by far the best attended. Young men from all parts of Germany, and many from foreign countries, flock to Bonn to profit by the instructions of the most profound investigator now in Europe. At present he is delivering Lectures on the History of Modern Times, namely, of the last forty years. Though his lecture-room is one of the largest here, it can scarcely contain his numerous auditory, which consists not only of students of the several faculties, but of doctors, professors, and persons filling public offices.

BERLIN.—The number of students at present standing on the lists of the University is 978, of whom 97 study Protestant divinity, 340 Catholic divinity, 236 jurisprudence, 162 medicine, and 143 philosophy, &c., besides 24 not matriculated, who attend the lectures, making in all 1002 students.

WOLFENBUTTEL.—A rescript to the following effect has been addressed to all the directors of Gymnasia. Experience shows that the number of persons applying to be received as students is on the increase, probably because parents in the lower classes indulge the wish to see their sons in the service of the state, or in the church. Parents in the higher classes also, when they have not sufficient property, nor their sons talents for study, cannot resolve to advise them to choose another vocation more adapted to their circumstances. It cannot, however, be denied, that those who intend to devote themselves to study, and in the sequel to the public service, require, besides a suitable preparation, a thorough and not too hasty acquaintance with the sciences, to be diligent and well behaved; besides a natural inclination and talent, an ardent zeal for learning, as well as ability to employ the requisite time in study, so as to be able, after they have left the academy, to prosecute their studies, and to support themselves for a time without assistance; whence it follows that only those in whom these requisites are united, should be advised steadfastly to persevere in their zeal; and all others, especially if they are not distinguished by remarkable talent, are to be dissuaded from continuing their studies, for their own good, and for that of the state, to which they in the sequel may become a burden."

Mr. Sieber, of Prague, of whom the Emperor of Austria has purchased his

great collection of the Zoology of New Holland, intends to employ the sum received for it in the publication of his long announced work on the Cure of Hydrophobia, upon which he has spent nine years in researches and experiments, and of which we have already had occasion to speak.

According to Mr. Sieber the hydrophobia is not a disease, but a *metastasis*, that is to say, the termination of a disease.

In the first period of the disorder the symptoms are inflammation of the wound, great depression of spirits, relaxation of the muscular strength, and rigors. In the second period the inflammation of the nerves, the arteries and the veins advances progressively to the body and the throat; and if the poison reaches the throat, the pain, redness and inflammation of the wound disappear, its circumference diminishes, no more water issues from it, and all has vanished. This is a proof that the poison has removed from the wound to the throat, the trunk and the basis of the nervous system.

The change of the first symptoms, melancholy and debility of the bodily and mental powers, giving way to more violent passions, to fury and convulsions, and the greatest muscular exertions, are invincible proofs of a *perfect metastasis*.

It is upon this consideration of hydrophobia as a *metastasis*, that Mr. Sieber founds his method of cure. The question is, he says, to make the contagion quit its place.

Mr. Sieber affirms, that by following his method, six patients out of ten will be saved, if they are attended to in the first six hours after hydrophobia has declared itself.

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria has promised the author an annual pension of 1200 francs, if a discovery so useful to humanity should be fully verified; the King of Denmark, another of 500 francs; and the French Chamber of Peers, the sum of 100,000 francs.

Mr. Sieber's work is printing at Paris, and will be published by subscription.

Professor Goerres opened a course of Lectures on Ancient History at Munich, at the commencement of the winter quarter of 1827 to 1828, when the Hall was crowded by so numerous an auditory, that it was found necessary to look out for a room of larger dimensions. At the end of the winter his auditory had dwindled down to *fifteen* individuals! (This is an exceedingly good hint to some lecturers we could name in this great metropolis.) The six months were passed in relating the antediluvian history: fifteen days before the close he had only proceeded as far as the murder of Abel; and the course was terminated by the information how pairs of all animals were introduced into the Ark, and how, for want of food, they were all cast into a deep sleep.

The History of the Prussian Monarchy from the death of Frederick I., by Manso, was lately translated into French, and published anonymously, although attributed by the translator to a Prussian political character. A German bookseller, ignorant of the existence of Manso's work, and mistaking the French for an original, has actually had it re-translated into German!

The last diet of Hungary has presented very strong remonstrances against the law which compelled Hungarian subjects to study at Vienna. The government has in consequence repealed this law, and granted full liberty to all the students of the kingdom to frequent foreign universities. A number of young Hungarians entered, at the last session, at the different Universities of Halle, Jena, Leipzig and Göttingen, where they have been admitted to the benefit of the bursaries bequeathed for them.

The periodical literature of Germany presents a remarkable instance of religious toleration and confraternity. A journal is published at Frankfort, entitled *CONCORDIA, a religious newspaper for Catholics and Protestants*, edited by Karl Kieser, Curate, and by Jacob Krome, Protestant Minister. It is printed in two columns, one of which is designed for Catholics and the other for Protestants. When will such a journal appear in Dublin?

ITALY.

THE widow of Monti intends publishing a volume of such of her husband's posthumous pieces as are fitted, in the judgment of intelligent friends, to enhance the fame of their author. The chief part of the volume will be occupied by a poem in three cantos, and in blank verse, entitled *La Feroniade*, which has been eagerly expected by the public, and received the author's last corrections. The poem is accompanied with notes written by one of Monti's most esteemed and learned friends. This poem will be followed by letters and other inedited pieces in prose and verse.

A native of Lombardy, who accompanied Ibrahim Pacha in his expedition to the Morea, and who had been eleven years in his service, has announced his intention of publishing a work, entitled *Quattro Anni in Morea, ossia Ragguaglio veritiero de' fatti d'armi successi fra le due armate degli Egizj e dei Greci in quest' intervallo, ed alcune osservazioni che determinano il vero carattere di queste due nazioni*.

A Society has recently been formed at Rome for correspondence on subjects of Archaeology, and intended to serve as a centre of communication for the Archaeologists of Europe to exchange their ideas and impart their new discoveries. The Society will also publish a journal of their proceedings.

MILAN.—There has lately been published the following interesting work—*Ulphila Gothica Versio Epistolæ Divi Pauli ad Corinthios Secundæ, quam ex Ambrosianâ Bibliotheca palimpsestis depromptam, cum interpretatione, annotationibus, glossario, edidit Carolus Octavius Castillionæus*.

Mansoni is understood to have a new historical romance in the press, entitled *La Colonna Rovesciata* (the Column Overthrown), which may be expected soon to make its appearance.

In the preface to a late number of the Italian monthly journal, the *Antologia*, published at Florence, there are some particulars stated which give but a poor idea of the extent of the reading public in Italy. It is there stated that this journal began in 1821 with 100 subscribers, and that with No. 100 (in its ninth year), it now numbers 530 subscribers. It is not saying too much, that this is one of the best—if not the very best—journal published in Italy. Two of the scientific journals of that country having also ceased within the last two years (Baron Zach's *Correspondance Astronomique*, &c., and Bragnatelli's *Giornale di Fisica*), Mr. Vieusseux, the proprietor of the *Antologia*, conceived the moment favourable for starting a new one. In June, 1832, therefore, he issued proposals for commencing a new scientific journal, to be entitled *Annali Italiani di Scienza*, for which he solicited the aid both of contributors and subscribers. At the end of ten months it appeared that two of the former had

offered, both out of Italy, and six of the latter had sent in their names! It will not surprise any one, therefore, to hear that the scheme has been abandoned.

A collection of Portraits of the most illustrious Living Characters of Italy, that is, of such as have signalized themselves in the arts, sciences and literature, has been recently commenced at Florence.

Dr. Antonio Montucci died on the 25th of March last at Siena, his native place, in his 67th year. He came to England in 1785, recommended to Mr. Wedgwood, of Etruria, who introduced him to a number of distinguished families; and for many years he was extensively employed as an Italian master. Having accidentally met with some native Chinese in London, he took advantage of the circumstance, to apply himself very sedulously to the study of that difficult language, and was not long before he acquired considerable reputation as a Chinese scholar. His controversy with Dr. Hager made some noise in the literary world. Encouraged by the promises of support from the King of Prussia, to enable him to complete his great Chinese Dictionary, he left England for Berlin, where he was appointed Italian master to the Court, and remained eight years; but the wars with France, which terminated so fatally for Prussia, prevented the king from fulfilling his promise. From Berlin he went to Saxony, where he had a similar appointment, and became a great favourite with the Royal Family. He completed his Chinese Dictionary in 1825, and sold the MS., with the whole of his rare and copious Chinese library, and 29,000 types which he had been at the expense of having cut for it, to Pope Leo XII. He returned to his native country in 1837, after 42 years absence. He published while in England an Italian Grammar, and Pocket Dictionary, and a few books for the use of Italian students, besides several tracts on the Chinese language and literature, to the number of which he made some additions after his removal to Berlin.

By letters which we have received from Italy of a recent date we learn that Professor Rosini's Romance, of which an account will be found in this Number, (Art. XI.) has already gone through eleven editions, a success, we believe, much greater than that which attended Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi* on its first appearance. By the way, we may remark, that the Milanese publishers have taken rather a singular liberty with M. Rosini, by changing the title of his work from *La Monaca di Monza* to *La Signora di Monza*.

A translation of Quatremère de Quincy's *History of the Life and Works of Raphael*, by Fr. Longhena, has appeared at Milan in 8vo. and in 4to. The notes and illustrations of various kinds are so numerous as to constitute two-thirds of the book, besides which there are portraits of Raphael and his mistress La Fornarina, and 24 engravings of various works of the artist, which were either unknown, never engraved, or had been overlooked entirely by preceding biographers.

Dr. Ticozzi, of Milan, has announced a *General History of the Arts of design*.

The *Bibliotera Italiana* for March last gives a detailed prospectus of a new Map of Italy, and the islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Malta, by the Cavaliere Antonio Litta, in 84. sheets. It is an improvement on the plan of Lesage's Atlas, and besides a variety of other points will contain plans of nine cities, Genoa, Turin, Florence, Rome, Naples, Palermo, La Vallatta, Milan, and Venice.

NETHERLANDS.

M. DE REIFFENBERG has just published three new Memoirs; namely, Memoirs of the Two First Centuries of the University of Louvain; a Notice on Olivier the Devil, or *Le Dain*, the Barber and Confidant of Louis XI.; and a Note on a Copy of Letters of Indulgence from the Pope, *pro regno Cypri*.

Musée Royal de la Haye.—There are few collections of cabinet pictures in Europe which do not owe a great part of their reputation and value to the productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools in the seventeenth century. But there is no one which really possesses so many inestimable treasures, especially of the Dutch School, as the Royal Museum at the Hague.

This Museum was distinguished under the government of the last Stadtholder, William V., by its numerous masterpieces of all kinds, which are described in the Catalogue of Peter Terwesten. At the time of the Restoration, his Majesty the King of the Netherlands had nothing more at heart than to claim these masterpieces, the principal of which had been removed to the Museum at Paris. Considerable additions have since been made for this collection by the acquisition of brilliant specimens of Berghem, Rembrandt, and other great masters.

Messrs. Bloemmarkt, of Amsterdam, have commenced, by his Majesty's permission, the publication of lithographic engravings of the choicest pictures in the Gallery. The work which they have advertised will consist of sixty plates, divided into twenty numbers, to appear every two months. The whole work will be accompanied with an explanatory text in the Flemish and French languages. The first number, containing pictures of F. Micris, G. Terburg, and G. Netscher, is already published.

The new law respecting the Press, though not precisely such as might have been desired, is however far preferable to those which it abolishes. By the third article no action for calumny and insult by means of the press can be brought, except at the instance of the person calumniated. A person accused of such offence can never be imprisoned before condemnation. No action for offences committed by means of the press can be brought after the lapse of one year from the time of publication.

The Society of Medicine and Natural History in Brussels has commenced the publication of a new Medical Journal, which, to judge by the two or three numbers which have already appeared, promises to be worthy of patronage.

Mr. Quetelet, in his Statistical Researches respecting the Kingdom of the Netherlands, gives the following statement:—

“We might, indeed, take the number of journals which appear in a country, in some respects, as the measure of the ardour with which knowledge is circulated. Such a measure, if not strictly accurate, at least offers an interesting classification of the several governments.

States.	One Journal for Inhabitants.
Spain	809,000
Russia and Poland	674,000
Sardinian States	540,000
Papal Dominions	451,670
Austrian Empire	376,471
Portugal }	210,000
Tuscany }	

States.	One Journal for Inhabitants.
Switzerland	66,000
France	52,117
Sweden and Norway	47,000
British Islands	46,800
German Confederation	44,000
Prussian Monarchy	43,090
Netherlands	40,953."

We see by this statement, that in the Netherlands the journals are more numerous, in proportion to the population, than in any other state in Europe. The difference would be still more striking if the extent of territory had been assumed as the basis of comparison. On the above statement we must observe, that however correct we may suppose it to be, the author has wholly omitted one of the most important circumstances, namely, the number of copies of each journal that are sold. Thus, though the number of journals in the Netherlands may be greater in proportion to the population than in France and England, it is probable that none of them has a circulation at all to be compared with that of the leading English and French daily journals, and of some of our Sunday papers. Thus in Hamburg the number of journals published is about twenty, or one to every six thousand inhabitants. Among these, the *Correspondent* formerly printed 36,000 four times a week; and upon some extraordinary occasions (for instance, on the first intelligence of the victories of Aboukir and Trafalgar) above 50,000 copies have been sold.

A Society has been formed at Brussels under the name of *Société Belge*; the object of which is to publish good books at a cheap rate. It is proposed to publish twelve volumes annually, and every subscriber of six florins per annum is entitled to a copy of all the works published by the Society. The first volume is the "Application of Morals to Politics," by Joseph Droz, of the French Academy. The second is Frederic Schlegel's "History of Ancient and Modern Literature," in two volumes.

A translation of a series of "Letters written during a Journey through Holland, Friesland and Groningen, with an article on the literature of Friesland," has recently made its appearance at Leeuwarden, with a portrait of the author, in 8vo. The "article on the literature of Friesland" is the same which appeared in this Journal, No. VI. It is a source of high gratification to us, as it must be to our learned collaborateur, to find that this article has given so much satisfaction in the country where its merits can be best appreciated, as to receive the honour of translation and annotation. A similar honour has been conferred on the article on *Bohemian Literature* in No. IV., that on the *Magyar Literature* in No. V., and that on the language and literature of Holland in No. VII. is also, we understand, about to appear in Dutch.

Ever since the union of the seventeen provinces into one kingdom, a subject of constant discussion, and in many respects of irritation, has been the language to be employed in the courts of justice, and in all public and official transactions. To the great mortification of the inhabitants of the southern provinces, where French preponderates, particularly in the cities and towns, the Dutch has been declared the national language, so that the French is not allowed to be used in the tribunals of the southern provinces, even where the parties concerned understand no other language. In the assembly of the States-General the members speak in one or other, as they please, so that some deliver their opinions in Dutch, some in French, and others repeat their speeches in both languages. This state of things has not only been a cause of

Sebasta, in his zeal for the diffusion of religion and civilization among his countrymen, founded, in 1781, a congregation formed on the plan of that of the Jesuits, which has rendered eminent service in aiding the intellectual progress of the nation, and in preserving and diffusing the ancient Armenian literature. The Mechitarists have published grammars and vocabularies of various languages. The valuable remains of Greek literature preserved in ancient Armenian translations have been rendered accessible to the literati of Europe by these brethren. They have done much for geography and history, and in order to quicken the diffusion of knowledge in their own country, have translated into Armenian many French, Italian, and German works of celebrity. Their literary activity embraces all the periods of Armenian literature, which is very rich. For a long time past they have been engaged in preparing a complete collection of the Armenian writers, on the plan of the great collections of the Greek fathers and Byzantine historians. Could the brethren depend on assistance from Europe in the way of subscription, they would add a Latin translation to each author. Aucher, the learned editor of the Armenian text of the Chronicle of Eusebius, is at the head of this vast undertaking, and all the authors that have been found in the rich collection of MSS. at St. Lazarus, to the 12th century, are ready for the press. From the 4th to the 12th century there are more than sixty who are unknown to the orientalists of Europe, with the exception of Moses of Chorene. The complete collection will fill six or eight volumes in folio; but before commencing so great an enterprise, the Armenian Academy intends printing a critical edition of the text, with notes, of the most distinguished classical authors. This collection in 18mo. is intended for the use of the young men studying at St. Lazarus. Three volumes have appeared of this smaller edition.

In our last number we gave an announcement of Professor Burnouf's intended edition of the *Vendidad Sadè*, one of the books of Zoroaster; the first livraison of this has already appeared.

We have just received from Hamburgh the prospectus of another edition, under the title of *Vendidad Zend-Avesta Pars XX. adhuc superstes. E Codd. MSS. Parisinis primum edidit, varietatem lectionis adiecit Justus Olshausen*. We apprehend that this edition must have been undertaken in complete ignorance of that which has taken precedence of it at Paris, and which is grounded on the same manuscript; and the *primum edidit*, therefore, the German editor cannot assume for his labours. Mr. Olshausen proposes to publish his edition at the Hamburgh lithographic press, in six or seven parts, printed on a good paper in quarto. He is preparing a Latin Grammar and Lexicon of the ancient Persian, to be published after the transcript of the *Vendidad* is completed. Another portion of the *Zend-Avesta*, entitled *Vistasp-Jescht*, which was not translated by Anquetil du Perron, and is not to be found in any of the Paris MSS. will be published afterwards, from a MS. at Copenhagen.

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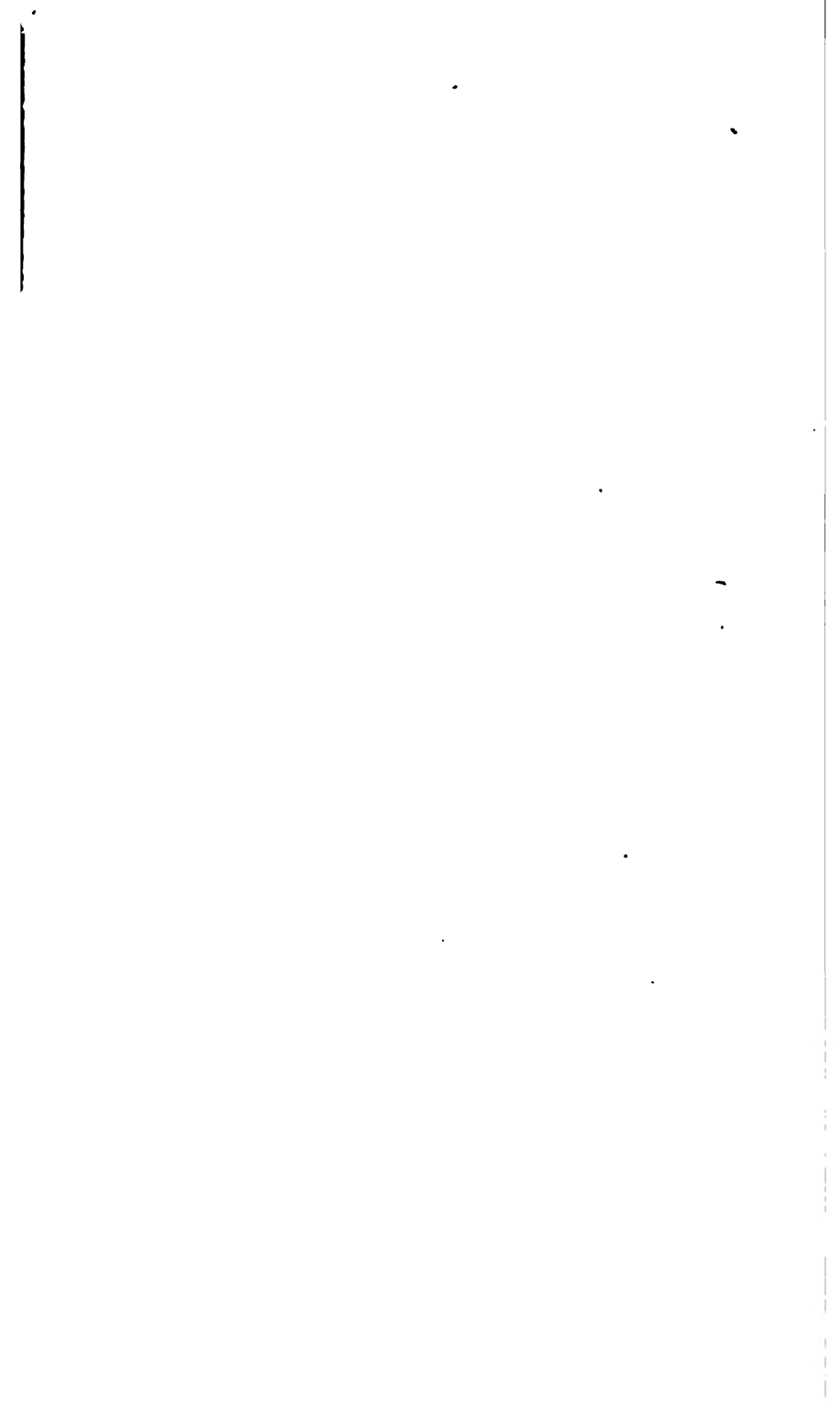
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